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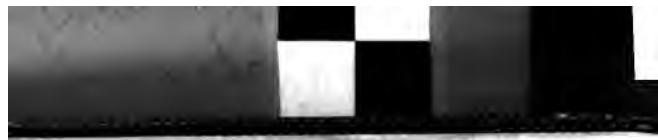
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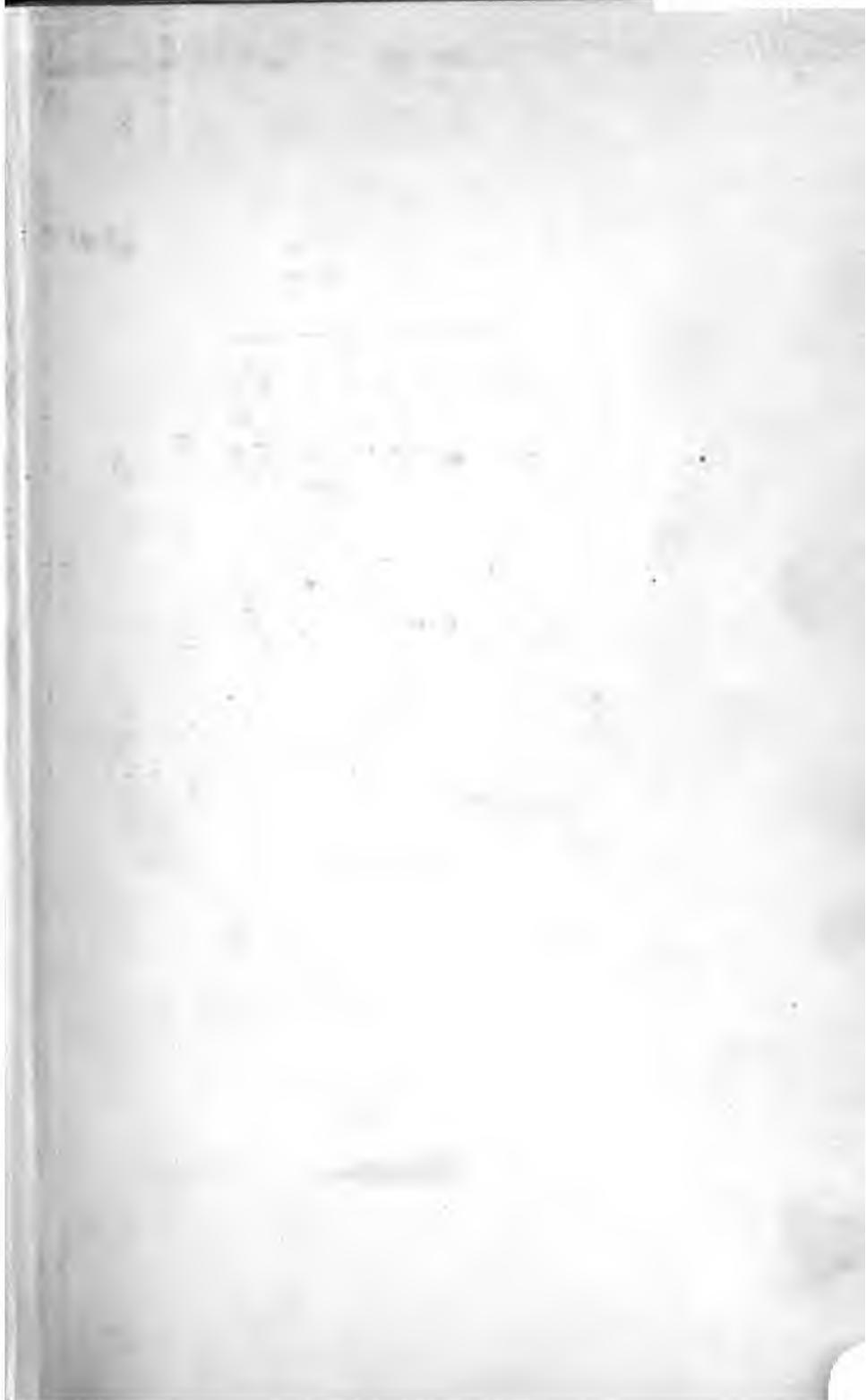
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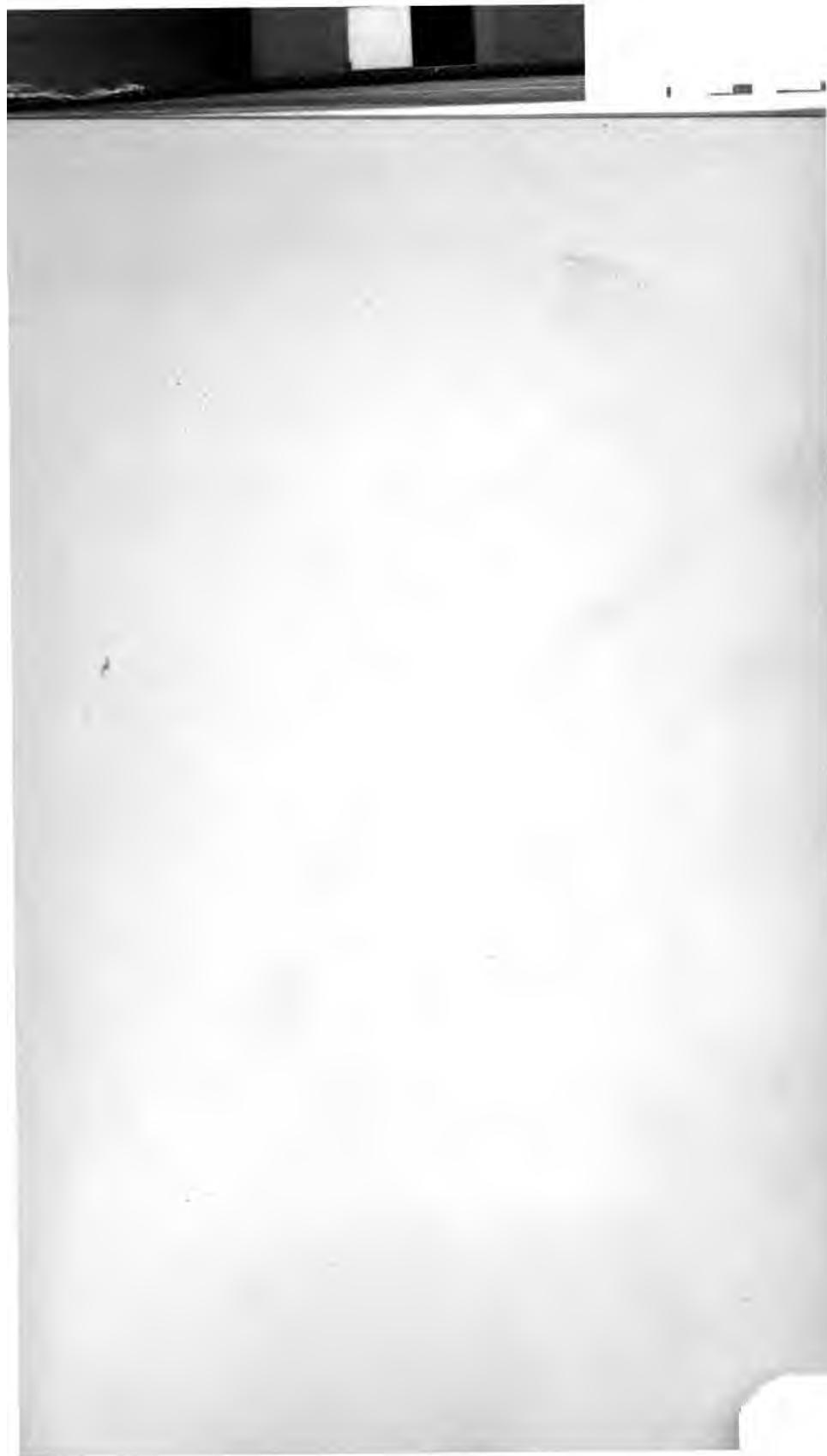
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THE DEATH OF ADONIS

From the painting by Dubufe, Fils  
POEMS. VENUS AND ADONIS





**THE NEW GRANT WHITE SHAKESPEARE**

**THE COMEDIES, HISTORIES,  
TRAGEDIES, AND POEMS OF**

**William Shakespeare**

**WITH MEMOIR, INTRODUCTIONS, AND  
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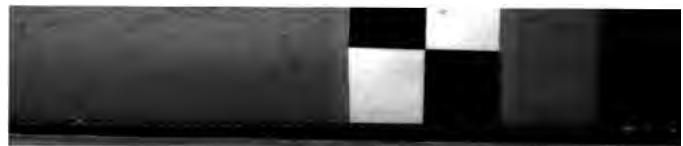
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LATE PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH IN  
THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH

*In Eighteen Volumes*

**VOLUME SEVENTEEN**

*POEMS  
AND  
SONNETS*

**BOSTON**  
**LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY**  
**1912**



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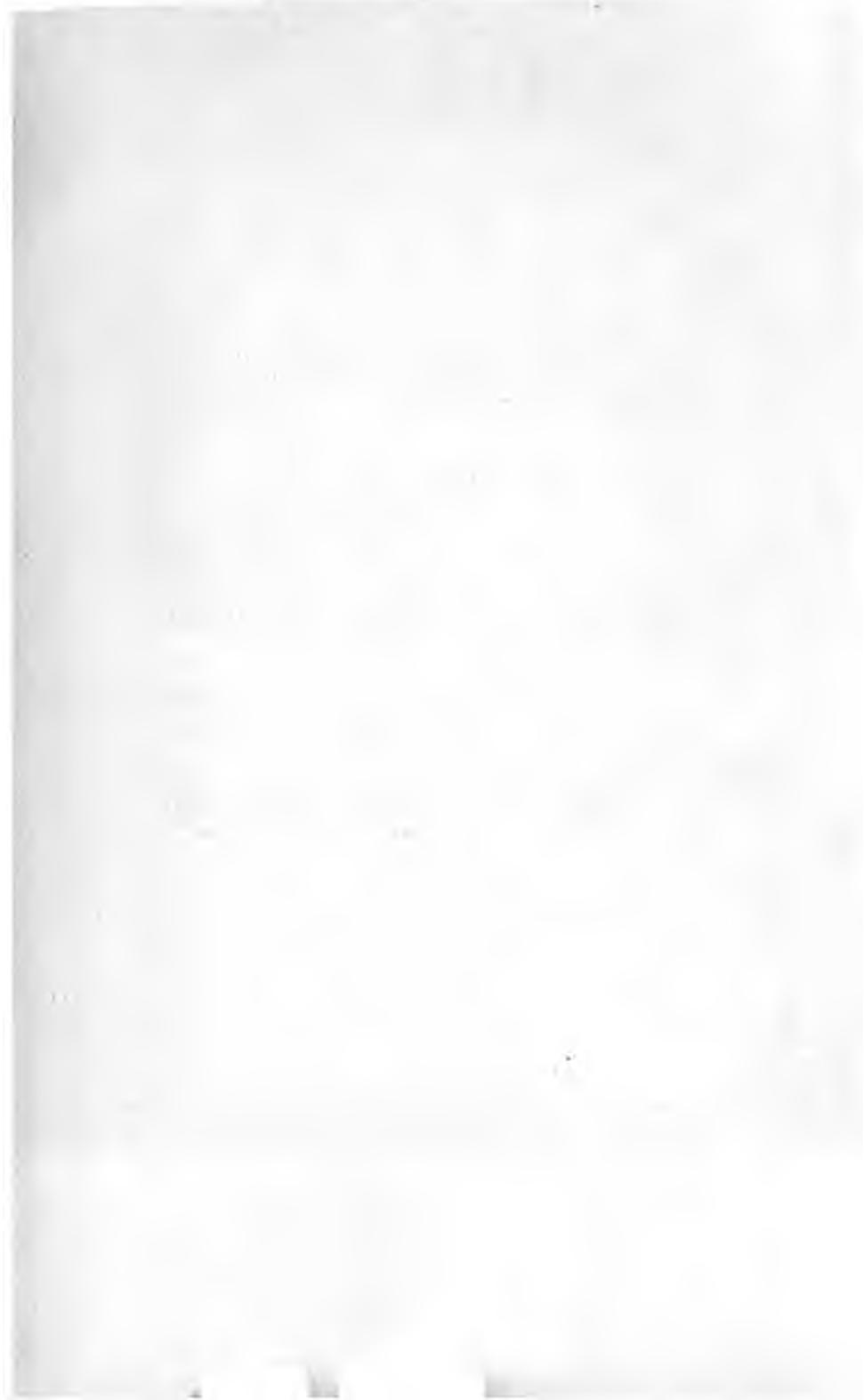
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## CONTENTS

### VOLUME SEVENTEEN

---

VENUS AND ADONIS . . . . .	PAGE 1
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE . . . . .	61
THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM . . . . .	139
SONNETS . . . . .	163
A LOVER'S COMPLAINT . . . . .	275
THE PHOENIX AND TURTLE . . . . .	291



## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

### VOLUME SEVENTEEN

*Photogravured by Goupil & Co., Paris*

'THE DEATH OF ADONIS. <i>Poems. Venus and Adonis.</i>	
From the painting by Dubufe, Fils. . . . .	Frontispiece
'VENUS AND ADONIS. <i>Poems. Venus and Adonis</i>	28
From the painting by Peter Paul Rubens.	
'LUCRECE AND SEXTUS TARQUIN. <i>Poems. The Rape</i>	
<i>of Lucrece</i> . . . . .	72
From the painting by Cabanel.	
'THE DISARMING OF CUPID. <i>Poems. Sonnet CLIV</i>	273
From an engraving by P. Lightfoot after the painting by W. E. Frost.	

### EXTRA ILLUSTRATION

*Photogravured by G. W. H. Ritchie, New York*

'William Shakespeare. <i>Poems.</i> . . . . .	13
From the portrait engraved by W. Marshall, in "Shakespeare's Poems, 1640."	

### FACSIMILES

'Venus and Adonis. 1593. <i>Title-page</i> . . . . .	2
'Lucrece. 1594. <i>Title-page</i> . . . . .	62
'The Passionate Pilgrime. By W. Shakespeare. 1599. <i>Title-page</i> . . . . .	140
'Shake-Speares Sonnets. Neuer before Imprinted. 1609. <i>Title-page</i> . . . . .	164
'Poems: written by Wil. Shake-speare, Gent. 1640. <i>Title-page</i> . . . . .	164





## **P O E M S**

### COMMENDATORY VERSES.

In the volume published in 1640, as "*Poems written by Wil. Shake-speare Gent.*" and which is made up of Shakespeare's Sonnets, fancifully arranged, songs taken from the plays, and poetical translations by other writers, are commendatory verses by Leonard Digges, John Warren, John Milton, William Basse, and an anonymous writer. Of these the second and last are of no interest, and are evidently not contemporary with the works which they celebrate. Milton's, and all that is interesting in Digges', are given in Volume II. of this edition. The following are Basse's lines, which are said by Malone to exist in manuscript written about 1621:—

#### *On the death of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, who died in Aprill, Anno Dom. 1616.*

Renowned *Spenser*, lie a thought more nigh  
To learned *Chaucer*; and rare *Beaumont* lie  
A little nearer *Spenser*, to make roome,  
For *Shakespeare* in your three-fold, four-fold Tomb.  
To lodge all foure in one bed make a shift  
Vntill Dommes day, for hardly will a fift  
Betwixt this day and that by Fate be slain,  
For whom your Curtaines may be drawne again  
But if precedencie in death doth barre  
A fourth place in your sacred Sepulchre!  
Under this sacred Marble of thy owne,  
Sleep rare Tragedian *Shakespeare*, sleepe alone;  
Thy unmolefted peace, in an unshar'd Cave  
Possess as Lord, not Tennant, of thy Grave.  
That unto us, and others it may be,  
Honour hereafter to be laid by thee.

W. B.



## VENUS AND ADONIS

Vilia miretur vulgus : mihi flavus Apollo  
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.





# VENVS AND ADONIS

*Vilia miretur vulgus : mibi flamus Apollo  
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.*



LONDON

Imprinted by Richard Field, and are to be sold at  
the signe of the white Greyhound in  
Paules Church-yard.

1593.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
HENRY WRIOTHESLEY,  
EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHLFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I KNOW not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden; only, if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a god-father, and never after ear<sup>1</sup> so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

<sup>1</sup> ear, plough, till.



"Venus and Adonis.

*Vilia miratur vulgus : mihi flamus Apollo  
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.*

London Imprinted by Richard Field, and are to be sold at the signe  
of the white Greyhound in Paules Church-yard. 1593." 4to. 27  
leaves.

The title-page of the edition of 1594, 4to, does not differ in the  
most minute particular from that of the edition of 1593, excepting that  
there is a full point after the word "London." It also has 27 leaves.

"Venus and Adonis.

*Vilia miratur vulgus : mihi flamus Apollo  
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.*

Imprinted at London by R. F. for John Harison. 1596." 8vo. 27  
leaves.

Field's device of the Anchor is found upon each of the above im-  
pressions. The edition of 1600, 8vo, only varies from that of 1596 in  
the imprint, which is "London. Printed by I. H. for John Harison.  
1600." The imprint of the 8vo Edinburgh edition runs thus: "Edin-  
burgh. Printed by John Wreittoun and are to bee sold in his Shop a  
little beneath the salt Trone. 1627." COLLIER [slightly corrected].

[There are also editions of 1599, two of 1602, 1617, 1620, 1630 (?),  
1630, and 1636. The date of the 1600 edition is conjectural.

The Latin motto Marlowe had already translated, not altogether  
happily :

" Let base conceited wits admire vile things ;  
Fair Phoebus lead me to the Muses' springs ! "

It is interesting that in this first printed venture Shakespeare ap-  
plied to a fellow-townsman. There is some evidence that the fathers  
before them were friends, and so were the sons. Richard Field, the  
printer, was the son of Henry Field, a tanner of Stratford-on-Avon,  
who, having been apprenticed to a London printer in 1579, started out  
for himself in 1587. It is significant for the literary history of the  
poem under discussion that an edition of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (1589)  
was among his early ventures.

The license for the publication of *Venus and Adonis* was obtained  
April 18, 1593, by the printer himself, and the poem was published a  
month or so later. The publisher of the first three editions was John  
Harison, a friend of Field's. The reproduction of the First Quarto is  
among Dr. Furnivall's Quarto Facsimiles, No. 12. (a)]

## VENUS AND ADONIS

### INTRODUCTION

THE story of the loves of Venus and Adonis, told by Ovid and by earlier writers, was modified in the middle ages — we know not exactly when or in whose hands — by making Adonis insensible to the transcendent charms of the Goddess of Love and Beauty. Shakespeare adopted this version of the myth, and, when he wrote the following poem, may possibly have been unacquainted with any other.

*Venus and Adonis* was entered upon the Stationers' Register on the 18th of April, 1593, and published in the same year. How long before that date it was written, cannot be determined. In the dedication Shakespeare calls it "the first heir of his invention," which has been regarded as a designation of it as his earliest work. But such expressions must not be received in evidence implicitly. It would seem from the same dedication that this poem, as well as its successors, was the production of the author's "idle hours." He regarded his dramatic writing as professional business: it was only his leisure that he devoted to the Muse. Still, *Venus and Adonis* is plainly a youthful production, and may have been two or three years in hand before it was published.

The text has come down to us in almost absolute purity.

[Shakespeare's name did not appear on the title-page, but was signed to the dedication. The latter was written in the characteristically florid manner of the day, and addressed to Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, a typical figure as the Elizabethan courtier — "scholar, sailor, soldier, and lover of letters." Southampton was only twenty years old at the



time, having been born in 1573 ; but he was already a graduate (Master of Arts) of four years' standing from St. John's College, Cambridge. Upon coming to London he seems to have been a persistent theatre-goer, and patron of men of literary promise. His public spirit was shown again later in life as one of the patrons of the "Virginia Company in London," which planted the first permanent English settlement in America. Between these periods he was associated with Essex in Ireland ; married Essex's cousin, Elizabeth Vernon, contrary to the wishes of the Queen ; falling into disfavour at Court, suffered through the disgrace and death which overtook Essex in 1601 ; and after being cast into prison was released only upon the accession of James I in 1603.

It is not probable that Shakespeare wrote *Venus and Adonis* much earlier than the date of its publication. It is hardly conceivable that he brought the poem with him to London from the country as a product of his early years. While there is present throughout an undoubted feeling for Nature, yet the whole spirit of the poem is that of a production written under conditions of town life for Southampton's circle. Such was the audience to whom it was addressed and by whom it was received enthusiastically. No less than twelve editions (and there were probably more of which we have no copy) appeared between 1593 and 1696.<sup>1</sup>

It was a different sort of work from what the author had been engaged upon ; besides, none of the plays had yet been published ; it was Shakespeare's first venture before the reading public with a printed volume, and was very naturally described by him in the dedication as "the first heir of my invention." The year 1593 was a season of plague in London. Theatrical performances were forbidden, and possibly this gave the poet the leisure for this new interest. The poem is nearly contemporary with *Second and Third Henry VI*, *Richard III*, *Titus Andronicus*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, the probable first cast of *Romeo and Juliet*, and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* ;

<sup>1</sup> 1594, 1596, 1599, (?) 1600, 1602 (British Museum), 1603 (Bodleian), 1617, 1620, 1627, 1630, (?) 1630, 1636.

## Introduction

7

and it is interesting to note the number of words, thoughts, expressions, and turns of style, common to these plays, the two narrative poems, and many of the Sonnets, as indications of Shakespeare's early work.

Narrative poetry of a high order had become fashionable, and the young Shakespeare was very apt at taking hints and following fashions. The first three books of Spenser's *Faerie Queene* had been published in 1590, shortly after Lodge's version of the classic tale *Glaucus and Silla*, which had caught not a little of Ovid's spirit and had made use of the six-lined stanza (*ababcc*), a stanza, according to Puttenham (*The Arte of English Poesie*, 1589) "not only *most usual*, but also very pleasant to th' eare." Marlowe had died the year of the appearance of *Venus and Adonis*, leaving his remarkable love poem, *Hero and Leander*, for Chapman to finish. Other narrative poems of less note were : Drayton's *Endymion and Phœbe* and Chapman's *Ovid's Banquet of Sense*, and early adaptations of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Constable's short poem on the same subject, *The Shepherd's Song of Venus and Adonis*, first published in England's *Helicon*, 1600, probably belongs to an earlier date than Shakespeare's poem, and Constable had no perceptible influence upon Shakespeare.

In *Hero and Leander* Marlowe had referred to the theme of Adonis's rejection of the suit of Venus :

"Where Venus in her naked glory strove  
To please the careless and disdainful eyes  
Of proud Adonis, that before her lies."

Lodge in his poem lingers longer over the word painting in a stanza and verse form very nearly suggesting Shakespeare's own :

"He that hath seen the sweet Arcadian boy  
Wiping the purple from his forced wound,  
His pretty tears betokening his annoy,  
His sighs, his cries, his falling on the ground,  
The echoes ringing from the rocks his fall,  
The trees with tears reporting of his thrall ;



## Venus and Adonis

"And Venus starting at her love-mate's cry,  
Forcing her birds to haste her chariot on,  
And full of grief at last with piteous eye,  
Seen where all pale with death he lay alone,  
Whose beauty quailed, as wont the lilies droop,  
When wasteful winter winds do make them stoop."

The comparison between Lodge's and Shakespeare's poems is entered into at some length by G. Sarrazin (*William Shakespeare's Lehrjahre*, 1897, pp. 143-5), who thinks the influence also of Spenser and Sidney considerable.

Shakespeare probably owed much to Lodge for the suggestion, form, and style of his poem. For the outlines of the story he must have gone to the original itself, Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (see Durnhöfer: Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* in Verhältnis zu Ovid's Metamorphosen und Constable's Schäfergesang, 1890, Halle Dissertation).

The Latin quotation from Ovid's *Amores* on the title-page would lead the reader to think Shakespeare knew his Ovid. We shall see, in the "Memoirs," that Shakespeare's knowledge of Latin acquired in the Stratford Grammar School was sufficient (see further T. S. Baynes, "What Shakespeare Learnt at School" in *Shakespeare Studies*); and just as in Chaucer's day Ovid was the favourite Latin story-teller with both society and poets of Elizabeth's reign.

Mr. George Wyndham (*The Poems of Shakespeare*, p. lxxxi) thus describes the poet's process: "But with greater frequency comes the evidence of Shakespeare's loving familiarity with Ovid whose effects he fuses: taking the reluctance of Adonis from *Hermafroditus* (*Metamorphosis* iv); the description of the boar from Meleager's encounter in viii; and other features from the short version of *Venus and Adonis* which Ovid weaves on to the terrible and beautiful story of Myrrha (x)." Ovid's account of Narcissus and Echo (iii) and of Mars and Venus (iv) probably also suggested special points.

*Titus Andronicus*, which was played for the first time this same year (1593), has references to Ovid's *Metamorphoses* directly, although in the use of these the imaginative freedom

## Introduction

9

of the poet is prominent in the play as in the poem. A translation of Ovid, made by Arthur Golding, was published in 1567, which Shakespeare doubtless knew and used, but he seems to have used also the original. That the copy of Ovid in the Bodleian Library with Shakespeare's name on it was the poet's copy is, of course, not susceptible of proof.

After all, Shakespeare owes little to his original. *Venus and Adonis* is a poem essentially of his own creation, filled in with pictures, as of the horse and hunted hare, and with a love of the woods and of out-door life, drawn entirely from his own experience and fancy. Even the outlines of the original story have been transformed by the sensuous imagination of the poet into quite new material. A splendid array of purple passages could be brought together for quotation.

The many editions into which *Venus and Adonis* ran was not the only proof of the popularity of this and the associated poem, *Lucrece*, which followed a year later. Barnfield, in "A Remembrance of Some English Poets" in *Poems of Divers Humours* (1598), speaks of Shakespeare's "honey-flowing vein."

"Whose *Venus* and whose *Lucrece* sweet and chaste,  
Thy name in fame's immortal book have plac't."

In the same year (1598) Francis Meres paid his well-known tribute in the *Palladis Tamia*: "as the soul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare; witness his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugared *Sonnets* among his private friends," &c.

In 1599 John Weever wrote some verses *Ad Gulielmum Shakespeare*, in which "Honie-tongued Shakespeare" is referred to in connection with "Rose-cheek'd Adonis," "Faire fire-hot Venus," "Chaste Lucretia," and "Proud lust-stung Tarquin."

In the second of the three *Return from Parnassus* plays, acted at St. John's College, Cambridge, 1599, one of the characters *Gullio* desires to have the picture of "sweet Mr.



Shakespeare" in his "study at court" and "to lay *Venus and Adonis* under my pillow as we read of one (I do not remember his name, but I am sure he was a king) slept with Homer under his bed's head. In the third of the *Parnassus* plays *Judicio* says more reservedly:

" Who loves not Adon's love or Lucrece' rape?  
His sweeter verse contains heart-throbbing life.  
Could but a graver subject him content,  
Without love's foolish lazy languishment."

More "judiciously" still, Spenser's friend, Gabriel Harvey, wrote not very much later on the fly-leaf of a Chaucer folio: "The younger sort take much delight in Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*; but his *Lucrece* and his Tragedy of *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, have it in them to please the minor sort." The notoriety of the poem, however, continued.

There was more than one imitation of the poem. One by Marston was entitled *The Metamorphosis of Pygmalion's Image* (1598), and quite imitatively was referred to as "the first blooms of my poesie." It was sufficiently objectionable to be ordered a year later to be burnt, and this poem explains the reference to "Pygmalion's images, newly made woman" in *Measure for Measure*, III. ii. 48.

William Barksted's *Mirra, the Mother of Adonis, or Lust's Prodigies*, reveals its source by paying a direct tribute to *Venus and Adonis* and its author.

One of the best aesthetic criticisms of the poem and, at the same time, one of the briefest, is that of Mr. George Wyndham in his Introduction (p. xii) to *The Poems of Shakespeare*, 1898. He finds the seed of the tirades, as of the dialogues and soliloquies, of Venus, in Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde* and the *Knight's Tale*. There are points of agreement with many of the plays of the dramatist; but particularly "the esoteric themes of *Venus and Adonis*" — "a gospel of Ideal Beauty, a confession of faith in Beauty as a principle of life" — "are the essential themes of the Sonnets." *Venus and Adonis*, lines 127-32, 157-74, "have the whole argument" of Sonnets i



## Introduction

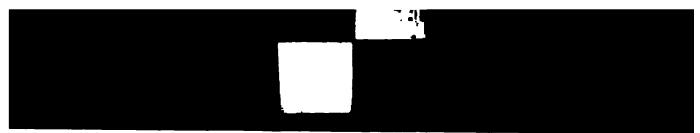
11

to xix. The thought of lines 1075–1080 is elaborated in Sonnets xiv, xix, lix, lxvii, lxviii, civ, and cvi. The central thought of the couplet 1019, 1020,

“For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,  
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again,”

as a creed of Ideal Beauty, is more fully developed in Sonnets xxxi, liii, and xcvi.<sup>1]</sup>]

<sup>1</sup> The above supplemental introduction stands almost as Dr. Henneman left it. To the group of what may be called, if the jargon be pardoned, the Renaissance-Ovidian-idyllic-narrative poems to which it belongs should be added Beaumont's (?) *Salmacis and Hermaphroditus*, the anonymous *Britain's Ida* — hardly so clearly the work of Phineas Fletcher as some scholars think — and Shirley's *Echo*. Mr. Wyndham's language (p. lxxx) might seem to imply far too strongly a severance of *Venus and Adonis* from this group, but the poem perhaps has more of a mediaeval flavour and certainly shows more inspiration from external nature than its companions do. Mr. Boas is apparently nearer the truth in thinking that Shakespeare halted between the pagan attitude toward beauty adopted by Marlowe and the more spiritual and Christian attitude adopted by Spenser. He feels that Shakespeare failed to “irradiate his theme with the glow of a living passion”; but he none the less emphasizes the Renaissance qualities of the poem, and he does not, like Mr. Wyndham, harp upon its mediaeval features. Certainly in its treating classical themes in a Renaissance manner, in its emphasis on a sort of idealised and therefore rather innocuous sensuality that revels in the beauty of the human body, and in its idyllic elaboration, its delight in colour and form, — that is to say, in its approximation to painting, — *Venus and Adonis* should be classed with the over-luscious poems named above. (B)



1  
2  
3



**WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE**

From the portrait engraved by W. Marshall, in  
Shakespeare's Poems, 1640.

**POEMS**





*This Shadowe is renowned Shakespear's. Soule of th'age  
The applause? delight? the wonder of the Stage.  
Nature her selfe, was proud of his designes  
And joy'd to weare the dressing of his lines,  
The learned will Confess, his works are such,  
As neither man, nor Muse, can prayse to much.  
For ever live thy fame, the world to tell,  
Thy like, no age. shall ever paralell.*

*W.M sculpit.*





---

## Venus and Adonis

---

VENUS as the sun with purple-colour'd face  
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,  
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase ;  
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn :  
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,  
And like a bold-fac'd suitor 'gins to woo him.

“Thrice fairer than myself,” thus she began,  
“The field’s chief flower, sweet above compare,  
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,  
More white and red than doves or roses are ;”

10

Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,  
Saith, that the world hath ending with thy life.

“Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,  
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow ;  
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed  
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know :  
Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,  
And being set, I’ll smother thee with kisses :

\* *Rose-cheek'd Adonis.* The same phrase is found in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*. Adonis was the son of Myrrha and favourite of Aphrodite (Venus). Placed under the care of Persephone, queen of the under world, the latter refused to give him up. Aphrodite appealed to Zeus, who decreed that Adonis should spend four months with Persephone, four with Aphro-

dite, and four with himself. After he was wounded by the boar, Aphrodite, unable to save his life, exacted from Zeus that Adonis should spend six months of each year with her. (a)

\* *Stain*, i. e. thou that art superior. “Stain” is used in another sense in *1 Henry VI*, IV. i. 45, “Stain to thy countrymen”—applied to Fastolfe. (a)



“ And yet not cloy thy lips with loath’d satiety,  
But rather famish them amid their plenty,  
Making them red and pale with fresh variety ;  
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty :  
A summer’s day will seem an hour but short,  
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.”

20

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,  
The precedent of pith and livelihood,  
And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,  
Earth’s sovereign salve to do a goddess good :  
Being so enrag’d, desire doth lend her force  
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

30

Over one arm the lusty courser’s rein,  
Under her other was the tender boy,  
Who blush’d and pouted in a dull disdain,  
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy ;  
She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,  
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough  
Nimbly she fastens ;— O, how quick is love !—  
The steed is stalled up, and even now  
To tie the rider she begins to prove :  
Backward she push’d him, as she would be thrust,  
And govern’d him in strength, though not in lust.

40

<sup>29-30</sup> The same thought in *Anthony and Cleopatra*, II. ii. 241-2:  
“Other women cloy the appetites they feed; but she makes hungry where most she satisfies.” (B)      <sup>30</sup> *precedent*, indication. (B)  
<sup>30</sup> *prove*, try. Cf. l. 597, *prove*, experience; l. 608, *prov’d*, tested. (B)



## Venus and Adonis

15

So soon was she along as he was down,  
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips :  
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,  
And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips ;  
And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,  
“ If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open.”

He burns with bashful shame, she with her tears  
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks ;  
Then with her windy sighs and golden hairs,  
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks :  
He saith she is immodest, blames her 'miss ;  
What follows more she murthers with a kiss.

50

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,  
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,  
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,  
Till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey be gone ;  
Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,  
And when she ends she doth anew begin.

60

Forc'd to content, but never to obey,  
Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face ;  
She feedeth on the steam as on a prey,  
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace,  
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,  
So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

<sup>as</sup> 'miss, amiss, error [offence].  
*Cambridge, miss.*

<sup>as</sup> *she murthers with a kiss.*  
Thus the first three quartos; the last three, *she smothers with a kiss*, which . . . is the better reading. It is easy to suspect a misprint, but no change is warranted.

<sup>as</sup> *Even as an empty eagle . . .*  
*Tires . . . on . . . flesh, &c.* Cf.  
*2 Henry VI.*, III. i. 248, “an empty eagle,” &c., and *3 Henry VI.*, I. i. 268–9, “like an empty eagle Tire on the flesh.” *Tires*, feeds ravenously. (B)

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,  
So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies ;  
Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,  
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes : 70

Rain added to a river that is rank,  
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,  
For to a pretty air she tunes her tale ;  
Still is he sullen, still he lowers and frets  
"Twixt crimson shame and anger ashy-pale ;  
Being red, she loves him best ; and being white,  
Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love ;  
And by her fair immortal hand she swears 80  
From his soft bosom never to remove,  
Till he take truce with her contending tears,  
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet ;  
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,  
Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave,  
Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in ;  
So offers he to give what she did crave,  
But when her lips were ready for his pay, 90  
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

<sup>71</sup> *rank*, excessive, over-full. Cf. *King John*, V. iv. 54, "like a bated and retired flood, Leaving our *rankness* and irregular course." (R)

play upon the two words was intended. (W)

<sup>74</sup> *a pretty air*. The old editions, "a pretty *ear*," plainly a mere phonographic error. See [ll. 145, 147] below, where *ear* rhymes with *hair*. Possibly a

<sup>76</sup> *dive-dapper*, "the little grebe, familiarly called dab-chick, found in streams all over England."—Herford. (R)

<sup>79</sup> *winks*, shuts his eyes. So l. 121 and *2 Henry VI.*, II. i. 105. (R)



## Venus and Adonis

17

Never did passenger in summer's heat  
More thirst for drink than she for this good turn.  
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get ;  
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn.  
    “ O, pity,” 'gan she cry, “ flint-hearted boy !  
    ‘T is but a kiss I beg ; why art thou coy ?

“ I have been woo'd as I entreat thee now,  
Even by the stern and direful god of war,  
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,  
Who conquers where he comes in every jar ;         100  
    Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,  
    And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt have.

“ Over my altars hath he hung his lance,  
His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,  
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,  
To toy, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest ;  
    Scorning his churlish drum, and ensign red,  
    Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

“ Thus he that overrul'd, I oversway'd,  
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain :         110  
Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength obey'd,  
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.  
    O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,  
    For mastering her that foil'd the god of fight.

“ Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine, —  
Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red, —  
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine : —  
What seest thou in the ground ? hold up thy head :  
    Look in mine eyeballs, there thy beauty lies ;  
    Then, why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes ?         120

<sup>81</sup> *passenger*, wayfarer. (B)     Venus. Cf. Ovid, *Metamorphoses*,  
<sup>87-112</sup> The love of Mars and iv. (S)  
vol. xvii. — 2

“ Art thou ashamed to kiss ? then, wink again,  
 And I will wink ; so shall the day seem night ;  
 Love keeps his revels where there are but twain ;  
 Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight :  
 These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean,  
 Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

“ The tender spring upon thy tempting lip  
 Shows thee unripe, yet may'st thou well be tasted.  
 Make use of time, let not advantage slip ;  
 Beauty within itself should not be wasted :      130  
 Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime,  
 Rot and consume themselves in little time.

“ Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,  
 Ill-nurtur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,  
 O'erworn, despised, rheumatic, and cold,  
 Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,  
 Then might'st thou pause, for then I were not for thee ;  
 But having no defects, why dost abhor me ?

“ Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow ;  
 Mine eyes are grey and bright, and quick in turning ;      140  
 My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,  
 My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning :  
 My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,  
 Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

<sup>131-2</sup> Cf. many of Shakespeare's Sonnets and of the poems of Herrick. (R)

<sup>133</sup> *hard-favour'd*. Cf. below, I. 931. So *3 Henry VI.*, V. v. 78, used by Margaret of Richard. (R)

<sup>134</sup> *ill-nurtur'd*. So *3 Henry VI.*, I. ii. 42, used by Gloucester of Elinor. (R)

<sup>135</sup> *O'erworn*. Cf. *Richard III.*, I. i. 81, “the jealous o'erworn widow.” Cf. I. 866, below. Used of “morning.” (R) *rheumatic*.

In Shakespeare's time accented on the first syllable. See *Midsummer Night's Dream*, II. i. 105, “That rheumatic diseases do abound.”



## Venus and Adonis

19

“ Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,  
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,  
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevelled hair,  
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen :  
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,  
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

150

“ Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie ;  
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me ;  
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,  
From morn till night, even where I list to sport me :  
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be  
That thou should’st think it heavy unto thee ?

“ Is thine own heart to thine own face affected ?  
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left ?  
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,  
Steal thine own freedom, and complain on theft.

160

Narcissus so himself himself forsook,  
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

“ Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,  
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use ;  
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear ;  
Things growing to themselves are growth’s abuse :  
Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth beauty ;  
Thou wast begot, to get — it is thy duty.

<sup>140</sup> Love is a spirit all compact of fire. Cf. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, V. i. 7, 8, “The lunatic, the lover, and the poet Are of imagination all compact.” (R)

<sup>142</sup> doves. Cf. l. 1190, below, *yokes her silver doves*, and often. So *Lucrece*, l. 58, “Venus’ doves.” (R)

<sup>143-4</sup> light . . . heavy (i. e. tedious) in antithesis. (R)

<sup>146</sup> should’st. The first quarto, should. (R)

<sup>147</sup> affected, devoted. (R)

<sup>161-2</sup> Narcissus mistook his own reflection in a fountain for a nymph and killed himself trying to reach her. Cf. *Lucrece*, ll. 265-6. (R)

<sup>163</sup> The theme of the early Sonnets. (R)

“ Upon the earth’s increase why should’st thou feed,  
 Unless the earth with thy increase be fed ?                              170  
 By law of nature thou art bound to breed,  
 That thine may live when thou thyself art dead :  
     And so in spite of death thou dost survive,  
     In that thy likeness still is left alive.”

By this, the love-sick queen began to sweat,  
 For where they lay the shadow had forsook them,  
 And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,  
 With burning eye did hotly overlook them ;  
     Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,  
     So he were like him, and by Venus’ side.                      180

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,  
 And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,  
 His lowering brows o’erwhelming his fair sight,  
 Like misty vapours when they blot the sky,  
     Souring his cheeks, cries, “ Fie ! no more of love :  
     The sun doth burn my face ; I must remove.”

“ Ay me ! ” quoth Venus, “ young, and so unkind ?  
 With bare excuses mak’st thou to be gone !  
 I ’ll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind  
 Shall cool the heat of this descending sun :                      190  
     I ’ll make a shadow for thee of my hairs ;  
     If they burn too, I ’ll quench them with my tears.

<sup>171</sup> Cf. Sonnet i. (n)

<sup>172</sup> *Titan*, the sun-god (Hypereion, who drove the chariot of the sun). *tired*. White accepted Collier’s ‘tired – attired. (n)

<sup>181</sup> *spright*, spirit. So *Lucrece*, l. 121, “Intending weariness with *heavy spright*,” and often in Shakespeare as a monosyllable. (n)



## Venus and Adonis

21

“The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm,  
And lo ! I lie between that sun and thee :  
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,  
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me ;  
And were I not immortal, life were done,  
Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

“Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel ?  
Nay more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth ;      200  
Art thou a woman’s son, and canst not feel  
What ’t is to love ? how want of love tormenteth ?  
O, had thy mother borne so hard a mind,  
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

“What am I, that thou should’st contemn me this ?  
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit ?  
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss ?  
Speak fair ; but speak fair words, or else be mute :  
Give me one kiss, I ’ll give it thee again,  
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.      210

“Fie ! lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,  
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,  
Statue, contenting but the eye alone,  
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred :  
Thou art no man, though of a man’s complexion,  
For men will kiss even by their own direction.”

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,  
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause ;  
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong :  
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause ;      220  
And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,  
And now her sobs do her intendments break.

<sup>200</sup> *obdurate*. Accented on the penult. (B)      <sup>211</sup> *lifeless*. Qq. 1, 2, 3, *liveless*. (B)

<sup>222</sup> *intendments*, intentions. (B)

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand,  
 Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground ;  
 Sometimes her arms infold him like a band :  
 She would, he will not in her arms be bound ;  
 And when from thence he struggles to be gone,  
 She locks her lily fingers one in one.

“Fondling,” she saith, “since I have hemm’d thee here,  
 Within the circuit of this ivory pale,                           230  
 I’ll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer ;  
 Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale :  
 Graze on my lips, and if those hills be dry,  
 Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

“Within this limit is relief enough,  
 Sweet bottom-grass, and high delightful plain,  
 Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,  
 To shelter thee from tempest, and from rain :  
 Then, be my deer, since I am such a park ;  
 No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark.”   240

At this Adonis smiles, as in disdain,  
 That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple :  
 Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,  
 He might be buried in a tomb so simple ;  
 Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,  
 Why, there Love liv’d, and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,  
 Open’d their mouths to swallow Venus’ liking.  
 Being mad before, how doth she now for wits ?  
 Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking ?                           250  
 Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,  
 To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn !



## Venus and Adonis

23

Now which way shall she turn ? what shall she say ?  
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing ;  
The time is spent, her object will away,  
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.  
“ Pity ! ” she cries, “ some favour, some remorse ! ”  
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But lo ! from forth a copse that neighbours by,  
A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,  
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,  
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud :  
The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,  
Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

260

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,  
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder ;  
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,  
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder :  
The iron bit he crusheth 'tween his teeth,  
Controlling what he was controlled with.

270

His ears up-prick'd, his braided hanging mane  
Upon his compass'd crest now stands on end ;  
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,  
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send :  
His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire;  
Shows his hot courage, and his high desire.

<sup>267</sup> *remorse*, pity — as explained in the line itself. So *2 Henry VI.*, IV. vii. 111, and *3 Henry VI.*, III. i. 40. (B)

<sup>268</sup> *jennet*, small mare. (B)

<sup>269</sup> *compass'd*, arched round.

(B) *stands*. Some of the old edi-

tions, at least, have *stand on end*, which ought to be regarded as due to a mere accidental omission of the final *s*; although Malone thought that here *mane* was used in a plural sense, as composed of many hairs.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,  
 With gentle majesty, and modest pride ;  
 Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,  
 As who should say, Lo ! thus my strength is tried ;      280  
     And this I do, to captivate the eye  
     Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,  
 His flattering " Holla," or his " Stand, I say "?  
 What cares he now for curb, or pricking spur,  
 For rich caparisons, or trapping gay ?

He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,  
 For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,  
 In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,  
 His art with nature's workmanship at strife,  
 As if the dead the living should exceed ;      290  
     So did his horse excel a common one,  
     In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,  
 Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril  
     wide,  
 High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing  
     strong,  
 Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide :  
     Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,  
     Save a proud rider on so proud a back.      300

<sup>27</sup> told, counted. So l. 520, below. (B)



## Venus and Adonis

25

Sometime he scuds far off, and there he stares ;  
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather :  
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,  
And whe'r he run, or fly, they know not whether ;  
For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,  
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her ;  
She answers him, as if she knew his mind :  
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,  
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind ;  
Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,  
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

310

Then, like a melancholy malcontent,  
He vails his tail, that, like a falling plume,  
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent :  
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume.  
His love, perceiving how he was enrag'd,  
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuag'd.

His testy master goeth about to take him,  
When lo ! the unback'd breeder, full of fear,  
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,  
With her the horse, and left Adonis there.

320

As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,  
Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

<sup>303</sup> *To bid the wind a base* [i. e. challenge to a race]. See the note on "bid the base," *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, I. ii. 97.

<sup>304</sup> *whether*, whither. (B)

<sup>305</sup> *who*, which — as often. (B)

<sup>314</sup> *vails*, lowers. Cf. I. 956, below. (B)

All swoln with chafing, down Adonis sits,  
 Banning his boisterous and unruly beast :  
 And now the happy season once more fits,  
 That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest ;  
 For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong  
 When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

330

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,  
 Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage :  
 So of concealed sorrow may be said,  
 Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage ;  
 But when the heart's attorney once is mute,  
 The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,  
 Even as a dying coal revives with wind,  
 And with his bonnet hides his angry brow ;  
 Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind,

340

Taking no notice that she is so nigh,  
 For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O, what a sight it was, wistly to view  
 How she came stealing to the wayward boy ;  
 To note the fighting conflict of her hue,  
 How white and red each other did destroy :

But now her cheek was pale, and by and by  
 It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

<sup>330</sup> *Banning*, cursing. Cf. 2 "words, Windy attorneys to their  
*Henry VI.*, III. ii. 319, "to curse client woes." (B)  
 and ban." (B)      <sup>331</sup> *wistly*, wistfully(?), atten-  
<sup>332</sup> *the heart's attorney*. Cf. tively. (B)  
*Richard III.*, IV. iv. 126-7 . . .



## Venus and Adonis

27

Now was she just before him as he sat,  
And like a lowly lover down she kneels ;  
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,  
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels :  
His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's print,  
As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any dint.

350

O, what a war of looks was then between them !  
Her eyes, petitioners, to his eyes suing ;  
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them ;  
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing :  
And all this dumb play had his acts made plain  
With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.

360

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,  
A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow,  
Or ivory in an alabaster band ;  
So white a friend engirts so white a foe :  
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,  
Show'd like two silver doves that sit a-billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began :  
“ O fairest mover on this mortal round,  
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,  
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound ;  
For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,  
Though nothing but my body's bane would cure  
thee.”

370

<sup>220</sup> *dumb play.* An allusion to i. e. tongue, as in l. 335, above,  
the dumb shows which were ex- *the heart's attorney.* So *Titus  
plained by a chorus, as in Pericles.* *Andronicus*, III. i. 82: “O, that  
(w)      <sup>221</sup> *the engine of her thoughts,* delightful engine of her thoughts.”  
(x)

"Give me my hand," saith he, "why dost thou feel  
it?"

"Give me my heart," saith she, "and thou shalt have  
it;

O, give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,  
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it :  
Then, love's deep groans I never shall regard,  
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard."

"For shame!" he cries, "let go, and let me go :  
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,  
And 't is your fault I am bereft him so :  
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone ;  
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,  
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare."

380

Thus she replies : "Thy palfrey, as he should,  
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire :  
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd ;  
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire.

The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none ;  
Therefore, no marvel though thy horse be gone.

390

"How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,  
Servilely mastered with a leathern rein ;  
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,  
He held such petty bondage in disdain ;  
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,  
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

*Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire.* Cf. *8 Henry VI.*, IV. viii. 8:

"A little fire is quickly trodden out,  
Which, being suffer'd, rivers can-not quench." (B)



**VENUS AND ADONIS**

**From the painting by Peter Paul Rubens**

**POEMS. VENUS AND ADONIS**



PHOTOGRAPH BY

ROBERT LINDENSTROM  
AND JEFFREY LINDENSTROM







## Venus and Adonis

29

“Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,  
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,  
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,  
His other agents aim at like delight? 400

Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold  
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

“Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy,  
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,  
To take advantage on presented joy ;  
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee :  
O, learn to love ; the lesson is but plain,  
And, once made perfect, never lost again.”

“I know not love,” quoth he, “nor will not know  
it :

Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it ; 410  
‘T is much to borrow, and I will not owe it ;  
My love to love is love but to disgrace it ;  
For I have heard it is a life in death,  
That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

“Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish’d ?  
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth ?  
If springing things be any jot diminish’d,  
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth :  
The colt that’s back’d and burthen’d being young, 420  
Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

<sup>■■</sup> Cf. *Lucrece*, l. 472, “Who o’er the white sheet peers her whiter chin.” (B)

<sup>“”</sup> *owe*. Does this mean “owe”

or “own”? Cf. *Lucrece*, l. 1803, and often. (B)

<sup>“”</sup> The reader must be left to work out this conceit as he will. (B)

“ You hurt my hand with wringing ; let us part,  
 And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat :  
 Remove your siege from my unyielding heart ;  
 To love’s alarms it will not ope the gate :  
 Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery,  
 For where a heart is hard, they make no battery.”

“ What ! canst thou talk ? ” quoth she, “ hast thou a  
 tongue ?  
 O, would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing !  
 Thy mermaid’s voice hath done me double wrong !  
 I had my load before, now press’d with bearing :      430  
 Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding,  
 Ear’s deep sweet music, and heart’s deep sore  
 wounding.

“ Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love  
 That inward beauty and invisible ;  
 Or, were I deaf, thy outward parts would move  
 Each part in me that were but sensible :  
 Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,  
 Yet should I be in love by touching thee.

“ Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,  
 And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,      440  
 And nothing but the very smell were left me,  
 Yet would my love to thee be still as much ;  
 For from the stillitory of thy face excelling  
 Comes breath perfum’d, that breedeth love by  
 smelling.

<sup>“</sup> alarms, alarums, attacks.  
 (B) <sup>“</sup> mermaid’s, siren’s. Cf. below, l. 777, *Bewitching like the wanton mermaid’s songs.* (B)

<sup>“</sup> sensible, endowed with feeling. (B)  
<sup>“</sup> stillitory, still. (B)



## Venus and Adonis

31

“But, O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,  
Being nurse and feeder of the other four :  
Would they not wish the feast might ever last,  
And bid Suspicion double-lock the door,  
Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,  
Should by his stealing in disturb the feast ?”

450

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal opened,  
Which to his speech did honey-passage yield ;  
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd  
Wreck to the sea-man, tempest to the field,  
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,  
Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh :  
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth ;  
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,  
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth ;  
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,

460

His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,  
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth ;  
A smile recures the wounding of a frown ;  
But blessed bankrupt that by love so thriveth !  
The silly boy, believing she is dead,

Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red ;

<sup>444</sup> *Wreck*. Quartos, *wracke*, the rhyme “wrack: back,” *Lucrece*, *wrack*, and this is the usual form in ll. 557–8, also 841, 966. (R)  
Shakespeare's early period. Note <sup>446</sup> *flaws*, sudden blasts of wind.  
(R)



And all amaz'd brake off his late intent,  
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,  
Which cunning love did wittily prevent:  
Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her!  
For on the grass she lies, as she were slain,  
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

470

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,  
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,  
He chafes her lips; a thousand ways he seeks  
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd:  
He kisses her; and she, by her good will,  
Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

480

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:  
Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,  
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array  
He cheers the morn, and all the earth relieveth:  
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,  
So is her face illumin'd with her eye;

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,  
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.  
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,  
Had not his clouded with his brow's repine;  
But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,  
Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

490

“O, where am I?” quoth she, “in Earth or Heaven,  
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?  
What hour is this? or morn or weary even?  
Do I delight to die, or life desire?  
But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy;  
But now I di'd, and death was lively joy.

<sup>a</sup> *fall*, befall — with possibly a play on the word. (B)

Venus and Adonis

33

“ O, thou did’st kill me ; kill me once again :  
Thy eyes’ shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,  
Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain,  
That they have murther’d this poor heart of mine ;  
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,  
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

“ Long may they kiss each other for this cure !  
O, never let their crimson liveries wear,  
And as they last, their verdure still endure,  
To drive infection from the dangerous year !  
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,  
May say, the plague is banish’d by thy breath.

510

“ Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,  
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing ?  
To sell myself I can be well contented,  
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing ;  
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips  
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

“ A thousand kisses buys my heart from me,  
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.  
What is ten hundred touches unto thee ?  
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone ?  
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,  
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble ? ”

520

<sup>soo</sup> shrewd, evil. So *2 Henry VI.*, II. iii. 41. (B)      <sup>soo</sup> writ on, i. e. predicted. (B)  
<sup>soo</sup> slips. A play on words meaning (1) blunders; (2) counterfeit coins. (B)  
<sup>soo</sup> wear, i. e. wear out. crimson liveries — referring to the colour of the lips. (B)



" Fair queen," quoth he, " if any love you owe me,  
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years :  
Before I know myself, seek not to know me ;  
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears :  
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,  
Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.

"Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,  
His day's hot task hath ended in the west:  
The owl, night's herald, shrieks, 't is very late;  
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest,  
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light  
Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

"Now let me say good night ; and so say you ;  
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss."  
"Good night," quoth she ; and, ere he says "Adieu,"  
The honey-fee of parting tender'd is :  
    Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace ;  
    Incorporate then they seem, face grows to face.

Till breathless he disjoin'd, and backward drew  
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,  
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,  
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drought :  
    He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,  
    Their lips together glu'd, fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught the yielding prey,  
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth ;  
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,  
Paying what ransom the insulter willeth ;                            550  
Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so high,  
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.

<sup>120</sup> the world's comforter, i. e. Cf. "insulting" — exulting, 3  
the sun. (R) *Henry VI.*, I. iii. 14. (R)

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,  
With blindfold fury she begins to forage ;  
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,  
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage ;  
Planting oblivion, beating reason back,  
Forgetting shame's pure blush, and honour's wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,  
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much handling 560  
Or as the fleet-foot roe that's tir'd with chasing,  
Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling,  
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,  
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,  
And yields at last to every light impression ?  
Things out of hope are compass'd oft with venturing,  
Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission :  
Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,  
But then woos best, when most his choice is  
froward. 570

When he did frown, O, had she then gave over,  
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.  
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover ;  
What though the rose have prickles, yet 't is pluck'd :  
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,  
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at  
last.

*leave, license. Cf. 3 Henry VI., III. ii. 34 (with play on words):* “Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave. Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.” (B)

For pity now she can no more detain him ;  
 The poor fool prays her that he may depart :  
 She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him,  
 Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,      580  
     The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,  
     He carries thence incaged in his breast.

“Sweet boy,” she says, “this night I 'll waste in sorrow,  
 For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.  
 Tell me, love's master, shall we meet to-morrow ?  
 Say, shall we ? shall we ? wilt thou make the match ? ”  
     He tells her, no ; to-morrow he intends  
     To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

“The boar ! ” quoth she ; whereat a sudden pale,  
 Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,      590  
 Usurps her cheek : she trembles at his tale,  
 And on his neck her yoking arms she throws ;  
     She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,  
     He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,  
 Her champion mounted for the hot encounter :  
 All is imaginary she doth prove,  
 He will not manage her, although he mount her ;  
     That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,  
     To clip Elysium, and to lack her joy.      600

<sup>as</sup> pale, pallor. (B)

<sup>as</sup> Like lawn, &c. The same comparison is in *Lucrece*, l. 257:

“O, how her fear did make her colour rise !  
 First red as roses that on lawn we lay,  
 Then white as lawn, the roses took away.” (B)

<sup>as</sup> she, i. e. that she. *prove*, experience. Cf. l. 608, below, *prov'd*, tested ; l. 40, above, *prove*, try. (B)

<sup>as</sup> *Tantalus'*. Cf. *Lucrece*, l. 858, “But like still-pining Tantalus he sits.” (B)

<sup>as</sup> *clip*, embrace. [Same use in *2 Henry VI.*, IV. i. 6.]

Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes,  
 Do surfeit by the eye, and pine the maw,  
 Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,  
 As those poor birds that helpless berries saw.  
 The warm effects which she in him finds missing,  
 She seeks to kindle with continual kissing :

But all in vain ; good queen, it will not be :  
 She hath assay'd as much as may be prov'd ;  
 Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee :  
 She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd.      610  
 "Fie, fie !" he says, "you crush me ; let me go :  
 You have no reason to withhold me so."

"Thou had'st been gone," quoth she, "sweet boy, ere  
 this,  
 But that thou told'st me thou would'st hunt the boar.  
 O, be advis'd ; thou know'st not what it is  
 With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,  
 Whose tushes, never sheath'd, he whetteth still,  
 Like to a mortal butcher, bent to kill.

"On his bow-back he hath a battle set  
 Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes ;      620  
 His eyes like glow-worms shine when he doth fret ;  
 His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes ;  
 Being mov'd, he strikes whate'er is in his way,  
 And whom he strikes his crooked tushes slay.

<sup>601</sup> The reference is to the painting by Zeuxis in which the grapes were so lifelike that the birds pecked at them. (R)      and l. 1056, "Poor helpless help." (R)  
<sup>602</sup> pine, starve. (R)      <sup>612</sup> mortal, death-dealing. So l. 953, below. Cf. *Lucrece*, l. 364, "mortal sting," &c. (R)  
<sup>604</sup> helpless, giving no help or sustenance. Cf. *Lucrece*, l. 1027, "This helpless smoke of words,"      <sup>613</sup> battle, battalion — as often in the *Henry VI.* plays. (R)  
<sup>605</sup> crooked. So the quartos.

“ His brawny sides, with hairy bristles armed,  
 Are better proof than thy spear’s point can enter ;  
 His short thick neck cannot be easily harmed ;  
 Being ireful on the lion he will venture :  
 The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,  
 As fearful of him, part ; through whom he 630  
 rushes.

“ Alas, he naught esteems that face of thine,  
 To which love’s eyes pay tributary gazes ;  
 Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eyne,  
 Whose full perfection all the world amazes ;  
 But having thee at vantage, — wondrous dread ! —  
 Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

“ O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still ;  
 Beauty hath naught to do with such foul fiends :  
 Come not within his danger by thy will ;  
 They that thrive well take counsel of their friends. 640  
 When thou didst name the boar, not to disseminate,  
 I fear’d thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

The Variorum of 1821 changed  
 to *cruel*, which White adopted. (R)  
<sup>\*\*\*</sup> *proof*, defensive armour.  
<sup>\*\*\*</sup> *venture*. In Shakespeare’s  
 day “ *venture* ” was pronounced  
*venter*, and so was a perfect rhyme  
 to “ *enter*.” See *venturing* rhymed  
 with *tempering*, a few stanzas  
 above [ll. 565, 567]. (W)  
<sup>\*\*\*</sup> *eyes pay*. Qq. 1, 2, *eyes*  
*paines* — a frequently occurring con-  
 struction. (R)

<sup>\*\*\*</sup> *eyne*. Old plural of “ *eye*,”  
 for the sake of rhyme. So *Lu-  
 crece*, l. 643; *Midsummer Night’s  
 Dream*, I. i. 242, and elsewhere.  
(R)  
<sup>\*\*</sup> *cabin*, i. e. lair. Cf. l. 854,  
 below, *cabinet*, nest. (R)  
<sup>\*\*</sup> *Come not within his danger*.  
 See the note on “ You stand within  
 his danger,” *Merchant of Venice*,  
 IV. i. 180. (W)

Venus and Adonis 89

“ Did’st thou not mark my face ? was it not white ?  
Saw’st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye ?  
Grew I not faint ? and fell I not downright ?  
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,  
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,  
But like an earthquake shakes thee on my breast.

“ For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy  
Doth call himself Affection’s sentinel ; 650  
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,  
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, ‘ kill, kill ! ’  
Distempering gentle Love in his desire,  
As air and water do abate the fire.

“ This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,  
This canker that eats up Love’s tender spring,  
This carry-tale, dissentious Jealousy,  
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,  
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,  
That if I love thee, I thy death should fear : 660

“ And more than so, presenteth to mine eye  
The picture of an angry chafing boar,  
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie  
An image like thyself, all stain’d with gore ;  
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed,  
Doth make them droop with grief, and hang the head.

(n) <sup>\*\*\* bate-breeding, causing strife.</sup> <sup>\*\*\* carry-tale.</sup> So *Love’s Labour’s Lost*, V. ii. 463, “ Some  
<sup>\*\*\* canker, canker-worm.</sup> <sup>carry-tale.”</sup> (n)  
*spring, shoot, bud.* (n)

“ What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,  
Than tremble at the imagination ?  
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,  
And fear doth teach it divination : . . . . . 670  
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,  
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

“ But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul’d by me ;  
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,  
Or at the fox, which lives by subtlety,  
Or at the roe, which no encounter dare :  
Pursue these fearful creatures o’er the downs,  
And on thy well-breath’d horse keep with thy hounds.

“ And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,  
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles,  
How he outruns the wind, and with what care  
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles :  
The many musits through the which he goes,  
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

“Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,  
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell;  
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,  
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;  
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer.  
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear:

*"Uncouple, loose the hounds."*

(R) ~~100-100-000-000~~

*fearful, full of fear, timorous.*

*overshoot.* The old copies, overshoot — a mere phonographic error. (w)

~~ess~~ cranks, twists, turns. (B)

*musits*, i. e. little apertures in a hedge through which hares passed. (w)

**amaze**, bewilder. (R)

*soroth, consorts.* (R)

"For there his smell, with others being mingled,  
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,  
Ceasing their clamorous cry, till they have singled  
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out ;  
Then do they spend their mouths : Echo replies,  
As if another chase were in the skies.

"By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,  
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,  
To hearken if his foes pursue him still :  
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear ;  
And now his grief may be compared well  
To one sore sick, that hears the passing-bell.

"Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch  
Turn, and return, indenting with the way ;  
Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch,  
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay :  
For misery is trodden on by many,  
And being low, never reliev'd by any.

"Lie quietly, and hear a little more ;  
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise :  
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,  
Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize,  
Applying this to that, and so to so ;  
For love can comment upon every woe.

<sup>204</sup> the cold fault, the loss of scent. Cf. *Taming of the Shrew*, Induction, i. 19-21.

"Saws't thou not, boy, how Silver made it good  
At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault ?  
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound." (R)

<sup>205</sup> spend their mouths. So *Henry V.*, II. iv. 70, "coward dogs most spend their mouths." (R)

<sup>206</sup> Wat, the name for a hare. (R)  
<sup>207</sup> envious, malicious. So *Henry VI.*, II. iv. 12, and elsewhere. doth. The first three quartos, do. See note on l. 632. (R)

“Where did I leave?”—“No matter where,” quoth he;

“Leave me, and then the story aptly ends:  
The night is spent.” “Why, what of that?” quoth she;

“I am,” quoth he, “expected of my friends;  
And now ‘t is dark, and going I shall fall.”  
“In night,” quoth she, “desire sees best of all.

720

“But if thou fall, O, then imagine this,—  
The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,  
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.  
Rich preys made true men thieves; so do thy lips  
    Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,  
    Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.

“Now, of this dark night I perceive the reason:  
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,  
Till forging Nature be condemn’d of treason,  
For stealing moulds from Heaven that were divine,

730

    Wherein she fram’d thee, in high Heaven’s despite,  
    To shame the sun by day, and her by night.

“And therefore hath she brib’d the Destinies,  
To cross the curious workmanship of nature;  
To mingle beauty with infirmities,  
And pure perfection with impure defeature;  
    Making it subject to the tyranny  
    Of mad mischances and much misery;

<sup>724</sup> *curious*, elaborate. (R)

<sup>725</sup> *defeature*, deformity, disfigurement. (R)

Venus and Adonis

43

“ As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,  
Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood ;                      740  
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attaint  
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood :  
Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damn'd despair,  
Swear Nature's death for framing thee so fair.

“ And not the least of all these maladies  
But in one minute's fight brings beauty under :  
Both favour, savour, hue, and qualities,  
Whereat the impartial gazer late did wonder,  
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd, and done,  
As mountain snow melts with the midday sun.                      750

“ Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,  
Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns,  
That on the Earth would breed a scarcity,  
And barren death of daughters and of sons,  
Be prodigal : the lamp that burns by night  
Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

“ What is thy body but a swallowing grave,  
Seeming to bury that posterity  
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,  
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity ?                      760  
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,  
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

<sup>740</sup> wood, mad. Cf. *I Henry VI.*, IV. vii. 35. (B)      <sup>742</sup> *imposthumes*, i. e. abscesses.  
<sup>741</sup> whose attaint, an attack of      (B)      <sup>762</sup> *Sith*, since. So l. 1163 and  
which. (B)      often in the plays of this period.  
(B)

“So in thyself thyself art made away,  
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,  
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay,  
Or butcher-sire that reaves his son of life.

Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,  
But gold that’s put to use more gold begets.”

“Nay then,” quoth Adon, “you will fall again  
Into your idle over-handled theme :                              770  
The kiss I gave you is bestow’d in vain,  
And all in vain you strive against the stream ;  
For by this black-fac’d night, desire’s foul nurse,  
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

“If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,  
And every tongue more moving than your own,  
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid’s songs,  
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown ;  
For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear,  
And will not let a false sound enter there ;                      780

“Lest the deceiving harmony should run  
Into the quiet closure of my breast,  
And then my little heart were quite undone,  
In his bedchamber to be barr’d of rest.

No, lady, no ; my heart longs not to groan,  
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

<sup>766</sup> *reaves*, bereaves, deprives.  
Cf. below, l. 1174, *refit*. Cf. <sup>2</sup> *Henry VI.*, V. i. 187, “To reave  
the orphan of his patrimony.” (B)  
<sup>767</sup> *frets*, eats away; old Eng-  
lish, *frelan*, to devour. (B)  
<sup>774</sup> *treatise*, discourse. (B)

<sup>777</sup> *mermaid’s, siren’s*. Cf.  
above, l. 429. (B)  
<sup>778</sup> *into the quiet closure of my  
breast*. Cf. Sonnet, xlvi. 11,  
“Within the gentle closure of my  
breast.” (B)

## Venus and Adonis

45

“ What have you urg'd that I cannot reprove ?  
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger ;  
I hate not love, but your device in love,  
That lends embracements unto every stranger.

790

You do it for increase : O, strange excuse,  
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse !

“ Call it not Love, for Love to Heaven is fled,  
Since sweating lust on earth usurp'd his name ;  
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed  
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame ;  
Which the hot tyrant stains, and soon bereaves,  
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

“ Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,  
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun ;  
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,  
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done :  
Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton dies ;  
Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.

800

“ More I could tell, but more I dare not say ;  
The text is old, the orator too green.  
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away ;  
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen :  
Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,  
Do burn themselves for having so offended.”

810

With this he breaketh from the sweet embrace  
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,  
And homeward through the dark lawn runs apace ;

<sup>sw</sup> reprove, disprove. (n)

<sup>sw</sup> teen, care, trouble. (w)

<sup>sw</sup> bereaves, impairs. (n)

<sup>sw</sup> dark lawn, wild plain.

Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.

Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,  
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore  
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,  
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,  
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend:  
So did the merciless and pitchy night  
Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

820

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware  
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,  
Or 'stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,  
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood:  
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,  
Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,  
That all the neighbour caves, as seeming troubled,  
Make verbal repetition of her moans:  
Passion on passion doubly is redoubled.

830

"Ay me!" she cries, and twenty times, "Woe, woe!"  
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

The quartos and most editors,  
"lawnd." So *S. Henry VI.*, III. i.  
2, "laund." (R)  
"so That, so that. (R)  
"as Passion on passion doubly is  
redoubled. The old copies, *deeply*  
*is redoubled*. And the reading  
has hitherto been retained without question. But almost surely  
here "deeply" is a misprint for  
"doubly." "Deeply redoubled"  
is a notably infelicitous expression; and the last two lines of the  
stanza show that the poet had in

mind only the number of the repetitions. So in *Macbeth*, I. ii. 38,  
"doubly redoubled strokes," and  
in *King Richard II.*, I. iii. 80,  
"thy blows doubly redoubled  
fall." "Passion" here means the  
utterance of emotion. A soliloquy  
expressive of deep feeling was called  
a passion.

"Ay me! So the quartos and  
late editors, as the specific Shakespearean form. White read *Ah  
me!* (R)

## Venus and Adonis

47

She, marking them, begins a wailing note,  
And sings extemporally a woeful ditty;  
How love makes young men thrall, and old men dote;  
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty:  
Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,  
And still the choir of echoes answer so.

840

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,  
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short :  
If pleas'd themselves, others, they think, delight  
In such like circumstance, with such like sport :  
Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,  
End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,  
But idle sounds resembling parasites ;  
Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,  
Soothing the humour of fantastic wits ?

850

She says, "T is so :" they answer all, "T is so ;"  
And would say after her, if she said, "No."

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,  
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,  
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast  
The sun ariseth in his majesty;  
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,  
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

"*thrall*. Used as an adjective  
= *enslaved*. (B)  
" *withal*, with. (B)  
" *cabinet*, i. e. nest. Cf. l. 637,  
above, *cabin*, lair. (B)  
" Cf. Sonnet xxxiii. 1-3:

"Full many a glorious morning  
have I seen,  
Flatter the mountain-tops with  
sovereign eye,  
Kissing with golden face the  
meadows green." (B)

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow :

"O thou clear god, and patron of all light,  
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow  
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,  
There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother,  
May lend thee light, as thou dost lēnd to other."

360

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,  
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn ;  
And yet she hears no tidings of her love :  
She hearkens for his hounds and for his horn :  
Anon she hears them chant it lustily,  
And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.

370

And as she runs, the bushes in the way  
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,  
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay.  
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,  
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,  
Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this she hears the hounds are at a bay,  
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder  
Wreath'd up in fatal folds, just in his way,  
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder : 380  
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds  
Appals her senses, and her spirit confounds.

<sup>365</sup> *myrtle grove* — as sacred to Venus. (R)

been hitherto retained, but the verb in the two foregoing and the following lines of the stanza leave no doubt that we have a slight typographical error in the early text. (w)

<sup>366</sup> *Musing*, wondering. Cf. *muse* (wonder), *2 Henry VI.*, III. i. 1. (R)

<sup>367</sup> *coasteth*, hovereth. See the note on "will coast my crown," *3 Henry VI.*, I. i. 268. (w)

<sup>368</sup> *twine*. The old copies,

*Some twind*, &c., which has

<sup>369</sup> *spirit*. This word was pronounced, and perhaps should be here printed, *sprite* or *spright*, the *i* having the sound of *e*. (w)



## Venus and Adonis

49

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,  
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,  
Because the cry remaineth in one place,  
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud ;  
    Finding their enemy to be so curst,  
    They all strain courtesy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,  
Through which it enters to surprise her heart ;         890  
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,  
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part :  
    Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,  
    They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy,  
Till cheering up her senses all dismay'd,  
She tells them, 't is a causeless fantasy,  
And childish error that they are afraid ;  
    Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more :  
    And with that word she spied the hunted boar ;         900

Whose frothy mouth bepainted all with red,  
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,  
A second fear through all her sinews spread,  
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither :  
    This way she runs, and now she will no further,  
    But back retires to rate the boar for murther.

<sup>884</sup> *blunt*, rough. Cf. *3 Henry VI.*, IV. viii. 2, "blunt Hol-  
landers." (R) like verbs, without a preposition,  
was common in Shakespeare's  
day. (W)

<sup>885</sup> *curst*, fierce. (R)

<sup>886</sup> *cope him*, cope with him.

The use of *cope*, arrive, attain, and

<sup>887</sup> *ecstasy*, excitement. (R)

<sup>888</sup> *rate*, scold. (R)



A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;  
She treads the path that she untreads again:  
Her more than haste is mated with delays,  
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain;  
Full of respects, yet naught at all respecting,  
In hand with all things, naught at all affecting.

910

Here kennel'd in a brake she finds a hound,  
And asks the weary caitiff for his master ;  
And there another licking of his wound,  
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster ;  
    And here she meets another sadly scowling,  
    To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he hath ceas'd his ill-resounding noise,  
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,  
Against the welkin volleys out his voice ;  
Another and another answer him,  
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,  
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they g

920

Look, how the world's poor people are amazed  
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,  
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazed,  
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies ;  
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,  
And, sighing it again, exclaims on Death.

930

<sup>907</sup> spleens, passionate humours. Cf. *S. Henry VI.*, II. i. 124, "heated spleen." (R) <sup>908</sup> mated, confounded, overcome. (W) <sup>911</sup> respects, considerations, thoughts. So *Love's Labour's Lost*, V. ii. 792. (R) <sup>912</sup> affecting, caring for. (R) <sup>913-14</sup> exclaims on . . . chides. Cf. *Lucrece*, ll. 741-2: "exclaiming on . . . chides." (R)



## Venus and Adonis

51

"Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,  
Hateful divorce of love," thus chides she Death,  
"Grim grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou  
mean,  
To stifle beauty, and to steal his breath,  
Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set  
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?

“ If he be dead,— O no, it cannot be,  
Seeing his beauty, thou should’st strike at it :—  
O yes, it may ; thou hast no eyes to see,  
But hatefully at random dost thou hit.

940

Thy mark is feeble age ; but thy false dart  
Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

“ Had’st thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,  
And hearing him thy power had lost his power.  
The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke ;  
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck’st a flower.  
Love’s golden arrow at him should have fled,  
And not Death’s ebon dart to strike him dead.

“Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok’st such weeping?

What may a heavy groan advantage thee? 950

Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping

Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?

Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,  
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour."

<sup>222</sup> Hard-favour'd. Cf. I. 133,  
above. (B) <sup>223</sup> worm, serpent. Cf. 2 Henry  
VI., III. ii. 268. (B)



52

## Venus and Adonis

Here overcome, as one full of despair,  
She vail'd her eyelids, who, like sluices, stopped  
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair  
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropped ;  
But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain  
And with his strong course opens them again. 960

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow !  
Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye ;  
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow,  
Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry ;  
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,  
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,  
As striving who should best become her grief ;  
All entertain'd, each passion labours so,  
That every present sorrow seemeth chief, 970  
But none is best ; then, join they all together,  
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this far off she hears some huntsman hollow ;  
A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well :  
The dire imagination she did follow  
This sound of hope doth labour to expel ;  
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,  
And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,  
Being prison'd in her eye, like pearls in glass ;  
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,  
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass  
To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,  
Who is but drunken, when she seemeth drown'd. 980

— on'td, let fall. Cf. l. 314, above. (B)

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems  
 Not to believe, and yet too credulous !  
 Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes ;  
 Despair and hope make thee ridiculous :  
 The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,  
 In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly. 990

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought ;  
 Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame :  
 It was not she that call'd him all-to naught ;  
 Now she adds honours to his hateful name ;  
 She clepes him king of graves, and grave for kings,  
 Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

"No, no," quoth she, "sweet Death, I did but jest ;  
 Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear,  
 When as I met the boar, that bloody beast,  
 Which knows no pity, but is still severe ; 1000  
 Then, gentle shadow,— truth I must confess,—  
 I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

"T is not my fault : the boar provok'd my tongue ;  
 Be break'd on him, invisible commander ;  
 'T is he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong ;  
 I did but act, he's author of thy slander. — *see* *170v*  
 Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet  
 Could rule them both, without ten women's wit.

\*\*\* *make*. The first four quartos and most editors, *makes*, in correspondence with Shakespeare's usual syntax. (R)

\*\*\* *all-to naught*. The quartos and many editors, *all to nought*. Delius: *all-to-naught*. (R)

\*\*\* *clepes*, calls. (R)

\*\*\* *Imperious*, imperial (the

word in some of the later editions). *supreme*. Accented on the first syllable and probably used as a noun. (R)

\*\*\* *When as*. One of the rare instances in which Shakespeare uses "when as" in the sense of "when." (W)

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,  
 Her rash suspect she doth extenuate ;  
 And that his beauty may the better thrive,  
 With Death she humbly doth insinuate ;  
 Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories,  
 His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

1010

“ O Jove,” quoth she, “ how much a fool was I,  
 To be of such a weak and silly mind,  
 To wail his death, who lives, and must not die,  
 Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind !

For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,  
 And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

1020

“ Fie, fie, fond love ! thou art so full of fear,  
 As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves :  
 Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear,  
 Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves.”

Even at this word she hears a merry horn,  
 Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcons to the lure, away she flies :  
 The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light ;  
 And in her haste unfortunately spies  
 The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight :

1030

Which seen, her eyes, as murther'd with the view,  
 Like stars ashamed of day, themselves withdrew.

<sup>1010</sup> *suspect*, suspicion. So <sup>2</sup> <sup>1022</sup> *with*, by. (B)  
*Henry VI.*, I. iii. 139; III. i. 140; <sup>1023</sup> *as murther'd*. The first edi-  
 III. ii. 139; and in other plays. (B) <sup>1021</sup> *fond*, foolish — as often. So tion only misprints *are mur-*  
*Lucrece*, I. 1094: “True grief is <sup>1022</sup> *therd*, &c. (W)  
 fond and testy as a child,” &c. (B)

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,  
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,  
And there all smother'd up in shade doth sit,  
Long after fearing to creep forth again :

So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled  
Into the deep-dark cabins of her head :

Where they resign their office and their light  
To the disposing of her troubled brain ;  
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,  
And never wound the heart with looks again ;  
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,  
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan ;

Whereat each tributary subject quakes,  
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,  
Struggling for passage, Earth's foundation shakes,  
Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound.

This mutiny each part doth so surprise,  
That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes ; 1050

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light  
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd  
In his soft flank ; whose wonted lily white  
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd :  
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,  
But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth ;  
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head,  
Dumbly she passions, frantically she doteth ;  
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead : 1060  
Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow,  
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

<sup>1048</sup> *in*, on, or, possibly, with respect to. (B) <sup>1049</sup> *light*. So the earlier edi- tions; those of 1600 and 1627, very plausibly at least, *sight*. (W)

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly,  
 That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three ;  
 And then she reprehends her mangling eye,  
 That makes more gashes where no breach should be :  
     His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled ;  
     For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

“ My tongue cannot express my grief for one,  
 And yet,” quoth she, “ behold two Adons dead ! ”      1070  
 My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,  
 Mine eyes are turn’d to fire, my heart to lead :  
     Heavy heart’s lead, melt at mine eyes’ red fire !  
     So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

“ Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost !  
 What face remains alive that’s worth the viewing ?  
 Whose tongue is music now ? what canst thou boast  
 Of things long since, or any thing ensuing ?  
     The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim ;  
     But true sweet beauty liv’d and di’d with him. ”      1080

“ Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear ;  
 Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you :  
 Having no fair to lose, you need not fear ;  
 The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss you :  
     But when Adonis liv’d, sun and sharp air  
     Lurk’d like two thieves, to rob him of his fair :

“ And therefore would he put his bonnet on,  
 Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep,  
 The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,  
 Play with his locks ; then, would Adonis weep, ”      1090  
     And straight, in pity of his tender years,  
     They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

<sup>1067</sup> *several*, separate. (B)

<sup>1068</sup> *fair*, beauty. *fair . . . fear*, a play on words. (B)

“To see his face, the lion walk’d along  
 Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him ;  
 To recreate himself when he hath sung,  
 The tiger would be tame, and gently hear him ;  
 If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,  
 And never fright the silly lamb that day.

“When he beheld his shadow in the brook,  
 The fishes spread on it their golden gills :                  1100  
 When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,  
 That some would sing, some other in their bills  
 Would bring him mulberries, and ripe red cherries ;  
 He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

“But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar,  
 Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,  
 Ne’er saw the beauteous livery that he wore ;  
 Witness the entertainment that he gave :  
 If he did see his face, why then, I know,  
 He thought to kiss him, and hath kill’d him so.                  1110

“T is true, ’t is true : thus was Adonis slain.  
 He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,  
 Who did not whet his teeth at him again,  
 But by a kiss thought to persuade him there ;  
 And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine  
 Sheath’d, unaware, the tusk in his soft groin.

<sup>1094</sup> *fear*, i. e. make fear, frighten. (B)

<sup>1095</sup> *the silly lamb*, i. e. innocent, harmless. Cf. *3 Henry VI.*, II. v. 43, *silly sheep*. In l. 467, “the silly (i. e. simple) boy.” (B)

<sup>1096</sup> *urchin*. A hedge-hog was called an urchin. (W)

<sup>1097</sup> *entertainment*, treatment. (B)

<sup>1110</sup> *He thought to kiss him, and hath kill’d him so*. Cf. Milton, *On the Death of a Fair Infant*. “For he . . . thought to kiss But kill’d, alas ! and then bewail’d his fatal bliss.” It is a conceit to be found in the 30th Idyl of Theocritus. (B)

<sup>1115</sup> *nuzzling*, thrusting the nose in. The quartos, *nousling*. (B)



"Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,  
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first :  
But he is dead, and never did he bless  
My youth with his, — the more am I accurst." 1120

With this she falleth in the place she stood,  
And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale ;  
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold ;  
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,  
As if they heard the woful words she told :  
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,  
Where lo ! two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies :

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld  
A thousand times, and now no more reflect ; 1130  
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,  
And every beauty robb'd of his effect :

"Wonder of time," quoth she, "this is my spite,  
That, thou being dead, the day should yet be light.

"Since thou art dead, lo ! here I prophesy,  
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend :  
It shall be waited on with jealousy,  
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end ;  
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low,  
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe. 1140

"It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud ;  
Bud and be blasted in a breathing-while ;  
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd  
With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile :  
The strongest body shall it make most weak,  
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

<sup>1128</sup> *spite*, cause of spite, grievance. (R)

<sup>1148</sup> *o'erstraw'd*, o'erstrewed. (W)

Venus and Adonis

59

“It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,  
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures ;  
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,  
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures : 1150  
It shall be raging mad, and silly mild,  
Make the young old, the old become a child.

“It shall suspect, where is no cause of fear ;  
It shall not fear, where it should most mistrust ;  
It shall be merciful, and too severe,  
And most deceiving when it seems most just ;  
Perverse it shall be, where it shows most toward ;  
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

“It shall be cause of war and dire events,  
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire ; 1160  
Subject and servile to all discontents,  
As dry combustious matter is to fire :  
Sith in his prime death doth my love destroy,  
They that love best, their loves shall not enjoy.”

By this the boy, that by her side lay kill'd,  
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,  
And in his blood, that on the ground lay spill'd,  
A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with white ;  
Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood  
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood. 1170

<sup>1148</sup> *measures*, stately dances. (B)

according to the legend. The

<sup>1151</sup> *silly*, innocently. (B)

Sicilian-Greek poet Bion said that

<sup>1163</sup> *Sith*, since. (B)

Adonis's blood sprang up in the

<sup>1168</sup> *A purple flower . . . chec-*

rose, and his tears in the anemone.

*quer'd with white*, the anemone. (B)



She bows her head the new-sprung flower to smell,  
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath ;  
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,  
Since he himself is reft from her by death :  
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears  
Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

“ Poor flower,” quoth she, “ this was thy father’s  
guise, — —  
Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire, —  
For every little grief to wet his eyes :  
To grow unto himself was his desire,                            1180  
And so ‘t is thine ; but know, it is as good  
To wither in my breast, as in his blood.

“ Here was thy father’s bed, here in my breast ;  
Thou art the next of blood, and ‘t is thy right :  
Lo, in this hollow cradle take thy rest,  
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night :  
There shall not be one minute in an hour,  
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love’s flower.”

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,  
And yokes her silver doves ; by whose swift aid                    1190  
Their mistress, mounted, through the empty skies  
In her light chariot quickly is convey’d ;  
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen  
Means to immure herself and not be seen.

<sup>1181</sup> mounted. It seems best to enclose this word in commas, as in Cambridge; but the second comma might come after *chariot*, as in Wyndham’s text. (B)

<sup>1182</sup> Paphos, a town in Cyprus, sacred to Venus. (B)



**THE RAPE OF LUCRECE**



"*Lvcrece*. London. Printed by Richard Field, for Iohn Harrison. and are to be sold at the signe of the white Greyhound in Paules Church-yard. 1594." 4to. 47 leaves.

"*Lvcrece* At London, Printed by P. S. for Iohn Harrison. 1598." 8vo. 36 leaves.

"*Lvcrece* London. Printed by I. H. for Iohn Harison. 1600." 8vo. 36 leaves.

"*Lvcrece*. At London, Printed be N. O. for Iohn Harison. 1607." 8vo. 32 leaves. [COLLIER.]

[The Quarto of 1594 was reproduced as No. 35 of the Shakespeare Quarto Fac-similes by Charles Praetorius with introduction by Dr. F. J. Furnivall. Eight editions had appeared by 1655 — the preceding with editions in 1616, 1624, and 1655 and possibly one in 1632. The Bodleian copy of the First Quarto (1594) differs in some ways from the rest of the same date; hence, the text was probably corrected while the book was in the press. The edition of 1616 purported to be "newly revised, but the changes are questionable"] . . . The poem was entered upon the Stationers' Register on the 9th May, 1594 [under the name, "A Booke intituled the Ravyshemement of Lucrece"] and was doubtless written in 1593.



# L V C R E C E.



L O N D O N .

Printed by Richard Field, for John Harrison; and are  
to be sold at the signe of the white Greyhound  
in Paules Church yard. 1594.



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—

**TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE**  
**HENRY WROTHESLEY,**  
**EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.**

THE love I dedicate to your lordship is without end; whereof this  
pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The war-  
rant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my un-  
tutored pen, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is  
yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted  
yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater; mean  
yours. Were it bound to your lordship, to whom I wish long life,  
time, as it is, still lengthened with all happiness.

Your Lordship's in all duty,  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



## THE ARGUMENT

LUCIUS TARQUINIUS (for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus) after he had caused his own father-in-law, Servius Tullius, to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, notwithstanding requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea: during which siege, the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom, Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the night), spinning amongst her maids: the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports; whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius, being inflamed with Lucrece's beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was (according to his estate) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself: which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer, and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king; wherewith the people were so moved, that, with one consent and a general acclamation, the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

### [INTRODUCTION]

LIKE *Venus and Adonis*, *Lucrece* is dedicated to the Earl of Southampton in words which have an interest for the student of Shakespeare's prose style. If the former dedication had a note of distance and timidity, the second conveys the impression of warmth and intimacy. There is every reason to believe that *Lucrece* was written after *Venus and Adonis* had been cordially received and was the prompt fulfilment of the "graver labour" pledged in that dedication.

There is a distinct advance in both poetical form and power of portrayal. "If the *Venus* be a pageant of gesture, the *Lucrece* is a drama of emotion" (Wyndham). Instead of the six-lined stanza rhyming *a b a b c c*, there is now a stanza of seven lines, obtained by inserting the rhyme *b* after the fourth line (*a b a b b c c*). This is the same as the Chaucerian stanza or "rime royal," often said to be so named for King James I. of Scotland, who wrote in this measure, as an early imitator of Chaucer. Chaucer's longest and greatest single poem, *Troilus and Criseyde*, was written in this stanza, as well as a few of the *Canterbury Tales*, and Mr. Wyndham (*The Poems of Shakespeare*, Introduction, p. xciv) thinks "Shakespeare, indeed, owes more to the manner of Chaucer's *Troilus* than to the matter of his *Lucretia*, or of its original in Ovid." The same illuminating criticism of the aesthetic significance and value of this as of its preceding companion poem may be found in Mr. Wyndham's volume.

The story of Lucrece or Lucretia had been often told. Chaucer gave it a place in his *Legend of Good Women* as the example of wifely faithfulness for the Middle Ages, and indicated "Ovid and Titus Livius" as the sources of the



## 66                   The Rape of Lucrece

story (see Ovid's *Fasti*, ii. 741; Livy, i. 57, 58). As a matter of fact Chaucer is giving this at second hand, having found the two names conjoined in the *Roman de la Rose*, where the story is referred to, and in his version he seems to have drawn chiefly from the Latin poet and not from the Latin historian. Lydgate, a disciple of Chaucer, imitated his master's example in treating the same theme in his *Falls of Princes*. William Painter, the collector of tales, chiefly from Latin and French sources, did little more than translate and adapt Livy's account in his *Palace of Pleasure*, 1567, where he gives the story the name of "The Rape of Lucrece."

Which of these several versions Shakespeare was most indebted to has been a matter of some discussion. T. S. Baynes in his *Shakespeare Studies* ("What Shakespeare Learnt at School") treats the relations between Shakespeare's early works and Ovid, and thinks "Shakespeare follows faithfully the main lines of Ovid's story"; and this has been the general consensus of English opinion. Dr. Furnivall, however, maintained in his introduction that Shakespeare knew Livy's account or at least that in Painter. One of the latest investigators of the sources, a German student, Wilhelm Ewig, in *Anglia*, xxii (1899), comes to the conclusion that Livy was certainly used, Ovid probably, Chaucer possibly, and Painter not necessarily.

That the Lucrece subject was a popular one the former existence of ballads on the theme (1568, 1570, and 1576) proves. It is just possible that one of these lost ballads may have been used as a source, which would explain conflicting theories as to the use of Ovid and Livy.

1592

A contemporary poem, Samuel Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond* (1590), which was in the same metre (the seven-lined stanza) and of similar import, influenced Shakespeare's *Lucrece*, as Lodge's poem influenced the *Venus and Adonis*. The outward resemblance may be seen from a passage. King Henry is attempting the honour of Rosamond, who cries to herself:



## Introduction

67

“ But what ? he is my King and may constrain me ;  
Whether I yeild or not, I live defamed ;  
The World will thinke Authoritie did gaine me ;  
I shall be judg’d his Love and so be shamed ;  
We see the faire condemn’d that never gain’d ;  
And if I yeild, ‘tis honourable shame ;  
If not, I live disgrac’d, yet thought the same.”

As Mr. Sidney Lee remarks, “The pathetic accents of Shakespeare’s heroine are those of Daniel’s heroine purified and glorified.” Mr. Lee also calls attention to the circumstance that the passage on Time and Opportunity (lines 925-1029) is elaborated from one in Watson’s *Passionate Centurie of Love* (lxxvii), and that Watson acknowledges that he adapts his lines from the Italian of Serafino.

A number of encomiums upon *Lucrece* have been given in the introduction to *Venus and Adonis*. Others are cited in Mr. Sidney Lee’s *Life* and Mr. Gollancz’s *Temple Shakespeare*. The earliest allusion to Shakespeare by name is a reference to *Lucrece* in the beginning of some laudatory verses prefixed to *Willobie his Avisa*, in 1594. In the same year “you that have writ of Chaste Lucretia” is included among “our greater poets” by the author of an Elegy on Lady Helen Branch. “Lucrece revived to live another age,” wrote Michael Drayton in his *Matilda*, also in 1594. In 1595 William Clerke wrote in *Polimanteia* “all praise worthy Lucrecia sweet Shakespeare.”

Thomas Heywood wrote a play on the subject of *Lucrece*, and perhaps a play before Heywood’s existed on the same theme.<sup>1]</sup>

<sup>1</sup> As with *Venus and Adonis* the preceding introduction and the notes to *Lucrece* have been left practically as Dr. Henneman prepared them. It may be added that students of the poem are specially indebted to Mr. Wyndham for his discussion of the devices of romantic poets, “their imaginative illustrations of the mind’s moods and their imaginative use of sights and sounds accidental to moments of exacerbated sensation”—their dialogues and soliloquies and apostrophes, in other words their self-conscious, more or less rhetorical machinery, which to most moderns is not so attractive as the concise



dramatic or the matter of fact, realistic method of presentation. Mr. Wyndham seems well advised in noting that in *Lucrece* there is a somewhat modern feeling for the weakness of woman, and that the freshness of nature plays a part in the poem, although to a less extent than in *Venus and Adonis*. As in the case of the latter poem, he selects many happy illustrations of Shakespeare's art, but again he seems disposed to exaggerate the merits of the passages he likes (cf. pp. c-ci). And he seems possessed by the notion of Shakespeare's great indebtedness to Chaucer. Certainly stanzas 8-11 contain more of decadent fantasticism than of naïve mediævalism. Professor Boas (*Shakespeare and his Predecessors*, p. 161) points out that *Lucrece* is a supplementary poem to *Venus and Adonis*. He thinks the former plainly the more mature poem, — that it exhibits firmer character drawing and less insistence upon the purely physical. He comments upon the pictorial skill displayed in the inaptly inserted picture of Troy, and he does not exaggerate the aesthetic merits of the poem, as Mr. Wyndham seems to do. He is evidently influenced, as most modern readers must be, by the dramatic impropriety of many of the poet's rhetorical flourishes. This is, after all, probably the most important point to remember so far as criticism of the poem is concerned. Its subject is a theme for tragedy rather than for that type of romantic narrative in which the mind of the poet *plays* about its subject. There is no room for play here, as there is in the pageant poem — to borrow Mr. Wyndham's apt phrase — of *Venus and Adonis*. And is not the *Lucrece* too long, and is not its close, with the father and the husband disputing the respective amounts of their grief, altogether too weak? (a.)



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## The Rape of Lucrece

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FROM the besieged Ardea all in post,  
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,  
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,  
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire  
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,  
And girdle with embracing flames the waist  
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of "chaste" unhappily set  
This bateless edge on his keen appetite ;  
When Collatine unwisely did not let                            10  
To praise the clear unmatched red and white,  
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight ;  
Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's beauties,  
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,  
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state ;  
What priceless wealth the Heavens had him lent  
In the possession of his beauteous mate ;  
Reckoning his fortune at such high proud rate,  
That kings might be espoused to more fame,                            20  
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

<sup>1</sup> *in post*, in haste. So *3 Henry VI.*, I. ii. 48, and often in that play and elsewhere. (B)      <sup>10</sup> *let*, forbear. In l. 328, below, *let* — hinder; l. 330, *lets*, hindrances. (B)

<sup>2</sup> *Lust-breathed*, animated by lust. (B)



O happiness enjoy'd but of a few !  
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done  
As is the morning's silver-melting dew  
Against the golden splendour of the sun ;  
An expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun :  
Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,  
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade  
The eyes of men without an orator ;  
What needeth, then, apologies be made  
To set forth that which is so singular ?  
Or why is Collatine the publisher  
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown  
From thievish ears, because it is his own ?

30

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty  
Suggested this proud issue of a king,  
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be :  
Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,  
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting  
His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men should  
vaunt  
That golden hap which their superiors want.

40

But some untimely thought did instigate  
His all too timeless speed, if none of those :  
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,

<sup>24</sup> *morning's*. The first quarto,  
*morning*. (R)

<sup>21</sup> *apologies*. The first quarto,  
*appologie*. (R)

<sup>22</sup> *Suggested*, instigated,  
tempted. (W)

<sup>20</sup> *Braving compare*, challeng-  
ing comparison. (R)

<sup>24</sup> *timeless*, untimely. Cf. 2  
*Henry VI.*, III. ii. 187, "timeless

*death.*" (B)



## The Rape of Lucrece

71

Neglected all, with swift intent he goes  
To quench the coal which in his liver glows.  
    O rash, false heat, wrapt in repentant cold,  
    Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old !

When at Collatium this false lord arrived,       50  
Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,  
Within whose face beauty and virtue strived  
Which of them both should underprop her fame :  
When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for shame ;  
    When beauty boasted blushes, in despite  
    Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.

But beauty, in that white intituled,  
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field ;  
Then, virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,  
Which virtue gave the golden age to gild       60  
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield :  
    Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,  
    When shame assail'd, the red should fence the white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,  
Argu'd by beauty's red, and virtue's white :  
Of either's colour was the other queen,  
Proving from world's minority their right,  
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight,  
    The sovereignty of either being so great,  
    That oft they interchange each other's seat.       70

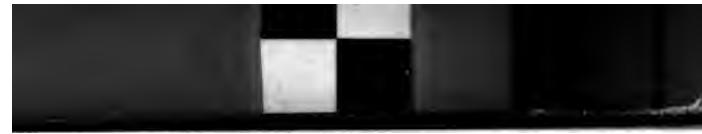
<sup>a</sup> liver, as the (supposed) seat these heraldic stanzas see Wyndham, pp. 225 seq. (B)

<sup>b</sup> blasts, is blasted. Cf. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, I. i. 48, "blasting in the bud." (B)

<sup>c</sup> For a careful discussion of "o'er. The first three quartos, ore. (B)

"Venus' doves. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, ll. 153, 1190-2. (B)

"fence, defend. (B)



This silent war of lilies and of roses,  
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,  
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses :  
Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,  
The coward captive vanquished doth yield  
To those two armies that would let him go,  
Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he, that her husband's shallow tongue,  
The niggard prodigal that prais'd her so,  
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,  
Which far exceeds his barren skill to shew :  
Therefore, that praise which Collatine doth owe,  
Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,  
In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

80

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,  
Little suspecteth the false worshipper,  
For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil ;  
Birds never lim'd no secret bushes fear :  
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer,  
And reverend welcome to her princely guest,  
Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd :

90

For that he colour'd with his high estate,  
Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty ;  
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,

<sup>11</sup> This silent war of lilies and of roses. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, ll. 345-6:

"the fighting conflict of her hue,  
How white and red each other did  
destroy." (R)

<sup>12</sup> lim'd, ensnared by bird-lime.  
Cf. the contrary in *2 Henry VI.*, V. vi. 13, 14:

"The bird, that hath been limed  
in a bush,  
With trembling wings misdoubt-  
eth every bush."

Cf. *2 Henry VI.*, I. iii. 91; II. iv. 54, &c. (R)

<sup>13</sup> securely, heedlessly. (R)  
<sup>14</sup> plaits, folds. (R)



— i —

LUCRECE AND SEXTUS TARQUIN

From the painting by Cabanel

POEMS. THE RAPE OF LUCRECE





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## The Rape of Lucrece

73

Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,  
Which, having all, all could not satisfy ;  
But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,  
That cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she, that never cop'd with stranger eyes,  
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,      100  
Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies  
Writ in the glassy margents of such books :  
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks ;  
Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,  
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,  
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy ;  
And decks with praises Collatine's high name,  
Made glorious by his manly chivalry,  
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory :      110  
Her joy with heav'd-up hand she doth express,  
And wordless so greets Heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,  
He makes excuses for his being there :  
No cloudy shew of stormy blustering weather  
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear ;  
Till sable Night, mother of dread and fear,  
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,  
And in her vaulty prison stows the day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,      120  
Intending weariness with heavy spright ;  
For after supper long he questioned

<sup>100</sup> *parling*, speaking. (R)

<sup>121</sup> *Intending*, pretending. (W)

<sup>102</sup> *margents*, margins. (R)

<sup>122</sup> *spright*, spirit. Cf. l. 1728. (R)

<sup>104</sup> *moralize*, interpret. (S)

<sup>123</sup> *questioned*, conversed. (S)



With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night :  
Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight,  
    And every one to rest themselves betake,  
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds, that wake.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving  
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining ;  
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,  
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstaining : 130  
Despair to gain doth traffick oft for gaining ;  
    And when great treasure is the meed proposed,  
Though death be adjunct, there 's no death supposed.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond,  
That what they have not, that which they possess,  
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,  
And so, by hoping more, they have but less ;  
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess  
    Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,  
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain. 140

The aim of all is but to nurse the life  
With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age ;  
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,  
That one for all, or all for one we gage ;  
As life for honour in fell battles' rage ;  
    Honour for wealth, and oft that wealth doth cost  
The death of all, and all together lost.

<sup>125</sup> *themselves betake.* Some copies of the edition of 1594 read in this passage *himself betakes.* (w)

follow as a consequence. Cf. *King John*, III. iii. 57, "Though that my death were adjunct to my act." (B)

<sup>126</sup> *Though death be adjunct*, i. e.

<sup>126</sup> *fond*, foolish — probably. (B)



### The Rape of Lucrece

75

So that in venturing ill, we leave to be  
The things we are for that which we expect ;  
And this ambitious foul infirmity,  
In having much, torments us with defect  
Of that we have : so then we do neglect  
The thing we have ; and, all for want of wit,  
Make something nothing by augmenting it.

150

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,  
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust,  
And for himself himself he must forsake :  
Then, where is truth, if there be no self-trust ?  
When shall he think to find a stranger just,  
When he himself himself confounds, betrays  
To slanderous tongues, and wretched hateful days ?

160

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,  
When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes ;  
No comfortable star did lend his light,  
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries :  
Now serves the season that they may surprise  
The silly lambs. Pure thoughts are dead and still  
While lust and murder wake, to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,  
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm,  
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread ;

170

<sup>\*\*</sup> conjounds, ruins. Cf. l. 250, Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, l. 1098,  
*confound and kill*, ll. 1202, 1489. "the silly lamb." *3 Henry VI.*, II.  
So l. 1159, confusion = ruin. (R) v. 43, "silly sheep," &c. (R)  
<sup>\*\*\*</sup> comfortable, comforting. (R) <sup>108</sup> wake. Malone's correction.  
<sup>\*\*\*\*</sup> The silly (= harmless) lambs. The quartos, wakes. (R)



Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm ;  
But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,  
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,  
Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,  
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly,  
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,  
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye ;  
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly :  
“ As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,  
So Lucrece must I force to my desire.”

180

Here, pale with fear, he doth premeditate  
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,  
And in his inward mind he doth debate  
What following sorrow may on this arise :  
Then, looking scornfully, he doth despise  
His naked armour of still slaughtered lust,  
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust.

“ Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not  
To darken her whose light excelleth thine ;  
And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot  
With your uncleanness that which is divine :  
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine :  
Let fair humanity abhor the deed,  
That spots and stains love's modest snow-white weed.

190

<sup>174</sup> *too too*. See the note on “O      <sup>180</sup> *still slaughtered*, ever killed,  
that this too, too solid flesh would      but never dying. (R)  
melt.” *Hamlet*, I. ii. 129. (W)      <sup>180</sup> *weed, garment*. (R)  
[The quartos, *too too*.”]



## The Rape of Lucrece

77

“O, shame to knighthood and to shining arms !  
O, foul dishonour to my household’s grave !  
O, impious act, including all foul harms !  
A martial man to be soft fancy’s slave !  
True valour still a true respect should have ;  
Then, my digression is so vile, so base,  
That it will live engraven in my face.

200

“Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,  
And be an eye-sore in my golden coat ;  
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,  
To cipher me how fondly I did dote ;  
That my posterity, sham’d with the note,  
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin  
To wish that I their father had not been.

210

“What win I, if I gain the thing I seek ?  
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.  
Who buys a minute’s mirth to wail a week,  
Or sells eternity to get a toy ?  
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy ?  
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,  
Would with the sceptre straight be stricken down ?

“If Collatinus dream of my intent,  
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage  
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent ?

220

<sup>200</sup> household’s grave, either the tombs of my ancestors, or household coat of arms. Cf. Wyndham’s acute note. (B)

<sup>200</sup> fancy’s, love’s. (W) [So the song, in *The Merchant of Venice*, “Tell me where is fancy bred,” &c.]

<sup>202</sup> digression, transgression. So *Love’s Labour’s Lost*, I. ii. 121. (B)

<sup>206</sup> coat, coat of arms. (B)

<sup>207</sup> To cipher me, to reveal to any decipherer (probably). fondly, foolishly. So l. 216, fond beggar, l. 284, fond mistrust, &c. (B)



This siege that hath engirt his marriage,  
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,  
    This dying virtue, this surviving shame,  
    Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame.

“O, what excuse can my invention make,  
When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed?  
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake,  
Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart bleed?  
The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed;  
    And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,      230  
    But, coward-like, with trembling terror die.

“Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,  
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,  
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire  
Might have excuse to work upon his wife,  
As in revenge or quital of such strife;  
    But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,  
    The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

“Shameful it is;—ay, if the fact be known:  
Hateful it is;—there is no hate in loving:      240  
I'll beg her love;—but she is not her own:  
The worst is but denial and reproving.  
My will is strong, past reason's weak removing:  
    Who fears a sentence, or an old man's saw,  
    Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.”

<sup>230</sup> *extreme*, accented on the penult. (R)      <sup>244</sup> *sentence*, proverb. *saw*, maxim. (R)  
<sup>230</sup> *quital*. The quartos, *quittal*, requital. Usually “quittance” in Shakespeare. (R)      <sup>245</sup> *painted cloth*, painted hangings. See the note on “I answer you right painted cloth,” *As You Like It*, III. ii. 290. (W)

<sup>230</sup> *fact*, crime — probably. (R)



## The Rape of Lucrece

79

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation  
'Tween frozen conscience and hot burning will,  
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,  
Urging the worser sense for vantage still ;  
Which in a moment doth confound and kill  
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,  
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

250

Quoth he, "She took me kindly by the hand,  
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,  
Fearing some hard news from the warlike band  
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.  
O, how her fear did make her colour rise !  
First red as roses that on lawn we lay,  
Then, white as lawn, the roses took away.

" And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,  
Forc'd it to tremble with her loyal fear !  
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,  
Until her husband's welfare she did hear ;  
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,  
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,  
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

260

" Why hunt I, then, for colour or excuses ?  
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth :  
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses ;  
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth :  
Affection is my captain, and he leadeth ;  
And when his gaudy banner is display'd,  
The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

<sup>260-2</sup> Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, l. <sup>264</sup> cheer, face. (B)  
590. (B) <sup>264</sup> *Narcissus*. Cf. *Venus and*  
<sup>260</sup> *took*, taken. Past tense and *Adonis*, l. 161. (B)  
past participle forms confused—as  
often. (B)



“Then, childish fear, avaunt! debating, die!  
Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age!  
My heart shall never countermand mine eye:  
Sad pause and deep regard beseems the sage;  
My part is youth, and beats these from the stage.

Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;

Then, who fears sinking where such treasure lies?” 280

As corn o’ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear  
Is almost chok’d by unresisted lust.  
Away he steals with open listening ear,  
Full of foul hope, and full of fond mistrust;  
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,  
So cross him with their opposite persuasion,  
That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,  
And in the self-same seat sits Collatine:  
That eye which looks on her confounds his wits;  
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,  
Unto a view so false will not incline;  
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,  
Which, once corrupted, takes the worser part;

290

And therein heartens up his servile powers,  
Who, flatter’d by their leader’s jocund show,  
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;  
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,  
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.

By reprobate desire thus madly led,

300

The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece’ bed.

<sup>281</sup> *Respect*, prudent considera- lone’s correction, *beseem*. Cf. l. 168.  
tion. (R) above. (R)

<sup>282</sup> *Sad*, serious. *beseems*. So the quarto. White accepted Ma- <sup>284</sup> *fond mistrust*. Is this equiva-  
lent to the *childish fear* of l. 274? (R)



## The Rape of Lucrece

81

The locks between her chamber and his will,  
Each one by him enforc'd retires his ward ;  
But as they open they all rate his ill,  
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard :  
The threshold grates the door to have him heard ;  
Night-wandering weasels shriek, to see him there :  
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,  
Through little vents and crannies of the place      310  
The wind wars with his torch to make him stay,  
And blows the smoke of it into his face,  
Extinguishing his conduct in this case ;  
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,  
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch :

And being lighted, by the light he spies  
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks :  
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,  
And griping it, the needle his finger pricks ;  
As who should say, this glove to wanton tricks      320  
Is not inur'd ; return again in haste ;  
Thou seest our mistress' ornaments are chaste.

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him ;  
He in the worst sense construes their denial :  
The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay him,

<sup>308</sup> *retires his ward*, draws back  
its bolt. (n)

<sup>312</sup> *rushes*, strewn over the floors  
of Elizabethan houses. An Eng-

lish custom, not a Roman one.

(n)

<sup>309</sup> *rate*, chide. (n)  
<sup>313</sup> *conduct*, that which guides.  
Cf. *2 Henry VI.*, II. iv. 101, "con-  
duct" — conductor. So *Romeo*  
*and Juliet*, V. iii. 116, "Come,  
bitter conduct, come, unsavoury  
guide," &c. (n)

<sup>314</sup> *needle*. Here a monosyllable.  
(w)

<sup>315</sup> *construes*. Accented on the  
penult. (n)



He takes for accidental things of trial,  
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial ;  
    Who with a ling ring stay his course doth let,  
    Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

“So, so,” quoth he; “these lets attend the time,  
Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,  
To add a more rejoicing to the prime,  
And give the sneaped birds more cause to sing.  
Pain pays the income of each precious thing;  
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves and  
sands,  
The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands.”

Now is he come unto the chamber door  
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,  
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,  
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.  
So from himself impiety hath wrought,  
    That for his prey to pray he doth begin,  
    As if the Heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,  
Having solicited th' eternal power  
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,  
And they would stand auspicious to the hour,  
Even there he starts : — quoth he, “ I must deflower :  
    The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,  
    How can they, then, assist me in the act?                  350

<sup>220</sup> *let*, hinder. So l. 330, *lets*, hindrances. Cf. l. 646. (R)

<sup>222</sup> prime, spring, as in preceding line. So Sonnet xcvi. 7, "the wanton burthen of the prime." (B)



## The Rape of Lucrece

83

"Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!  
My will is back'd with resolution:  
Thoughts are but dreams, till their effects be tri'd;  
The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution;  
Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.  
The eye of heaven is out, and misty night  
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight."

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,  
And with his knee the door he opens wide.  
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch :      360  
Thus treason works ere traitors be espi'd.  
Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside ;  
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,  
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,  
And gazeth on her yet unstained bed.  
The curtains being close, about he walks,  
Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head :  
By their high treason is his heart misled ;      370  
Which gives the watch-word to his hand full soon,  
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery pointed sun,  
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight ;  
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun  
To wink, being blinded with a greater light :  
Whether it is that she reflects so bright,  
That dazzleth them, or else some shame supposed,  
But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed.

O, had they in that darksome prison di'd,  
Then had they seen the period of their ill :      380  
Then Collatine again, by Lucrece' side,

<sup>77</sup> *wink*, close — as often. (B)      <sup>78</sup> *period*, end. (B)



## The Rape of Lucrece

In his clear bed might have repos'd still ;  
But they must ope, this blessed league to kill,  
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight  
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,  
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss,  
Who therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,  
Swelling on either side to want his bliss,  
Between whose hills her head intombed is ;  
Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,  
To be admir'd of lewd unhallowed eyes. 390

Without the bed her other fair hand was,  
On the green coverlet ; whose perfect white  
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,  
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.  
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light,  
And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,  
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath ; 400  
O modest wantons ! wanton modesty !  
Showing life's triumph in the map of death,  
And death's dim look in life's mortality :  
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,  
As if between them twain there were no strife,  
But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,  
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered ;  
Save of their lord, no bearing yoke they knew,

<sup>as</sup> clear, pure, honourable. (B)      <sup>as</sup> map, picture, image. Cf. I.  
<sup>as</sup> Cozening, cheating. (B)      1712. (B)



### The Rape of Lucrece

85

And him by oath they truly honoured.  
These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred ;  
Who, like a foul usurper, went about  
From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

410

What could he see, but mightily he noted ?  
What did he note, but strongly he desired ?  
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,  
And in his will his wilful eye he tired.  
With more than admiration he admired  
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,  
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

420

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,  
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfi'd,  
So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,  
His rage of lust by gazing qualifi'd ;  
Slak'd, not suppress'd ; for standing by her side,  
His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,  
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins :

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,  
Obdurate vassals fell exploits effecting,  
In bloody death and ravishment delighting,  
Nor children's tears, nor mothers' groans respecting,  
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting :  
Anon his beating heart, alarm striking,  
Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their liking.

430

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,  
His eye commands the leading to his hand ;  
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,  
Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his stand  
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land,  
Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale  
Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

440

*as qualifi'd, abated. (s)*



They, mustering to the quiet cabinet  
Where their dear governess and lady lies,  
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,  
And fright her with confusion of their cries :  
She, much amaz'd, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,  
    Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,  
Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and controll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night  
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,  
That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,  
Whose grim aspect sets every joint a-shaking ;  
What terror 't is ! but she, in worser taking,  
    From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view  
    The sight which makes supposed terror true.

450

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,  
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies ;  
She dares not look ; yet, winking, there appears  
Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes :  
Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries ;      460  
Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,  
In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast, —  
Rude ram to batter such an ivory wall !  
May feel her heart, poor citizen ! distress'd,  
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,  
Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.  
This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,  
To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.

<sup>458</sup> winking, closing her eyes. Cf. l. 558, below, *Venus and Adonis*, l. 90, &c. (R) <sup>459</sup> antics, phantoms. (R)

<sup>467</sup> bulk, breast. So in *Hamlet*, II. i. 95, "a sigh . . . That it did seem to shatter all his bulk." (W) that, so that. (R)

## The Rape of Lucrece

87

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin  
To sound a parley to his heartless foe ;  
Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,  
The reason of this rash alarm to know,  
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to shew ;  
But she with vehement prayers urgeth still,  
Under what colour he commits this ill.

470

Thus he replies : " The colour in thy face  
That even for anger makes the lily pale,  
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,  
Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale ;  
Under that colour am I come to scale  
Thy never conquer'd fort : the fault is thine,  
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

480

" Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide :  
Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night,  
Where thou with patience must my will abide,  
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,  
Which I to conquer sought with all my might ;  
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,  
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

490

" I see what crosses my attempt will bring,  
I know what thorns the growing rose defends,  
I think the honey guarded with a sting ;  
All this beforehand counsel comprehends,  
But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends :  
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,  
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

<sup>490</sup> trumpet, trumpeter. Cf. l. our. A play on words. So *1 Henry VI.*, II. iv. 34-35, "I love no colour, and without all colour Of ours, and without all colour Of base insinuating flattery," &c. (B)

<sup>513</sup> conduct - conductor. (B) courage. So l. 1392, below. (B) colour (pretext) . . . col-

<sup>511</sup> looks, looks upon. (B)



“ I have debated, even in my soul,  
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed ;  
But nothing can affection’s course control,  
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.  
I know repentant tears ensue the deed,  
Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity,  
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.”

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,  
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,  
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade,  
Whose crooked beak threatens if he mount he dies  
So under his insulting falchion lies

**Harmless Lucretia**, marking what he tells,  
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells. 510

“Lucrece,” quoth he, “this night I must enjoy thee:  
If thou deny, then force must work my way,  
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee.  
That done, some worthless slave of thine I’ll slay,  
To kill thine honour with thy life’s decay;  
And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,  
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

"So thy surviving husband shall remain  
The scornful mark of every open eye ;  
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain  
Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy :  
And thou, the author of their obloquy,  
Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,  
And sung by children in succeeding times.

520

<sup>100</sup> affection's, passion's. (R)      <sup>101</sup> Coucheth, causes to cower.

~~and~~ ensue, follow. (R) (R)

<sup>111</sup> *falcon's bells*, the bells attached to the neck of tamed falcons. (B)



## The Rape of Lucrece

89

“But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend:  
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted;  
A little harm, done to a great good end,  
For lawful policy remains enacted.  
The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted  
In a pure compound; being so applied,  
His venom in effect is purified.

530

“Then, for thy husband and thy children’s sake,  
Tender my suit: bequeath not to their lot  
The shame that from them no device can take,  
The blemish that will never be forgot;  
Worse than a slavish wipe, or birth-hour’s blot;  
For marks descried in men’s nativity  
Are nature’s faults, not their own infamy.”

Here, with a cockatrice’ dead-killing eye,                   540  
He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause;  
While she, the picture of pure piety,  
Like a white hind under the gripe’s sharp claws,  
Pleads in a wilderness, where are no laws,  
To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,  
Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

But when a black-fac’d cloud the world doth threat,  
In his dim mist th’ aspiring mountains hiding,  
From Earth’s dark womb some gentle gust doth get,

(B)      <sup>533</sup> purified, rendered harmless.      <sup>534</sup> Tender, favour. (R)  
      <sup>535</sup> wipe, brand. (R)      <sup>536</sup> cockatrice, the basilisk. See  
2 Henry VI., III. ii. 52, and often.  
      <sup>537</sup> gripe’s, vulture’s. (W) [Cf.

l. 556, *vulture folly*. Most editors interpret as “griffin”—“a mixed and dubious animal, in the forepart resembling an eagle and behind the shape of a lion.” (Sir Thomas Browne.)]



Which blows these pitchy vapours from their biding, 550  
Hindering their present fall by this dividing :  
So his unhallowed haste her words delays,  
And moody Pluto winks, while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,  
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth :  
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,  
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth.  
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth  
No penetrable entrance to her plaining :  
Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raining. 560

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fixed  
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face ;  
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mixed,  
Which to her oratory adds more grace.  
She puts the period often from his place ;  
And 'midst the sentence so her accent breaks,  
That twice she doth begin, ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,  
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath,  
By her untimely tears, her husband's love, 570  
By holy human law, and common troth,  
By Heaven and Earth, and all the power of both,  
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,  
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

<sup>as</sup> *Orpheus*. A reference to the "night-walking." The author did not mean to accuse Tarquin of <sup>as</sup> *night-waking*. Surely we caterwauling. (w) have here a slight misprint for <sup>as</sup> *his*, its. (B)



## The Rape of Lucrece

91

Quoth she, "Reward not hospitality  
With such black payment as thou hast pretended ;  
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee ;  
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended ;  
Mend thy ill aim before thy shoot be ended.

He is no woodman that doth bend his bow  
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

580

" My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me ;  
Thyself art mighty, for thine own sake leave me ;  
Myself a weakling, do not then ensnare me ;  
Thou look'st not like deceit, do not deceive me :  
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave thee.  
If ever man were mov'd with woman's moans,  
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans.

" All which together, like a troubled ocean,  
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart,  
To soften it with their continual motion ;  
For stones dissolv'd to water do convert.  
O, if no harder than a stone thou art,  
Melt at my tears and be compassionate !  
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

590

" In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee,  
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame ?  
To all the host of heaven I complain me,  
Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely name ;  
Thou art not what thou seem'st ; and if the same,      600  
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king ;  
For kings like gods should govern every thing.

<sup>\*\*</sup> pretended, intended [prof-      <sup>\*\*</sup> Mend. The old copies, End.  
fered. Cf. l. 121, Intending — [Other editors retain End.]  
pretending.]



“ How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,  
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring ?  
If in thy hope thou dar’st do such outrage,  
What dar’st thou not, when once thou art a king ?  
O, be remember’d, no outrageous thing  
From vassal actors can be wip’d away ;  
Then, kings’ misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

“ This deed will make thee only lov’d for fear ;  
But happy monarchs still are fear’d for love :  
With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,  
When they in thee the like offences prove :  
If but for fear of this, thy will remove ;  
For princes are the glass, the school, the book,  
Where subjects’ eyes do learn, do read, do look.

" And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall learn  
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?  
Wilt thou be glass, wherein it shall discern  
Authority for sin, warrant for blame,  
To privilege dishonour in thy name?  
Thou back'st reproach against long-living laud,  
And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd.

“Hast thou command? by him that gave it thee,  
From a pure heart command thy rebel will:  
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,  
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.  
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,  
When, pattern’d by thy fault, foul sin may say,  
He learn’d to sin, and thou didst teach the way? 630

<sup>60</sup> in day, even in the grave. (R)  
<sup>61</sup> lectures, lessons. (R)



## The Rape of Lucrece

98

“ Think but how vile a spectacle it were,  
To view thy present trespass in another.  
Men’s faults do seldom to themselves appear ;  
Their own transgressions partially they smother ;  
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.

O, how are they wrapp’d in with infamies,  
That from their own misdeeds askance their eyes !

“ To thee, to thee, my heav’d-up hands appeal,  
Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier ;  
I sue for exil’d majesty’s repeal ;  
Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire :  
His true respect will prison false desire,  
And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eyne,  
That thou shalt see thy state, and pity mine.”

640

“ Have done,” quoth he : “ my uncontrolled tide  
Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.  
Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,  
And with the wind in greater fury fret :  
The petty streams, that pay a daily debt  
To their salt sovereign with their fresh falls’ haste, 650  
Add to his flow, but alter not his taste.”

“ Thou art,” quoth she, “ a sea, a sovereign king ;  
And lo ! there falls into thy boundless flood  
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,  
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.  
If all these petty ills shall change thy good,  
Thy sea within a puddle’s womb is hearsed,  
And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed.

<sup>“</sup> *askance*, turn aside. (B)  
<sup>“</sup> *thy rash relier*, “which confides too rashly in thy present dis-  
position.” (Schmidt, *Lexicon*.) (B)

<sup>“</sup> *eyne*, old plural of “eye.”  
Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, l. 633,  
&c. (B)  
<sup>“</sup> *let*, hindrance. Cf. l. 328,  
above, *let*, hinder. (B)



94

## The Rape of Lucrece

“ So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave ;  
Thou nobly base, they basely dignifi’d ;                           669  
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave :  
Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride :  
The lesser thing should not the greater hide ;  
    The cedar stoops not to the base shrub’s foot,  
    But low shrubs wither at the cedar’s root.

“ So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state ”—  
“ No more,” quoth he ; “ by Heaven, I will not hear thee :  
Yield to my love ; if not, enforced hate,  
Instead of love’s coy touch, shall rudely tear thee ;  
That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee                           670  
    Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,  
    To be thy partner in this shameful doom.”

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,  
For light and lust are deadly enemies :  
Shame, folded up in blind concealing night,  
When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.  
The wolf hath seiz’d his prey, the poor lamb cries ;  
    Till with her own white fleece her voice controll’d  
    Entombs her outcry in her lips’ sweet fold :

For with the nightly linen that she wears,                           680  
He pens her piteous clamours in her head,  
Cooling his hot face in the chapest tears  
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.  
O, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed !  
    The spots whereof could weeping purify,  
    Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

<sup>671</sup> *rascal groom*, low common fellow. (B)

<sup>672</sup> *nightly linen*, possibly the sheets. See Wyndham. (B)

<sup>674</sup> *prone*, headlong. (B)



## The Rape of Lucrece

95

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,  
And he hath won what he would lose again ;  
This forced league doth force a further strife ;  
This momentary joy breeds months of pain :  
This hot desire converts to cold disdain.

690

Pure chastity is rifed of her store,  
And lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed hound, or gorged hawk,  
Unapt for tender smell, or speedy flight,  
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk  
The prey wherein by nature they delight :  
So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night :  
His taste delicious, in digestion souring,  
Devours his will, that liv'd by foul devouring.

700

O, deeper sin than bottomless conceit  
Can comprehend in still imagination !  
Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt,  
Ere he can see his own abomination.  
While Lust is in his pride, no exclamation  
Can curb his heat, or rein his rash desire,  
Till, like a jade, Self-will himself doth tire.

And then, with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,  
With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,  
Feeble Desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,  
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case :  
The flesh being proud, desire doth fight with grace,  
For there it revels ; and when that decays,  
The guilty rebel for remission prays.

710

<sup>••1</sup> converts, changes. (R)      doth tire. Cf. *Henry VIII.*, I. i.  
<sup>••2</sup> balk, neglect. (R)      134,  
<sup>••3</sup> conceit, conception, thought,      “ . . . like  
imagination. So l. 1298. (R)      A full-hot horse, who being al-  
<sup>••4</sup> like a jade, Self-will himself      low'd his way,  
Self-mettle tires him.” (R)



96

## The Rape of Lucrece

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,  
Who this accomplishment so hotly chased ;  
For now against himself he sounds this doom,  
That through the length of times he stands disgraced :  
Besides, his soul's fair temple is defaced ;

To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,  
To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

720

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection  
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,  
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection  
Her immortality, and made her thrall  
To living death, and pain perpetual :  
Which in her prescience she controlled still,  
But her foresight could not forestall their will.

Even in this thought through the dark night he stealeth,  
A captive victor that hath lost in gain ;  
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,  
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain ;  
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.  
She bears the load of lust he left behind,  
And he the burthen of a guilty mind.

730

He, like a thievish dog, creeps sadly thence,  
She like a wearied lamb lies panting there ;  
He scowls, and hates himself for his offence,  
She desperate with her nails her flesh doth tear ;  
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear ;  
She stays, exclaiming on the direful night ;  
He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loath'd delight.

740

<sup>731-2</sup> *exclaiming on . . . chides.* Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, ll. 930-2. (B)



## The Rape of Lucrece

97

He thence departs a heavy convertite,  
She there remains a hopeless cast-away ;  
He in his speed looks for the morning light,  
She prays she never may behold the day ;  
“For day,” quoth she, “night’s ‘scapes doth open lay,  
And my true eyes have never practis’d how  
To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

“They think not but that every eye can see  
The same disgrace which they themselves behold  
And therefore would they still in darkness be,  
To have their unseen sin remain untold ;  
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,  
And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,  
Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel.”

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,  
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.  
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,  
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find  
Some purer chest to close so pure a mind.

Frantic with grief, thus breathes she forth her spite  
Against the unseen secrecy of night.

“O, comfort-killing Night, image of Hell !  
Dim register and notary of shame !  
Black stage for tragedies and murthers fell !  
Vast sin-concealing chaos ! nurse of blame !  
Blind muffled bawd ! dark harbour for defame !  
Grim cave of death, whispering conspirator  
With close-tongu’d treason and the ravisher !

770

<sup>1a</sup> ‘scapes, transgressions. (B)      heavens with black,” &c. The  
<sup>1b</sup> Black stage for tragedies. Cf. early mode of decorating the stage  
1 *Henry VI.*, I. i. 1, “Hung be the for tragedies. (B)



“O, hateful, vaporous, and foggy Night !  
Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,  
Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,  
Make war against proportion’d course of time :  
Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb  
His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,  
Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

“With rotten damps ravish the morning air ;  
Let their exhal’d unwholesome breaths make sick  
The life of purity, the supreme fair,  
Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick ;  
And let thy misty vapours march so thick,  
That in their smoky ranks his smother’d light  
May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

“Were Tarquin Night, as he is but Night’s child,  
The silver-shining queen he would distain ;  
Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defil’d,  
Through night’s black bosom should not peep again :  
So should I have copartners in my pain ;  
And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,  
As palmers’ chat makes short their pilgrimage,

“Where, now, I have no one to blush with me,  
To cross their arms, and hang their heads with mine,  
To mask their brows, and hide their infamy ;

<sup>780</sup> *supreme*. Accented on the first syllable. (R)

<sup>781</sup> *arrive*, i. e. arrive at. See a few stanzas below, *Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud.* (W) [For the transitive use of this verb cf. *3 Henry VI.*, V. iii. 7-8, “those powers . . . have arriv’d our coast.”] *prick*, dial-point. Cf. *3 Henry VI.*, I. iv. 34, “at the noon-

tide prick”; *Romeo and Juliet*, II. iv. 119, “the prick of noon.” (R)

<sup>782</sup> *misty*. The edition of 1594 misprints “*musty* vapours.” Subsequent old editions are correct. (W)

<sup>783</sup> *distain*, defile. Cf. *defil’d* in following line. (R)

<sup>784</sup> *palmers*, pilgrims — as often. (R)



## The Rape of Lucrece

99

But I alone, alone must sit and pine,  
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine ;  
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,  
Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

“ O Night ! thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,  
Let not the jealous Day behold that face  
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak  
Immodestly lies martyr’d with disgrace :  
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,  
That all the faults which in thy reign are made,  
May likewise be sepulcher’d in thy shade.

800

“ Make me not object to the tell-tale Day !  
The light will shew, character’d in my brow,  
The story of sweet chastity’s decay,  
The impious breach of holy wedlock vow :  
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how  
To cipher what is writ in learned books,  
Will quote my loathsome trespass in my looks.

810

“ The nurse to still her child will tell my story,  
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin’s name ;  
The orator to deck his oratory  
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin’s shame ;  
Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,  
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,  
How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

<sup>80</sup> still, ever — probably. (B)

<sup>81</sup> cipher, decipher. So l. 207, above, and l. 1396, below. (B)

<sup>82</sup> quote, observe. (w)



“ Let my good name, that’senseless reputation,  
For Collatine’s dear love be kept unspotted :  
If that be made a theme for disputation,  
The branches of another root are rotted,  
And undeserv’d reproach to him allotted,  
That is as clear from this attaint of mine,  
As I ere this was pure to Collatine.

820

“ O unseen shame ! invisible disgrace !  
O unfelt sore ! crest-wounding, private scar !  
Reproach is stamp’d in Collatinus’ face,  
And Tarquin’s eye may read the mot afar,  
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.  
Alas ! how many bear such shameful blows,  
Which not themselves, but he that gives them knows.

830

“ If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,  
From me by strong assault it is bereft.  
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,  
Have no perfection of my summer left,  
But robb’d and ransack’d by injurious theft :  
In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,  
And suck’d the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

840

“ Yet am I guilty of thy honour’s wrack ;  
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him ;  
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,  
For it had been dishonour to disdain him :  
Besides, of weariness he did complain him,  
And talk’d of virtue.—O, unlook’d for evil,  
When virtue is profan’d in such a devil !

<sup>220</sup> *senseless*, not sensible of the wrong done it. Cf. l. 1564. (n)

<sup>221</sup> *crest-wounding*, staining the family crest. (n)

<sup>222</sup> *mot*, word, motto. (n)



## The Rape of Lucrece

101

“ Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud,  
Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows’ nests ?  
Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud ?  
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts ?  
Or kings be breakers of their own behests ?  
But no perfection is so absolute,  
That some impurity doth not pollute.

850

“ The aged man that coffers up his gold,  
Is plagu’d with cramps, and gouts, and painful fits,  
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,  
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,  
And useless barns the harvest of his wits ,  
Having no other pleasure of his gain,  
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

860

“ So, then he hath it, when he cannot use it,  
And leaves it to be master’d by his young ;  
Who in their pride do presently abuse it :  
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,  
To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.  
The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sour,

Even in the moment that we call them ours.

“ Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring,  
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers,      870  
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing,  
What virtue breeds iniquity devours ;  
We have no good that we can say is ours,  
But ill annexed Opportunity  
Or kills his life, or else his quality.

<sup>\*\*</sup> *cuckoos.* The cuckoo was supposed to lay its eggs in other birds’ nests. Hence arose the disagreeable sense in which the bird was held. (R)

<sup>\*\*\*</sup> *Tantalus.* Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, l. 599. (R)



“ O, Opportunity, thy guilt is great :  
T is thou that execut’st the traitor’s treason ;  
Thou sett’st the wolf where he the lamb may get ;  
Whoever plots the sin, thou point’st the season :  
T is thou that spurn’st at right, at law, at reason ;      880  
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,  
Sits Sin to seize the souls that wander by him.

“ Thou mak’st the vestal violate her oath ;  
Thou blow’st the fire, when temperance is thaw’d ;  
Thou smother’st honesty, thou murther’st troth ;  
Thou foul abettor ! thou notorious bawd !  
Thou plantest scandal, and displacest laud :  
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,  
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief !

“ Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,  
Thy private feasting to a public fast :      890  
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,  
Thy sugar’d tongue to bitter wormwood taste :  
Thy violent vanities can never last.  
How comes it then, vile Opportunity,  
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee ?

“ When wilt thou be the humble suppliant’s friend,  
And bring him where his suit may be obtained ?  
When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end,  
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chained ?      900  
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pained ?  
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee,  
But they ne’er meet with Opportunity.

“ *temperance*, self-control. (R)    2 *Henry VI.*, I. i. 156, “smoothing

“ *honesty*, chastity — probably. words,” &c. (R)

(R)    “ *sort*, select, contrive. Cf. I.  
“ *smoothing*, flattering. Cf. 1221. (R)



## The Rape of Lucrece

103

"The patient dies while the physician sleeps ;  
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds ;  
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps ;  
Advice is sporting while infection breeds :  
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds.

Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murther's rages ;  
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages. 910

"When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,  
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid :  
They buy thy help ; but Sin ne'er gives a fee ;  
He gratis comes, and thou art well appay'd,  
As well to hear, as grant what he hath said.

My Collatine would else have come to me,  
When Tarquin did ; but he was stay'd by thee.

"Guilty thou art of murther and of theft ;  
Guilty of perjury and subornation ;  
Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift ;  
Guilty of incest, that abomination : 920  
An accessory by thine inclination

To all sins past, and all that are to come,  
From the creation to the general doom.

"Mis-shapen Time, copesmate of ugly Night,  
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care ;  
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,  
Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare ;  
Thou nursest all, and murtherest all that are.

O hear me, then, injurious, shifting Time ! 930  
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

<sup>907</sup> *Advice*, prudence, the state of being advised — probably. (R)

<sup>925</sup> *copesmate*, companion. (R)

<sup>914</sup> *appay'd*, satisfied. (R)

<sup>932</sup> *watch of woes*, explained as

<sup>920</sup> *shift*, trickery. Cf. below, l.

"divided and marked only by

930, "shifting Time." (R)

"woes." (R)



“Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,  
Betray’d the hours thou gav’st me to repose?  
Cancell’d my fortunes, and enchained me  
To endless date of never-ending woes?  
Time’s office is to fine the hate of foes;  
To eat up errors by opinion bred,  
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

“Time’s glory is to calm contending kings,  
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,  
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,  
To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,  
To wrong the wronger till he render right,  
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,  
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers:

“To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,  
To feed oblivion with decay of things,  
To blot old books, and alter their contents,  
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens’ wings,  
To dry the old oak’s sap, and cherish springs;      950  
To spoil antiquities of hammer’d steel,  
And turn the giddy round of Fortune’s wheel:

“To show the beldame daughters of her daughter,  
To make the child a man, the man a child,  
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,  
To tame the unicorn and lion wild,  
To mock the subtle, in themselves beguil’d,  
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,  
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

<sup>\*\*\*</sup> To ruinate proud buildings.      <sup>\*\*\*</sup> fine, put an end to — probably.      (R)  
So Sonnet x. 7, “Seeking that beau-      <sup>\*\*\*</sup> springs, saplings. Cf. *Venus  
teous roof to ruinate”; 3 Henry VI.*, V. i. 88, “I will not ruinate and Adonis, l. 656, “Love’s tender my father’s house.” (R) spring (blossom).” (R)



## The Rape of Lucrece

105

“ Why work’st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,  
Unless thou could’st return to make amends ?  
One poor retiring minute in an age  
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,  
Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends :  
    O, this dread night, would’st thou one hour come  
        back,  
    I could prevent this storm, and shun thy wrack.

“Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,  
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight :  
Devise extremes beyond extremity  
To make him curse this cursed crimeful night :  
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright,  
And the dire thought of his committed evil  
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

“ Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,  
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans ;  
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,  
To make him moan, but pity not his moans :  
Stone him with harden’d hearts, harder than stones ;  
And let mild women to him lose their mildness,  
Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

“Let him have time to tear his curled hair,  
Let him have time against himself to rave,  
Let him have time of time’s help to despair,  
Let him have time to live a loathed slave ;  
Let him have time a beggar’s orts to crave,  
And time to see one that by alms doth live,  
Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

<sup>662</sup> retiring, returning. (R) Cf. *Timon of Athens*, IV. iii. 400. (R)  
<sup>663</sup> orts, scraps, remnants.



“ Let him have time to see his friends his foes,  
And merry fools to mock at him resort ;  
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes  
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short  
His time of folly, and his time of sport :  
    And ever let his unrecalling crime  
    Have time to wail th’ abusing of his time.

“ O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,  
Teach me to curse him that thou taught’st this ill !  
At his own shadow let the thief run mad,  
Himself himself seek every hour to kill !  
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spill ;  
For who so base would such an office have                      1000  
As slanderous deathsman to so base a slave ?

"The baser is he, coming from a king,  
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate :  
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing  
That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate ;  
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.  
  
The moon being clouded presently is miss'd,  
But little stars may hide them when they list

“The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,  
And unperceiv’d fly with the filth away ;      1010  
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,  
The stain upon his silver down will stay.  
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day :  
    Gnats are unnoted wheresoe’er they fly,  
    But eagles gaz’d upon with every eye.

<sup>1003</sup> unrecalling, not to be recalled. (R)      <sup>1001</sup> slanderous, disgraceful. (R)  
<sup>1007</sup> presently, at once. (R)

The Rape of Lucrece

107

“Out, idle words! servants to shallow fools,  
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!  
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools;  
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters;  
To trembling clients be you mediators:  
For me, I force not argument a straw,  
Since that my case is past the help of law.

1020

“In vain I rail at Opportunity,  
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful Night;  
In vain I cavil with mine infamy,  
In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite:  
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.  
The remedy, indeed, to do me good,  
Is to let forth my foul, defiled blood.

“Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree?  
Honour thyself to rid me of this shame;  
For if I die, my honour lives in thee;  
But if I live, thou liv'st in my defame:  
Since thou could'st not defend thy loyal dame,  
And wast afear'd to scratch her wicked foe,  
Kill both thyself and her for yielding so.”

1030

This said, from her be-tumbled couch she starteth,  
To find some desperate instrument of death;  
But this no slaughter-house no tool imparteth,  
To make more vent for passage of her breath,  
Which, stronging through her lips, so vanisheth  
As smoke from *Ætna*, that in air consumes,  
Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

1040

<sup>1021</sup> *force not*, care not for. (w)  
<sup>1022</sup> *helpless*. Cf. l. 1056, below and *Venus and Adonis*, l. 604. (B)



108

## The Rape of Lucrece

"In vain," quoth she, "I live; and seek in vain  
Some happy mean to end a hapless life:  
I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,  
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife;  
But when I fear'd, I was a loyal wife.

So am I now:—O no, that cannot be;  
Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

1050

"O, that is gone, for which I sought to live,  
And therefore now I need not fear to die.  
To clear this spot by death, at least, I give  
A badge of fame to slander's livery;  
A dying life to living infamy.

Poor helpless help, the treasure stol'n away,  
I'll burn the guiltless casket where it lay!

"Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know  
The stained taste of violated troth;  
I will not wrong thy true affection so,  
To flatter thee with an infringed oath;  
This bastard graft shall never come to growth:  
He shall not boast, who did thy stock pollute,  
That thou art doting father of his fruit.

1060

"Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,  
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state;  
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought  
Hearly with gold, but stolen from forth thy gate.  
For me, I am the mistress of my fate,

And with my trespass never will dispense,  
I'll live to death acquit my forc'd offence.

1070

*...and with my trespass never will dispense, and never will excuse my fault. Cf. ll. 1279 and 1704. (n)*

"I will not poison thee with my attaint,  
Nor fold my fault in cleanly coin'd excuses ;  
My sable ground of sin I will not paint,  
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses :  
My tongue shall utter all ; mine eyes, like sluices,  
As from a mountain spring that feeds a dale,  
Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale."

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended  
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow,  
And solemn night with slow, sad gait descended  
To ugly Hell ; when lo ! the blushing morrow  
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow ;  
But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,  
And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

1080

Revealing day through every cranny spies,  
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping ;  
To whom she sobbing speaks : " O eye of eyes !  
Why pri'st thou through my window ? leave thy  
peeping ;  
Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping : 1090  
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,  
For day hath naught to do what's done by night."

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees.  
True grief is fond and testy as a child,  
Who wayward once, his mood with naught agrees :

<sup>1080</sup> *Philomel*, i. e. the nightingale. Cf. l. 1128. Cf. further, *The Passionate Pilgrim*, xxi. 7-14, "Everything did banish moan, Save the *nightingale* alone : She, poor bird, as all forlorn, Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn And, there sung the dolefull'st ditty," &c.

This story of the deflowering of

Philomela, by Tereus, and her later change into the nightingale, is told by Ovid in his *Metamorphoses*, and is directly referred to in *Titus Andronicus*, II. iv. 26 ff. and IV. i. 48 ff. (n)

<sup>1084</sup> *cloudy*, sorrowful. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, l. 725, "Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn." (n)

<sup>1084</sup> *fond*, foolish. (n)



110

## The Rape of Lucrece

Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild ;  
Continuance tames the one ; the other wild,  
Like an unpractis'd swimmer plunging still,  
With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep drenched in a sea of care,                            1100  
Holds disputation with each thing she views,  
And to herself all sorrow doth compare :  
No object but her passion's strength renews,  
And as one shifts, another straight ensues :  
Sometime her grief is dumb, and hath no words ;  
Sometime 't is mad, and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy,  
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody ;  
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy :  
Sad souls are slain in merry company ;                            1110  
Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society :  
True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd,  
When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

T is double death to drown in ken of shore ;  
He ten times pines, that pines beholding food ;  
To see the salve doth make the wound ache more ;  
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good :  
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,  
Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'erflows :  
Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.                    1120

" You mocking birds," quoth she, " your tunes entomb  
Within your hollow swelling feather'd breasts,  
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb :

<sup>1114</sup> *ken*, sight. Cf. *2 Henry VI.*, III. ii. 113, "losing ken of Albion's wished coast." (n)

My restless discord loves no stops nor rests ;  
 A woful hostess brooks not merry guests.  
 Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears ;  
 Distress likes dumps, when time is kept with tears.

“Come, Philomel, that sing’st of ravishment,  
 Make thy sad grove in my dishevell’d hair.  
 As the dark earth weeps at thy languishment,      1130  
 So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,  
 And with deep groans the diapason bear :  
 For burthen-wise I’ll hum on Tarquin still,  
 While thou on Tereus descant’st, better skill.

“And whiles against a thorn thou bear’st thy part,  
 To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,  
 To imitate thee well, against my heart  
 Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye,  
 Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.  
 These means, as frets upon an instrument,      1140  
 Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

“And for, poor bird, thou sing’st not in the day,  
 As shaming any eye should thee behold,  
 Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,

<sup>1126</sup> *Relish*, make attractive. <sup>1126</sup> *thee.* *Titus Andronicus*, II. v.  
*pleasing* — pleased — probably. <sup>26.</sup> (w) *better skill*, more skilfully.  
 (B)

L 1079. (B) <sup>1127</sup> *dumps*, mournful songs. (R)  
 1128-24 *Philomel . . . Tereus*. Cf.

1128 *diapason*, harmonious bass accompaniment. (B)

1129 *burthen-wise*, i. e. after the manner of a *burthen* to a song. (B)

1130 *Tereus*. See the note on “Some Tereus hath defloured

<sup>1128</sup> *And whiles against a thorn thou bear’st thy part.* Cf. *The Passionate Pilgrim*, xxi. 10,

“Lean’d her breast up-till a thorn” — of the same legend. (R)

<sup>1140</sup> *frets*, the stops that regulate the vibration of the strings. (B)

<sup>1141</sup> *for*, because. (B)

<sup>1142</sup> *As*, as if. (B)



112

## The Rape of Lucrece

That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold,  
Will we find out ; and there we will unfold  
To creatures stern sad tunes to change their kinds :  
Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds."

As the poor frightened deer, that stands at gaze,  
Wildly determining which way to fly,                    1150  
Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,  
That cannot tread the way out readily ;  
So with herself is she in mutiny,  
To live or die which of the twain were better,  
When life is sham'd, and death reproach's debtor.

" To kill myself," quoth she, " alack ! what were it,  
But with my body my poor soul's pollution ?  
They that lose half, with greater patience bear it,  
Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.  
That mother tries a merciless conclusion,                    1160  
Who having two sweet babes, when death takes one,  
Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

" My body or my soul, which was the dearer,  
When the one pure, the other made divine ?  
Whose love of either to myself was nearer,  
When both were kept for Heaven and Collatine ?  
Ay me ! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,  
His leaves will wither, and his sap decay ;  
So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

" Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,                    1170  
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy ;  
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,

<sup>1157, 1169</sup> *peel'd*. The quartos, *pild*, " Pill'd priest," (i. e. *peel'd* — *pilled*. Cf. *1 Henry VI.*, I. iii. 30, shaven priest). (R)



### The Rape of Lucrece

113

Grossly engirt with daring infamy :  
Then, let it not be call'd impiety,  
If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole,  
Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

“ Yet die I will not, till my Collatine  
Have heard the cause of my untimely death,  
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,  
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.  
My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,  
Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,  
And as his due writ in my testament.

1180

“ My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife  
That wounds my body so dishonoured.  
'T is honour to deprive dishonour'd life ;  
The one will live, the other being dead :  
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred ;  
For in my death I murther shameful scorn :  
My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

1190

“ Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,  
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee ?  
My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,  
By whose example thou reveng'd may'st be.  
How Tarquin must be us'd, read it in me :  
Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,  
And for my sake serve thou false Tarquin so.

“ This brief abridgment of my will I make :  
My soul and body to the skies and ground ;  
My resolution, husband, do thou take ;  
Mine honour be the knife's that makes my wound ;  
My shame be his that did my fame confound ;  
And all my fame that lives disbursed be  
To those that live, and think no shame of me.

1200



"Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will ;  
How was I overseen that thou shalt see it !  
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill ;  
My life's foul deed my life's fair end shall free it.  
Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say, 'So be it.'  
Yield to my hand ; my hand shall conquer thee : 1210  
Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be."

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,  
And wip'd the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,  
With untun'd tongue she hoarsely calls her maid,  
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies ;  
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.  
Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so,  
As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,  
With soft slow tongue, true mark of modesty, 1220  
And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,  
For why, her face wore sorrow's livery ;  
But durst not ask of her audaciously  
Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,  
Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,  
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye,  
Even so the maid with swelling drops 'gan wet

<sup>1205</sup> *oversee this will*. . . . It was usual for testators to appoint not only executors, but *overseers* of their wills. Such was the case with our poet, when he named John Hall and his daughter Susanna executors, and Thomas Runell and Francis Collins overseers of his last will and testament.

<sup>1205-6</sup> *oversee* (superintend) . . . *overseen* (beguiled) . . . *see*.  
Play on words. (R)  
<sup>1221</sup> *sorts*, adapts (i. e. by selecting). Cf. l. 899, *sort*, select; & *Henry VI.*, II. iv. 68, "sort thy heart to patience." (R)

## The Rape of Lucrece

115

Her circled eyne, enforc'd by sympathy  
Of those fair suns set in her mistress' sky,  
Who in a salt-wav'd ocean quench their light,  
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,  
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling :  
One justly weeps, the other takes in hand  
No cause but company of her drops spilling :  
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing,  
Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,  
And then they drown their eyes, or break their  
hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen, minds,  
And therefore are they form'd as marble will ;  
The weak oppress'd, th' impression of strange kinds  
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill :  
Then, call them not the authors of their ill,  
    No more than wax shall be accounted evil,  
    Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,  
Lays open all the little worms that creep ;  
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain  
Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep.                          1250  
Through crystal walls each little mote will peep :  
    Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,  
    Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveigh against the withered flower,  
But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd.  
Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,



Is worthy blame. O, let it not be hild  
Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd  
With men's abuses : those proud lords, to blame,  
Make weak-made women tenants to their shame. 1260

The precedent whereof in Lucrece' view,  
Assail'd by night, with circumstances strong  
Of present death, and shame that might ensue  
By that her death, to do her husband wrong :  
Such danger to resistance did belong,  
That dying fear through all her body spread ;  
And who cannot abuse a body dead ?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak  
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining :  
" My girl," quoth she, " on what occasion break 1270  
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are  
raining ?  
If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,  
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood :  
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

" But tell me, girl, when went " — and there she stay'd  
Till after a deep groan — " Tarquin from hence ? "  
" Madam, ere I was up," replied the maid ;  
" The more to blame my sluggard negligence :  
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense ;  
Myself was stirring ere the break of day, 1280  
And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

<sup>1267</sup> *hild*, held. The old spelling is retained for the sake of the rhyme. The word was spelled both *held* and *hild*, regardless of rhyme. (w)

<sup>1268</sup> *fulfill'd*, filled full. (B) <sup>1269</sup> *counterfeit*, likeness, image.

“But lady, if your maid may be so bold,  
She would request to know your heaviness.”  
“O peace!” quoth Lucrece: “if it should be told,  
The repetition cannot make it less;  
For more it is than I can well express:  
And that deep torture may be call’d a hell,  
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

“Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen,—  
Yet save that labour, for I have them here.  
What should I say?—One of my husband’s men  
Bid thou be ready by and by, to bear  
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear:  
Bid him with speed prepare to carry it;  
The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ.”

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,  
First hovering o’er the paper with her quill.  
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight;  
What wit sets down is blotted straight with will;  
This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill:      1300  
Much like a press of people at a door  
Throng her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins: “Thou worthy lord  
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,  
Health to thy person: next, vouchsafe t’ afford  
(If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see)  
Some present speed to come and visit me.  
So I commend me from our house in grief:  
My woes are tedious, though my words are brief.”

Here folds she up the tenour of her woe,      1310  
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.  
By this short schedule Collatine may know



Her grief, but not her grief's true quality :  
She dares not thereof make discovery,  
Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,  
Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion  
She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her;  
When sighs and groans and tears may grace the fashion  
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her                    1320  
From that suspicion which the world might bear her.  
    To shun this blot she would not blot the letter  
    With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told,  
For then the eye interprets to the ear  
The heavy motion that it doth behold,  
When every part a part of woe doth bear:  
'T is but a part of sorrow that we hear:  
    Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,  
    And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words. 1330

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,  
" At Ardea to my lord, with more than haste."  
The post attends, and she delivers it,  
Charging the sour-fac'd groom to hie as fast  
As lagging fowls before the northern blast :  
    Speed more than speed but dull and slow she deems ;  
    Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain court'sies to her low,  
And blushing on her, with a steadfast eye  
Receives the scroll, without or yea or no, 1340

1220 Deep sounds, i. e. deep waters. (R) 1334. But perhaps it means no more than "domestic." villain, rustic. (R)

## The Rape of Lucrece

119

And forth with bashful innocence doth hie :  
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie,  
    Imagine every eye beholds their blame,  
For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame ;

When, silly groom ! God wot, it was defect  
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.  
Such harmless creatures have a true respect  
To talk in deeds, while others saucily  
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely :  
Even so this pattern of the worn-out age  
Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to

1350

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,  
That two red fires in both their faces blazed ;  
She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust,  
And, blushing with him, wistly on him gazed ;  
Her earnest eye did make him more amazed :  
    The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,  
    The more she thought he spied in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,  
And yet the dutious vassal scarce is gone.  
The weary time she cannot entertain,  
For now 't is stale to sigh, to weep, and groan :  
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,  
That she her plaints a little while doth stay,  
Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

1380

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece  
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy ;  
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,

<sup>1244</sup> silly groom, innocent fellow.  
<sup>1245</sup> wistly, wistfully, attentively.  
(B) So *Venus and Adonis*, l. 343. (B)



For Helen's rape the city to destroy,  
Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy;  
Which the conceited painter drew so proud,  
As heaven it seem'd to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,  
In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life.  
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,  
Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife:  
The red blood reek'd to show the painter's strife;  
And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,  
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer  
Begrim'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust ;  
And from the towers of Troy there would appear  
The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,  
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust :  
    Such sweet observance in this work was had,  
    That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty  
You might behold triumphing in their faces ;  
In youth quick bearing and dexterity ;  
And here and there the painter interlaces      1890  
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces :  
    Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,  
    That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O, what art  
Of physiognomy might one behold !  
The face of either cipher'd either's heart ;

<sup>1871</sup> conceited, imaginative. (R)  
<sup>1877</sup> the painter's strife. Cf.  
*Venus and Adonis*, l. 291, "His art  
with nature's workmanship at  
strife." (R)

<sup>1880</sup> pioneer, sapper. The quar-  
tors, pyoner, pioner. (R)  
<sup>1884</sup> lust, pleasure. (R)  
<sup>1889</sup> heartless, without courage.  
(R)

The Rape of Lucrece

121

Their face their manners most expressly told :  
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd ;  
But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent,  
Show'd deep regard and smiling government.

1400

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,  
As 't were encouraging the Greeks to fight ;  
Making such sober action with his hand,  
That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the sight.  
In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,  
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly  
Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,  
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice ;  
All jointly listening, but with several graces,  
As if some mermaid did their ears entice :  
Some high, some low ; the painter was so nice,  
The scalps of many, almost hid behind,  
To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind.

1410

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,  
His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear ;  
Here one, being throng'd, bears back, all boll'n and red :  
Another, smother'd, seem's to pelt and swear ;  
And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,  
As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,

1420

It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

<sup>1407</sup> *purl'd* [ascended spirally].  
Query, *curl'd?* (w) [Suggested by Pope.]

<sup>1411</sup> *mermaid*, siren. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, l. 429. (R)

<sup>1412</sup> *nice*, precise, delicate. (R)

<sup>1417</sup> *boll'n*, swollen. In reading this description, it must be remem-

bered that the poet had in mind the stiff drawing, confused grouping, and perspectiveless composition of old tapestries and illuminations. (w)

<sup>1418</sup> *pelt*. Explained by *swear*, i.e. "throw out angry words." (R)



For much imaginary work was there ;  
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,  
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,  
Grip'd in an armed hand : himself behind  
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind.

A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,  
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong besieged Troy  
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to field, 1430  
Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy  
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield ;  
And to their hope they such odd action yield,  
That through their light joy seemed to appear,  
Like bright things stain'd, a kind of heavy fear.

And from the strand of Dardan, where they fought,  
To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,  
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought  
With swelling ridges ; and their ranks began  
To break upon the galled shore, and than 1440  
Retire again, till meeting greater ranks  
They join, and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,  
To find a face where all distress is stell'd.  
Many she sees, where cares have carved some,

<sup>1423</sup> *imaginary*, imaginative. Cf. Sonnet xxvii. 9, "my soul's imaginary sight." (R)

<sup>1424</sup> *Conceit*, conception, imagination. Cf. l. 701. *kind*, natural. Cf. l. 1242, *kinds* — natures; also the Prayer Book, "The kindly (i. e. natural) fruits of the earth." (R)

<sup>1425</sup> *strand*, i. e. strand. (R)

<sup>1440</sup> *than*, then. (W)  
<sup>1444</sup> *stell'd*. So in the twenty-fourth Sonnet:

"Mine eye hath play'd the painter,  
and hath stell'd  
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart."

Collier supposes that *stell'd*  
"meant engraved as with steel."  
It is more probable that in both



## The Rape of Lucrece

123

But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,  
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,  
    Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,  
    Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomiz'd                          1450  
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign :  
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguis'd,  
Of what she was no semblance did remain ;  
Her blue blood chang'd to black in every vein,  
    Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed,  
    Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,  
And shapes her sorrow to the beldam's woes,  
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,  
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes :                          1460  
The painter was no God to lend her those ;  
    And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,  
    To give her so much grief, and not a tongue.

“ Poor instrument,” quoth she, “ without a sound,  
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue,  
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,  
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong,  
And with my tears quench Troy, that burns so long,  
    And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes  
    Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.                          1470

instances the word is “stiled”                          474 seq., “So, as a *painted* tyrant,  
or “styled” (from *stylus*) — written, drawn. See the note on “My tables,” &c., *Hamlet*, I. v. 107. [Later editors explain as “placed, fixed.”]

“ bleeding under Pyrrhus’ proud foot. Described in the speech of the players in *Hamlet*, II. ii.

Pyrrhus stood,” &c. The lines in both these passages seem suggested by paintings or pictures of the Troy legend. (R)

“ knife. It was not uncommon in Shakespeare’s time for ladies to carry knives and daggers. (W)



“Shew me the strumpet that began this stir,  
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.  
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur  
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear :  
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here ;  
And here, in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,  
The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter die.

“Why should the private pleasure of some one  
Become the public plague of many mo ?  
Let sin, alone committed, light alone                          1480  
Upon his head that hath transgressed so ;  
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe.  
For one’s offence why should so many fall,  
To plague a private sin in general ?

“Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,  
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swounds ;  
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,  
And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,  
And one man’s lust these many lives confounds.  
Had doting Priam check’d his son’s desire,                  1490  
Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire.”

Here feelingly she weeps Troy’s painted woes ;  
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,  
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes ;

<sup>1479</sup> *mo.* A common form of “more.” (w)

<sup>1484</sup> *Once set on ringing*, i. e. a ringing, or, in the abominable

<sup>1485</sup> *channel*, kennel, gutter. (B)

neologism of the day, being rung.

<sup>1486</sup> *unadvised*, unintentional. Cf. In the second line below [l. 1496]  
ll. 1527, 1816, *advisedly*, deliber- a-work is a mere abbreviation of  
ately; l. 1849, *advised*. (B) “on work.” (w)



## The Rape of Lucrece

125

Then little strength rings out the doleful knell :  
So Lucrece, set a-work, sad tales doth tell  
    To pencill'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow ;  
She lends them words, and she their looks doth  
    borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting, round,  
And whom she finds forlorn she doth lament :      1500  
At last she sees a wretched image bound,  
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent ;  
His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content.  
  
Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,  
So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill  
To hide deceit, and give the harmless shew  
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,  
A brow unbent that seem'd to welcome woe ;  
Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so  
    That blushing red no guilty instance gave,  
    Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,  
He entertain'd a shew so seeming just,  
And therein so ensconc'd his secret evil,  
That jealousy itself could not mistrust,  
False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust  
    Into so bright a day such black-fac'd storms,  
    Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew  
For perjur'd Sinon, whose enchanting story  
The credulous old Priam after slew ;

<sup>1504</sup> *blunt, rude.* (R)      <sup>1521</sup> *Sinon.* Cf. *s Henry VI.*,  
<sup>1511</sup> *guilty instance,* evidence of III. ii. 190, "And like a Sinon  
guilt. (R) take another Troy." (R)



126

## The Rape of Lucrece

Whose words like wild-fire burnt the shining glory  
Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,  
And little stars shot from their fixed places,  
When their glass fell wherein they view'd their faces.

This picture she advisedly perused,  
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill,  
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abused ;  
So fair a form lodg'd not a mind so ill :  
And still on him she gaz'd ; and gazing still,  
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied,  
That she concludes the picture was belied.

1530

“ It cannot be,” quoth she, “ that so much guile ”  
(She would have said) “ can lurk in such a look ” ;  
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,  
And from her tongue, “ can lurk ” from “ cannot ” took ;  
“ It cannot be,” she in that sense forsook,  
And turn'd it thus : “ It cannot be, I find,  
But such a face should bear a wicked mind :

1540

“ For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,  
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,  
(As if with grief or travail he had fainted)  
To me came Tarquin armed ; so beguil'd  
With outward honesty, but yet defil'd  
With inward vice : as Priam him did cherish,  
So did I Tarquin ; so my Troy did perish.

“ Look, look ! how listening Priam wets his eyes,  
To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds.  
Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise ?

1550

<sup>1544</sup> *so beguil'd*. The old [copies, save in one case,] to *beguild* [retained by some editors]. The con-

text sustains Malone's supposition that [the old form of *s*] was misprinted “t.” (w)

## The Rape of Lucrece

127

For every tear he falls a Trojan bleeds :  
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds ;  
    Those round clear pearls of his, that move thy pity,  
    Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.  
  
“ Such devils steal effects from lightless hell,  
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,  
And in that cold, hot-burning fire doth dwell ;  
These contraries such unity do hold,  
Only to flatter fools, and make them bold ;  
    So Priam’s trust false Sinon’s tears doth flatter,     1560  
    That he finds means to burn his Troy with water.”

Here, all enrag’d, such passion her assails,  
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.  
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,  
Comparing him to that unhappy guest  
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest :  
    At last she smilingly with this gives o’er ;  
    “ Fool ! fool ! ” quoth she, “ his wounds will not be  
        sore.”

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,  
And time doth weary time with her complaining.     1570  
She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,  
And both she thinks too long with her remaining.  
Short time seems long in sorrow’s sharp sustaining :  
    Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps ;  
    And they that watch see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipp’d her thought,  
That she with painted images hath spent,  
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought

1551 *falls*, lets fall, drops. (R)                    1564 *senseless*. Cf. l. 820. (R)  
1555 *effects*, outward manifesta-                    1565 *unhappy*, mischievous, fatal.  
tions (efficacies?). (R)                                (R)



By deep surprise of others' detriment :  
Losing her woes in shows of discontent.  
It easeth some, though none it ever cured,  
To think their dolour others have endured.

1580

But now the mindful messenger come back  
Brings home his lord and other company,  
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black ;  
And round about her tear-distained eye  
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky :  
These water-galls in her dim element  
Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,      1590  
Amazedly in her sad face he stares :  
Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and raw ;  
Her livery colour kill'd with deadly cares,  
He hath no power to ask her how she fares ;  
But stood like old acquaintance in a trance,  
Met far from home, wondering each other's chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,  
And thus begins : " What uncouth ill event  
Hath thee befall'n, that thou dost trembling stand ?  
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent ?      1600  
Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent ?  
Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,  
And tell thy grief that we may give redress."

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,  
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe :  
At length, address'd to answer his desire,

<sup>1588</sup> water-galls in her dim ele-      1589 sod. An old participle of  
ment, the secondary "rainbows in      seethe. (B)  
the sky." (B)

The Rape of Lucrece

129

She modestly prepares to let them know  
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe ;  
While Collatine and his consorted lords  
With sad attention long to hear her words.

1610

And now this pale swan in her watery nest  
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending.  
“ Few words,” quoth she, “ shall fit the trespass best,  
Where no excuse can give the fault amending :  
In me more woes than words are now depending ;  
And my laments would be drawn out too long,  
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

“ Then, be this all the task it hath to say :  
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed  
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay  
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head ;  
And what wrong else may be imagined  
By foul enforcement might be done to me,  
From that, alas ! thy Lucrece is not free.

1620

“ For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,  
With shining falchion in my chamber came  
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,  
And softly cried, ‘ Awake, thou Roman dame,  
And entertain my love; else lasting shame  
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,  
If thou my love’s desire do contradict.

1630

“ ‘ For some hard-favour’d groom of thine,’ quoth he,  
‘ Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,  
I’ll murther straight, and then I’ll slaughter thee,

<sup>1615</sup> more. The first three quar- fruct or enjoyment. A legal term.  
tos, moe. Cf. l. 1479. *depending*, (n)  
impending. (n)

<sup>1622</sup> *hard-favour'd*, ill-featured.

<sup>1623</sup> *in the interest*, into the usu- Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, l. 183. (n)



And swear I found you where you did fulfil  
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill  
    The lechers in their deed : this act will be  
    My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.'

“ With this I did begin to start and cry,  
And then against my heart he set his sword,  
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,  
I should not live to speak another word;  
So should my shame still rest upon record,  
And never be forgot in mighty Rome  
Th’ adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

“ Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,  
And far the weaker with so strong a fear :  
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak ;  
No rightful plea might plead for justice there :  
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear  
That my poor beauty had purloin’d his eyes,  
And when the judge is rob’d, the prisoner dies.

"O, teach me how to make mine own excuse,  
Or, at the least, this refuge let me find:  
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,  
Immaculate and spotless is my mind;  
That was not forc'd; that never was inclin'd  
To accessory yieldings, but still pure  
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure."

Lo, here the hopeless merchant of this loss,  
With head declin'd, and voice damm'd up with woe,  
With sad set eyes, and wretched arms across,  
From lips new waxen pale begins to blow  
The grief away, that stops his answer so ;  
    But wretched as he is, he strives in vain,  
    What he breathes out, his breath drinks up again.



## The Rape of Lucrece

181

As through an arch the violent roaring tide  
Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste,  
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride  
Back to the strait that forc'd him on so fast,      1670  
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past ;  
Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,  
To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth,  
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh :  
“ Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth  
Another power ; no flood by raining slaketh.  
My woe, too sensible, thy passion maketh  
More feeling painful : let it, then, suffice  
To drown one woe one pair of weeping eyes.      1680

“ And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,  
For she that was thy Lucrece, now attend me :  
Be suddenly revenged on my foe,  
Thine, mine, his own : suppose thou dost defend me  
From what is past, the help that thou shalt lend me  
Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die ;  
For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

“ But ere I name him, you fair lords,” quoth she,  
(Speaking to those that came with Collatine)  
“ Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,      1690  
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine ;  
For ‘t is a meritorious fair design,  
To chase injustice with revengeful arms :  
Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies’  
harms.”

At this request, with noble disposition  
Each present lord began to promise aid,  
As bound in knighthood to her imposition,



182

## The Rape of Lucrece

Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd ;  
But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,  
    The protestation stops. "O, speak," quoth she,     1700  
    "How may this forced stain be wip'd from me !"

" What is the quality of mine offence,  
Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance ?  
May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,  
My low-declined honour to advance ?  
May any terms acquit me from this chance ?  
    The poison'd fountain clears itself again,  
    And why not I from this compelled stain ? "

With this, they all at once began to say,  
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears ;     1710  
While with a joyless smile she turns away  
The face, that map which deep impression bears  
Of hard misfortune, carv'd in it with tears.  
    "No, no," quoth she ; " no dame, hereafter living,  
    By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving."

Here, with a sigh as if her heart would break,  
She throws forth Tarquin's name : " He, he," she says,  
But more than " he " her poor tongue could not speak ;  
Till after many accents and delays,  
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,     1720  
    She utters this : " He, he, fair lords, 't is he,  
    That guides this hand to give this wound to me."

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast  
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheathed :  
That blow did bail it from the deep unrest

<sup>188</sup> *bewray'd*, exposed, made known. Cf. *3 Henry VI.*, I. i. 211,  
"bewray her anger." (8)



## The Rape of Lucrece

133

Of that polluted prison where it breathed :  
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeathed  
    Her winged sprite, and through her wounds doth fly  
    Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,      1730  
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew ;  
Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed,  
Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw :  
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew  
    The murtherous knife, and as it left the place,  
    Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase ;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide  
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood  
Circles her body in on every side,  
Who like a late-sack'd island vastly stood,      1740  
Bare and unpeopled, in this fearful flood.

Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,  
    And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face  
Of that black blood a watery rigol goes,  
Which seems to weep upon the tainted place :  
And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,  
Corrupted blood some watery token shows ;  
    And blood untainted still doth red abide,  
    Blushing at that which is so putrif'd.      1750

“ Daughter, dear daughter ! ” old Lucretius cries,  
“ That life was mine, which thou hast here deprived.  
If in the child the father's image lies,

<sup>1734</sup> *Brutus*. Lucius Junius Brutus. His father and elder brother had been murdered by Tarquinus Superbus and to escape a like fate he feigned insanity. (n)

<sup>1740</sup> *vardy*, waste, explained by *late-sack'd*. (R)

<sup>1745</sup> *rigol*, ring, circle. (W)

<sup>1752</sup> *deprived*, taken away. Cf. l. 1186. (n)



Where shall I live, now Lucrece is unlived ?  
Thou wast not to this end from me derived.

If children pre-decease progenitors,  
We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

“ Poor broken glass, I often did behold  
In thy sweet semblance my old age new born :  
But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,  
Shows me a bare-bon’d death by time outworn.  
O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn,  
And shiver’d all the beauty of my glass,  
That I no more can see what once I was.

1760

“ O time, cease thou thy course, and last no longer,  
If they surcease to be that should survive.  
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,  
And leave the faltering feeble souls alive ?  
The old bees die, the young possess their hive :  
Then, live sweet Lucrece ; live again, and see  
Thy father die, and not thy father thee ! ”

1770

By this starts Collatine as from a dream,  
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place ;  
And then in key-cold Lucrece’ bleeding stream  
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,  
And counterfeits to die with her a space :  
Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,  
And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul  
Hath serv’d a dumb arrest upon his tongue ;  
Who, mad that sorrow should his use control,

1780

<sup>1764</sup> key-cold. Cf. *Richard III.*, I. ii. 5, “Poor key-cold figure of a holy king.” (B)



## The Rape of Lucrece

135

Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,  
Begins to talk ; but through his lips do throng  
Weak words, so thick come in his poor heart's aid,  
That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime Tarquin was pronounced plain,  
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore,  
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,  
Held back his sorrow's tide to make it more ;  
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er :      1790  
Then, son and father weep with equal strife,  
Who should weep most, for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,  
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.  
The father says, "She's mine": "O, mine she is,"  
Replies her husband: "Do not take away  
My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say  
    He weeps for her, for she was only mine,  
    And only must be wail'd by Collatine."

"O," quoth Lucretius, "I did give that life,  
Which she too early and too late hath spill'd." 1800  
"Woe, woe!" quoth Collatine, "she was my wife,  
I ow'd her, and 't is mine that she hath kill'd."  
"My daughter" and "my wife" with clamours fill'd  
The dispers'd air, who holding Lucrece' life,  
Answer'd their cries, "my daughter and my wife."

1784 *thick*, rapidly. (w)  
1789-91 Cf. *S Henry VI.*, I. iv.

144-8:

"Wouldst have me weep? why,  
now thou hast thy will:

For raging wind blows up incessant showers,  
And when the rage allays, the rain begins. (B)

<sup>1003</sup> *ow'd*, possessed, had, i. e.  
she was mine. (R)



Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,  
Seeing such emulation in their woe,  
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,  
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's shew.  
He with the Romans was esteemed so

1810

As silly jeering idiots are with kings,  
For sportive words, and uttering foolish things :

But now he throws that shallow habit by,  
Wherein deep policy did him disguise,  
And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,  
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.

"Thou wronged lord of Rome," quoth he, "arise :  
Let my unsounded self, suppos'd a fool,  
Now set thy long-experienc'd wit to school.

1820

"Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe ?  
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds ?  
Is it revenge to give thyself a blow,  
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds ?  
Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds ;  
Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,  
To slay herself that should have slain her foe.

"Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart  
In such relenting dew of lamentations,  
But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,  
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,  
That they will suffer these abominations,  
Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgraced,  
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chased.

1830

"Now, by the Capitol that we adore,  
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stained,  
By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's store,

<sup>1830</sup> unsounded, unexplored. (B)

[Redacted]

The Rape of Lucrece

137

By all our country rights in Rome maintained,  
And by chaste Lucrece' soul, that late complained  
    Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,  
    We will revenge the death of this true wife."

1840

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,  
And kiss'd the fatal knife to end his vow ;  
And to his protestation urg'd the rest,  
Who, wondering at him, did his words allow :  
Then, jointly to the ground their knees they bow,  
    And that deep vow which Brutus made before,  
    He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,  
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence ;  
To shew her bleeding body thorough Rome,  
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence :  
Which being done with speedy diligence,  
    The Romans plausibly did give consent  
    To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

<sup>1848</sup> *allow*, approve. (B)

<sup>1844</sup> *plausibly*, willingly. (B)





## **THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM**



"The Passionate Pilgrime By W. Shakespeare. At London Printed for W. Iaggard, and are to be sold by W. Leake, at the Greyhound in Paules Churchyard. 1599." 16mo. 36 leaves.

"The Passionate Pilgrime. Or Certayne Amorous Sonnets betweene Venus and Adonis, newly corrected and augmented. By W. Shakespeare. The third Edition. Whereunto is newly added two Loue-Epistles; the first from Paris to Hellen, and Hellen's answere backe againe to Paris. Printed by W. Iaggard. 1612."

[A Facsimile of the 1599 edition is among Dr. Furnivall's Quarto Facsimiles. See also the Oxford Reproduction in Facsimile, with Introduction and Bibliography by Sidney Lee.

The 1612 edition is described as "the third," but no second edition is known.

In 1640 an entirely new edition with added matter, having nothing at all to do with Shakespeare, appeared under the title "Poems: written by Wil Shake-speare, Gent." Reprinted, letter for letter, by Alfred Russell Smith, London, 1885.]



THE  
PASSIONATE  
PILGRIME.  
*By W. Shakespeare.*



AT LONDON  
Printed for W. Iaggard, and are  
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1599.



## THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM

### INTRODUCTION

THE collection of Sonnets and short poems unaccountably entitled *The Passionate Pilgrim*, seems to have been made up in part of rejected passages of a poem upon the subject of *Venus and Adonis*, in the sonnet stanza. It was published in 1599 by William Jaggard, who was a most untrustworthy person, at least in regard to the representations of his title-pages. He made up his books out of such miscellaneous material as he could lay his hands on, and attributed them to the author whose name would command the readiest sale. Some of the pieces in the following collection were almost surely not written by Shakespeare; others bear unmistakable marks of his hand. . . . [In the 1612 edition there were "newly added two Love Epistles: the first from Paris to Hellen, and Hellen's answer back again to Paris." They were the compositions of Thomas Heywood, who protested vigorously against their insertion and incidentally revealed Shakespeare's feelings in the matter. Heywood's protest was included in the *Apology for Actors* (1612) and closed thus: "I must acknowledge my lines not worthy his patronage (i. e. Shakespeare's) under whom he (Jaggard) hath published them, so the author (Shakespeare), I know, was much offended with Mr. Jaggard that (altogether unknown to him) presumed to make so bold with his name." As a result of Heywood's protest, the first title-page was cancelled and a second substituted omitting Shakespeare's name, and thus letting all the poems go anonymously. The copy in the Bodleian Library, at one time the property of Malone, has both title-pages.] The order of the poems in this edition is that in which they were first published.





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## The Passionate Pilgrim

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I

WHEN my love swears that she is made of truth,  
I do believe her, though I know she lies,  
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,  
Unskilful in the world's false forgeries.  
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young, 5  
Although I know my years be past the best,  
I smiling credit her false-speaking tongue,  
Outfacing faults in love with love's ill rest.  
But wherefore says my love that she is young ?  
And wherefore say not I that I am old ? 10  
O, love's best habit is a soothing tongue,  
And age, in love, loves not to have years told.  
Therefore I'll lie with love, and love with me,  
Since that our faults in love thus smother'd be.

II

Two loves I have, of comfort and despair,  
That like two spirits do suggest me still ;  
My better angel is a man right fair,  
My worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.  
To win me soon to hell, my female evil 5  
Tempteth my better angel from my side,  
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,

Poems i. and ii. were Sonnets  
xxxviii. and cxliv. with variant  
readings; iii. was Longaville's son-  
net to Maria (with variations) in  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. iii. 60;  
iv., vi., and ix. are on the subject  
of *Venus and Adonis*, and for this  
reason are held by some as possibly  
Shakespeare's; v. was Biron's Son-  
net to Rosaline in *Love's Labour's  
Lost*, IV. ii. 109. (R)



Wooing his purity with her fair pride.  
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,  
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell :                           10  
For being both to me, both to each friend,  
I guess one angel in another's hell :  
    The truth I shall not know, but live in doubt,  
    Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

## III

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,  
'Gainst whom the world could not hold argument,  
Persuade my heart to this false perjury ?  
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.  
A woman I forswore ; but I will prove,                           5  
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee :  
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love ;  
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.  
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is ;  
Then, thou fair sun, that on this earth doth shine,           10  
Exhale this vapour vow ; in thee it is :  
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.  
    If by me broke, what fool is not so wise  
    To break an oath, to win a paradise ?

## IV

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook,  
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green,  
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,  
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.  
She told him stories to delight his ear ;                           5  
She shew'd him favours to allure his eye ;  
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there :

iv. <sup>1</sup> *Cytherea, Venus.* (n)

Touches so soft still conquer chastity.  
But whether unripe years did want conceit,  
Or he refused to take her figur'd proffer,      10  
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,  
But smile and jest at every gentle offer :  
Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward ;  
He rose and ran away ;— ah, fool too foward !

## v

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love ?  
O never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed :  
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant prove ;  
Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like osiers  
        bowed.  
Study his bias leaves, and make his book thine eyes,      5  
Where all those pleasures live that art can comprehend.  
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice ;  
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee com-  
        mend :  
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder ;  
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire :      10  
Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dread-  
        ful thunder,  
Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.  
Celestial as thou art, O do not love that wrong,  
To sing Heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.

## vi

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,  
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,  
When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,  
A longing tarriance for Adonis made,

iv. " toward, ready. (a)

VOL. XVII.—10



Under an osier growing by a brook,  
A brook, where Adon us'd to cool his spleen.  
Hot was the day ; she hotter that did look  
For his approach, that often there had been.  
Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,  
And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim ;  
The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,  
Yet not so wistly as this queen on him :  
    He, spying her, bounc'd in, whereas he stood ;  
    “O Jove,” quoth she, “why was not I a flood ?”

5

10

## VII

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle,  
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty ;  
Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle,  
Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty :  
    A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her,  
    None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.

5

Her lips to mine how often hath she joined,  
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing !  
How many tales to please me hath she coined,  
Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing !  
    Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,  
    Her faith, her oaths, her tears and all were jestings.

10

vi. <sup>6</sup> *spleen*, hot ardour. (R)  
vi. <sup>12</sup> *wistly*, attentively. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, l. 343; *Lucrece*, l. 1355. (R)

vi. <sup>13</sup> *whereas*, where. (R)

vii. Possibly Shakespeare's. (R)

vii. <sup>8</sup> *brittle*. Perhaps, for the rhyme, we should read *brickle*,

which was a common form of “brittle.” So “While brickle houriegasse,” &c., *Arcadia*, Book 2, p. 209, Ed. 1605. But *t* and *k* have a tendency to pass into each other. So for “letters of marque” we have “letters of mart,” and for “mate,” “make.” (w)

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth,  
 She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out-burneth ;  
 She fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the framing,  
 She bade love last, and yet she fell a-turning.

15

Was this a lover, or a lecher whether ?  
 Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

## VIII

If music and sweet poetry agree,  
 As they must needs, the sister and the brother,  
 Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,  
 Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.  
 Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch  
 Upon the lute doth ravish human sense :  
 Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such,  
 As passing all conceit, needs no defence.  
 Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound,  
 That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes ;  
 And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd,  
 Whenas himself to singing he betakes.

5

One god is god of both, as poets feign ;  
 One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

vii. <sup>12</sup> *flameth*. Perhaps the author wrote *with fire flaming*, by which the rhyme would be preserved. But the whole stanza is very imperfect in this respect. (w) [Fire is a dissyllable.]

viii. This poem appeared the year before (1598) in *Poems in Divers Humours*, by Richard Barnfield, and is supposed to be by him. (B)

viii. <sup>3</sup> *Dowland*. John Dowland was lutenist to the King of Denmark. He set many songs to music, his Song Books being published 1597, 1600, 1603. With Alfonso

Ferrabosco he furnished the music for some of Ben Jonson's Masques. For specimens of his poetry, see A. H. Bullen, *Lyrics from the Elizabethan Song Books*. (R)

viii. <sup>4</sup> *conceit*, imagination. Cf. *Lucrece*, ll. 701, 1423, &c. (R)

viii. <sup>14</sup> *One knight loves both*. This has been conjectured to be Sir George Carey, K. G., to whom Dowland dedicated his first book of airs, 1597, and whose wife, daughter of Sir John Spencer of Althorpe, was a special friend of Spenser's. (S)



## ix

Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love,  
Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,  
For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild ;  
Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill :  
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds ;      5  
She, silly queen, with more than love's good will,  
Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds ;  
“Once,” quoth she, “did I see a fair sweet youth  
Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,  
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth !      10  
See in my thigh,” quoth she, “here was the sore : ”  
She shewed hers ; he saw more wounds than one,  
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

5

10

## x

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon vaded,  
Pluck'd in the bud, and vaded in the spring !  
Bright orient pearl, alack ! too timely shaded !  
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting !  
Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,      5  
And falls, through wind, before the fall should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have ;  
For why ? thou left'st me nothing in thy will.  
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave ;  
For why ? I craved nothing of thee still :      10  
O, yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee ;  
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

ix. The second line of this sonnet is lost. (w)

x. Probably not Shakespeare's. (s)

x. <sup>1, 2</sup> vaded, faded. *v* for *f* is a characteristic of the dialect of Southern England. It is again found in xiii. (s)

## xi

Venus, with young Adonis sitting by her,  
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him ;  
She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,  
And as he fell to her, so fell she to him.  
“Even thus,” quoth she, “the warlike god embrac’d  
me ;”<sup>5</sup>  
And then she clipp’d Adonis in her arms :  
“Even thus,” quoth she, “the warlike god unlac’d me ;”  
As if the boy should use like loving charms.  
“Even thus,” quoth she, “he seized on my lips,”  
And with her lips on his did act the seizure ;<sup>10</sup>  
And as she fetched breath, away he skips,  
And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.  
Ah ! that I had my lady at this bay,  
To kiss and clip me till I run away !

## xii

Crabbed age and youth  
Cannot live together ;  
Youth is full of pleasance,  
Age is full of care :

xii. This sonnet appears, with some important variations, in Bartholomew Griffin’s *Fidessa, more chaste than kind*, a sequence of sixty-two sonnets, published in 1596. Despite this fact, White believed it to be by Shakespeare. (B)

xii. <sup>1</sup> *Venus, with young Adonis.* So the text in *Fidessa*. *The Passionate Pilgrim* omits “young.” (W)

xii. <sup>2</sup> *so fell she to him.* So in *Fidessa*. *The Passionate Pilgrim*

has *she fell to him*, which the rhyme shows to be wrong. (W)

xii. <sup>3</sup> *And.* So the old copy. White read *But*, thinking that *And* had been caught from ll. 10 and 12. (B)

xii. Opinion is divided as to this being Shakespeare’s. It is good enough to be his, but there are no data one way or another to determine the authorship. It “is a popular song often quoted by Elizabethan dramatists.” — Lee. (B)



Youth like summer morn, 5  
Age like winter weather;  
Youth like summer brave,  
Age like winter bare.  
Youth is full of sport,  
Age's breath is short; 10  
  
Youth is nimble, age is lame;  
Youth is hot and bold,  
Age is weak and cold;  
Youth is wild, and age is tame.  
Age, I do abhor thee, 15  
Youth, I do adore thee;  
O, my love, my love is young!  
Age, I do defy thee;  
O sweet shepherd, hie thee,  
For methinks thou stay'st too long! 20

## xiii

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,  
A shining gloss, that vadeth suddenly;  
A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud;  
A brittle glass, that 's broken presently:  
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower, 5  
Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are sold or never found,  
As vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh,  
As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,  
As broken glass no cement can redress, 10  
So beauty blemish'd once, for ever lost,  
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

xiii. Perhaps by the author of xiii. <sup>4</sup> *presently*, at the present,  
x. Cf. l. 6. *vaded*, faded, as in x. the instant, instantly. (w)  
(a) (b)

## xiv

Good night, good rest. Ah, neither be my share !  
She bade good night, that kept my rest away :  
And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,  
To descend on the doubts of my decay.  
“ Farewell,” quoth she, “ and come again to-morrow ; ” 5  
Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,  
In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether :  
‘T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,  
‘T may be, again to make me wander thither : 10  
“ Wander,” a word for shadows like myself,  
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

## xv

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east !  
My heart doth charge the watch ; the morning rise  
Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.  
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,  
While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark, 5  
And wish her lays were tuned like the lark ;  
  
For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty,  
And drives away dark dreaming night :  
The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty ;  
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight ; 10  
Sorrow chang'd to solace, solace mix'd with sorrow ;  
For why ? she sigh'd, and bade me come to-morrow.

xiv. xv. Probably not Shakespeare's. Printed as two poems in the first edition, but in all likelihood intended as one. (B)

xiv. \* daff'd me, dismissed me. (B)

xiv. \* nill, will not. (B)

xiv. 12 As, which, who. (B)

xv. \* charge, accuse. (B)

xv. \* Philomela. Cf. xxi. (B)

xv. \* pack'd, sped, gone. (B)



Were I with her, the night would post too soon;  
But now are minutes added to the hours;  
To spite me now, each minute seems a moon;      15  
Yet not for me, shine, sun, to succour flowers.  
Pack, night; peep, day; good day, of night now  
borrow;  
Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

## xvi

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of three,  
That liked of her master as well as well might be,  
Till looking on an Englishman, the fair'st that eye  
could see,  
Her fancy fell a-turning.  
Long was the combat doubtful, that love with love  
did fight,      5  
To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant knight:  
To put in practice either, alas, it was a spite  
Unto the silly damsel.  
But one must be refused, more mickle was the pain,  
That nothing could be used, to turn them both to gain,      10  
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with  
disdain:  
Alas, she could not help it!  
Thus art, with arms contending, was victor of the  
day,  
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away;  
Then lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay;      15  
For now my song is ended.

xv. <sup>14</sup> *a moon.* The old copy, *an hour.* The correction, which is indicated and supported by the rhyme, was made by Steevens. (w)

xvi. Not at all in Shakespeare's manner. (B)

xvi. <sup>2</sup> *master,* teacher. (B)

## xvii

On a day, alack the day !  
 Love, whose month was ever May,  
 Spied a blossom passing fair,  
 Playing in the wanton air :  
 Through the velvet leaves the wind  
 All unseen gan passage find ;  
 That the lover, sick to death,  
 Wish'd himself the heaven's breath,  
 " Air," quoth he, " thy cheeks may blow ;  
 Air, would I might triumph so !  
 But, alas ! my hand hath sworn  
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn :  
 Vow, alack ! for youth unmeet :  
 Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.  
 Thou for whom Jove would swear  
 Juno but an Ethiop were ;  
 And deny himself for Jove,  
 Turning mortal for thy love."

5

10

15

## xviii

My flocks feed not,  
 My ewes breed not,  
 My rams speed not,  
 All is amiss :  
 Love is dying,  
 Faith 's defying,

5

xvii. was Dumain's poem to Kate (with alterations) in *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. iii. 101. (R)

xviii. This poem was printed in Weelke's *Madrigals*, 1597, and in *England's Helicon*, 1600, with the signature *Ignoto*. It is most probably not Shakespeare's. [Bullen

favours Barnfield as the probable author.]

xviii. \* *Love is dying*. So *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *England's Helicon*, *Love is denying*. In the next line but one below, that version has, *Heart's renying* [which later editors retain].



154                  The Passionate Pilgrim

Heart's denying,  
    Causer of this.

All my merry jigs are quite forgot,  
All my lady's love is lost, God wot :  
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,  
There a nay is plac'd without remove.  
One silly cross

10

Wrought all my loss ;  
    O frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle dame !  
For now I see,  
Inconstancy  
    More in women than in men remain.

15

In black mourn I,  
All fears scorn I,  
Love hath forlorn me,  
    Living in thrall :  
Heart is bleeding,  
All help needing, —  
O cruel speeding,

20

Fraughted with gall !  
My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal,  
My wether's bell rings doleful knell ;  
My curtal dog that wont to have play'd,  
Plays not at all, but seems afraid ;  
With sighs so deep,

25

Procures to weep,  
    In howling-wise, to see my doleful plight.  
How sighs resound

Through heartless ground,  
    Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight !

30

xviii. <sup>22</sup> *no deal*, not a whit. (B)       xviii. <sup>23</sup> *Procures*. Most edi-  
xviii. <sup>20</sup> *curtal*, short-tailed. (B)       tors read *Procure* (i. e. contrive).  
xviii. <sup>21</sup> *With sighs*. In Weelke's (B)  
*Madrigals, My sighs.* (w)

Clear wells spring not,  
Sweet birds sing not,  
Green plants bring not  
Forth their dye;  
Herds stand weeping,  
Flocks all sleeping,  
Nymphs back peeping  
Fearfully.

All our pleasure known to us poor swains,  
All our merry meetings on the plains,  
All our evening sport from us is fled,  
All our love is lost, for Love is dead.  
Farewell, sweet lass,

Thy like ne'er was  
For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan:  
Poor Corydon  
Must live alone;  
Other help for him I see that there is none.

40

45

50

## xix

Whenas thine eye hath chose the dame,  
And stall'd the deer that thou should'st strike,  
Let reason rule things worthy blame,  
As well as fancy, partial wight:

Take counsel of some wiser head,  
Neither too young, nor yet unwed.

5

xviii. " *lass*. So in *WEEKE'S Madrigals*; the other versions, *loue*. (w)

xviii. " *my moan*. So in *England's Helicon*; in *The Passionate Pilgrim, my woe*. (w)

xix. Possibly Shakespeare's. It resembles a section of *Willowes his Avisa*, 1594. (x)

xix. " *stall'd*, secured. (x)

xix. " *As well as fancy, partial wight* [i. e. love]. In *The Passionate Pilgrim*, *As well as fancy (party all might)*. White read *As well as fancy's partial might*, which Cambridge gives as Furnivall's conjecture. He remarked: "In an old MS. copy of this poem collated by Collier, this line stands, *As well as partial fancy like*, which Dyce pre-



And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,  
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,  
Lest she some subtle practice smell;  
(A cripple soon can find a halt:) 10  
But plainly say thou lov'st her well,  
And set thy person forth to sell.

What though her frowning brows be bent,  
Her cloudy looks will calm ere night;  
And then too late she will repent, 15  
That thus dissembled her delight;  
And twice desire, ere it be day,  
That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,  
And ban and brawl, and say thee nay, 20  
Her feeble force will yield at length,  
When craft hath taught her thus to say:  
“Had women been so strong as men,  
In faith you had not had it then.”

And to her will frame all thy ways;  
Spare not to spend,—and chiefly there 25  
Where thy desert may merit praise,  
By ringing in thy lady's ear:  
The strongest castle, tower, and town,  
The golden bullet beats it down. 30

fers. I admit that I cannot understand it. That there is mere assonance, but not rhyme, between the second and fourth lines of this poem, is of small importance." The text is the reading of *Cambridge*, after Malone's conjecture. (B) xix. <sup>12</sup> thy person forth to sell,

i. e. praise thy person highly, as a salesman praises his wares. So in *Troilus and Cressida*, "Well but commend what we intend to sell," and in Sonnet xxi., "I will not praise that purpose not to sell." [White read *her* for *thy*, with Malone.]

Serve always with assured trust,  
 And in thy suit be humble, true;  
 Unless thy lady prove unjust,  
 Press never thou to choose anew:  
 When time shall serve, be thou not slack  
 To proffer, though she put thee back.

35

The wiles and guiles that women work,  
 Dissembled with an outward shew,  
 The tricks and toys that in them lurk,  
 The cock that treads them shall not know.  
 Have you not heard it said full oft,  
 A woman's nay doth stand for naught?

40

Think women seek to strive with men,  
 To sin, and never for to saint:  
 There is no heaven, by holy then,  
 When time with age shall them attaint.  
 Were kisses all the joys in bed,  
 One woman would another wed.

45

But soft; enough,—too much I fear,  
 Lest that my mistress hear my song;

50

xix. “*Think women seek to strive.* The first four lines of this stanza, very unsatisfactory though the text surely is, follow the old copies, as is the custom in late editions. White read for ll. 45–46:

*Here is no heaven; be holy then,  
 When time with age shall them attaint.*

He added: “The following is the reading of the MS. version used by Malone:

‘*Think women love to match with men,  
 And not to live so like a saint:  
 Here is no heaven; they holy then  
 Begin, when age doth them attaint.*’

This MS. version has no authority; and the reading which it furnishes, at so very great a variation from the old printed text, seems to me far inferior to that which is attained by the comparatively slight correction that I have made.” (B)



She will not stick to round me on th' ear,  
To teach my tongue to be so long :  
Yet will she blush, here be it said,  
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

## xx

Live with me, and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,  
And all the craggy mountains yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks,  
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers, by whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of roses,  
With a thousand fragrant posies,  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,  
With coral clasps and amber studs ;  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Then live with me and be my love.

5

10

15

xx. Consisted of four stanzas of Marlowe's "Smooth Song," "Come live with me, and be my love," and one stanza of *Love's Answer*, attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh. Izaak Walton quotes them in his *Complete Angler*, and ascribes the authorship. The *Answer* was given in full a year later (1600) in *England's Helicon*, signed "Ignoto," where also appeared the companion song, with two added verses, over Marlowe's name. (8)

## Love's ANSWER

If that the world and love were young,  
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
These pretty pleasures might me move  
To live with thee and be thy love.

20

## xxi

As it fell upon a day,  
In the merry month of May,

xxi. This poem, with the omission of lines 27, 28,

*Even so, poor bird, like thee,  
None alive will pity me.*

was published a year previously (1598) in R. Barnfield's *Poems in Divers Humours* (cf. viii), and for this reason it is customary to attribute it to Barnfield. The same two lines were missing (according to the Cambridge editors) in both the editions of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599 and 1612 (and in the volume of 1640). They were first published in *England's Helicon*, 1600, as the concluding lines of the poem, all the rest (ll. 27-58) disappearing. In this last form, as a complete poem in twenty-eight lines, it has been contended, we find the original version and true significance of the poem — which has been completely changed by the addition of the other thirty-one lines (ll. 27-58) — viz., the lament of a ruined woman's heart (Cf. *Lucrece*, below, ll. 1079, 1080), comparing her wretched plight to

that of the nightingale — the deflowered Philomel of the legend, summed up in the concluding couplet, quoted above. There the poem is at an end. The addition of ll. 29-58 is in quite another spirit — on

"certain signs to know  
Faithful friend from flattering  
foe."

See J. B. Henneman on "Barnfield's Ode," in the Furnivall Memorial Volume (1900).

The Philomel legend was treated by Shakespeare in *Lucrece* (ll. 1079, 1080, 1128-30, 1134, 1135, 1141, 1142-48) and *Titus Andronicus* (II. iv. 26 ff., and IV. i. 42 ff.), and is referred to in Sonnet cii. and elsewhere. The closeness of the parallel with the *Lucrece* passages is particularly striking, and some of these may be quoted:

*Lucrece*, ll. 1079, 1080:  
"By this, lamenting Philomel had  
ended  
The well-tun'd warble of her  
nightly sorrow." . . .



Sitting in a pleasant shade  
Which a grove of myrtles made,  
Beasts did leap and birds did sing,        5  
Trees did grow and plants did spring :  
Every thing did banish moan,  
Save the nightingale alone :  
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,  
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,  
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,        10  
That to hear it was great pity :  
“ Fie, fie, fie,” now would she cry,  
“ Tereu, Tereu,” by and by :  
That to hear her so complain,        15  
Scarce I could from tears refrain ;  
For her griefs, so lively shewn,  
Made me think upon mine own.  
Ah ! thought I, thou mourn'st in vain :  
None take pity on thy pain :        20

## ll. 1129, 1130:

“ Come, Philomel, that sing'st of  
ravishment,  
Make thy sad grove in my dishev-  
ell'd hair. . . .

## ll. 1133, 1134:

“ For burthen-wise I'll hum on  
Tarquin still,  
While thou on Tereus descant'st,  
better skill.”

## ll. 1135-1137:

“ And whiles against a thorn thou  
bear'st thy part,  
To keep thy sharp woes waking,  
wretched I,  
To imitate thee well. . . .”

## ll. 1142-1148:

“ And for, poor bird, thou sing'st  
not in the day,  
As shaming any eye should thee  
behold,  
Some dark deep desert, seated  
from the way,  
That knows not parching heat  
nor freezing cold,  
Will we find out; and there we  
will unfold  
To creatures stern sad tunes to  
change their kinds:  
Since men prove beasts, let  
beasts bear gentle minds.”

(R)

xxi. <sup>14</sup> “ *Tereu, Tereu,*” seem-  
ingly intended as an imitation of  
the nightingale and at the same  
time a reference to Tereus, who  
forced Philomel. (R)

Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee ;  
 Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee.  
 King Pandion, he is dead ;  
 All thy friends are lapp'd in lead :  
 All thy fellow birds do sing,                           25  
 Careless of thy sorrowing.  
 Even so, poor bird, like thee,  
 None alive will pity me.  
 Whilst as fickle fortune smil'd,  
 Thou and I were both beguil'd.                           30  
 Every one that flatters thee,  
 Is no friend in misery.  
 Words are easy like the wind ;  
 Faithful friends are hard to find.  
 Every man will be thy friend,                           35  
 Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend ;  
 But if store of crowns be scant,  
 No man will supply thy want.  
 If that one be prodigal,  
 Bountiful they will him call :                           40  
 And with such like flattering,  
 "Pity but he were a king."  
 If he be addict to vice,  
 Quickly him they will entice ;  
 If to women he be bent,                                   45  
 They have at commandment ;  
 But if fortune once do frown,

xxi. <sup>22</sup> *beasts.* The old copy, stated in *Titus Andronicus*, IV. with manifest error, *bears*. [So i. 42-55. (R) *Lucrece*, l. 1148, "let *beasts* bear gentle minds."]

xxi. <sup>22</sup> *King Pandion*, the father of Philomel. The legend comes from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, as mentioned in the note on l. 1148. He probably took *have him at* from Sewell and derived the *e* in *commandement* from the early copies. (R)



162

### The Passionate Pilgrim

Then farewell his great renown :  
They that fawn'd on him before,  
Use his company no more.  
He that is thy friend indeed,  
He will help thee in thy need.  
If thou sorrow, he will weep ;  
If thou wake, he cannot sleep :  
Thus of every grief in heart  
He with thee doth bear a part.  
These are certain signs to know  
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

50

55



## **SONNETS**



"SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS. Never before Imprinted. At London By G. Eld for T. T. and are to be sold by William Aspley. 1609." 4to. 40 leaves.

The same. By the same, "and are to be sold by John Wright, dwelling at Christ Church gate. 1609."

"A Louer's complaint. By William Shake-speare," is printed at the end of this volume, of which it makes eleven pages.

[A Facsimile of the first 1609 edition of the Sonnets is among the Shakespeare Quarto Facsimiles edited by Dr. Furnivall (No. 30), with an introduction by Thomas Tyler.<sup>1</sup> See also the Oxford Facsimile of the First Edition of 1609 from the copy in the Malone Collection in the Bodleian Library with an introduction and bibliography by Sidney Lee. No other edition of the Sonnets seems to have appeared after 1609 before 1640, when there was issued the volume "Poems: written by Wil. Shake-speare, Gent. Printed at London by Tho. Cotes, and are to be sold by John Benson, dwelling in St. Dunstan's Church-yard. 1640." This is the volume reproduced by Smith, London, 1885.<sup>1</sup> The volume contained, together with other material (for instance, the poems in the *Passionate Pilgrim* collection), most of the Sonnets rearranged and connected in series under various titles. Those omitted altogether were Sonnets xviii, xix, xliii, lvi, lxxv, lxxvi, xcvi, cxxvi.]

<sup>1</sup> In 1870 Smith reprinted the Aspley edition of 1609. (2)



# SHAKE-SPEARES

## SONNETS.

Neuer before Imprinted.

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AT LONDON  
By G. Eld for T. T. and are  
to be sold by John Wright, dwelling  
at Christ Church gate.  
1609.





# POEMS: VV R I T T E N BY WIL. SHAKE-SPEARE. Gent.

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Printed at London by Tho. Cotes, and are  
to be sold by John Benson, dwelling in  
St. Dunstans Church-yard. 1640.



## SONNETS

### INTRODUCTION

SHAKESPEARE'S Sonnets were first printed in 1609 in a small quarto volume, the publisher of which dedicated them to a Mr. W. H., whom he styles their "only begetter." They, or some of them, or possibly some others of Shakespeare's writing, are mentioned in Meres's *Palladis Tamia*, (which appeared in 1598,) in company with their author's *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, as "his sugred sonnets among his private friends." In only three of them, those numbered 111, 135, and 136, is he unmistakably speaking in his own person, though the first of these seems clearly connected in spirit with its predecessor. As to the motives of the rest we have only that kind of internal evidence which addresses itself to the judgment of the individual reader. They may, or they may not, have been the direct and deliberate expressions of his own feeling; and some of them, as, for instance, the first seventeen, with which the succeeding five seem to be intimately connected, are of such a nature that it is difficult to conjecture why they should have been written by any man. This is all that we know about a collection of more than two thousand verses, second only in importance and in interest to the best dramatic productions of their author.

Conjecture has long been busy to discover the purpose of these sonnets, and the person or persons to whom they were addressed. Farmer thought, or, rather, guessed, that they were written to William Hart, the poet's nephew; Tyrwhitt suggested that the line —

"A man in hue, all *Hews* in his controlling" —

in the twentieth sonnet, indicates William Hughes, or Hews, as their subject; George Chalmers argued that the recipient



of the impassioned adulation which pervades so many of them was no other than the virgin Queen Elizabeth herself! Dr. Drake supposed that in "W. H." we have the transposed initials of Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton; and lastly, Mr. Boaden brought forward William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, as the beautiful youth, the dearly loved false friend, whose reluctance to marry, and whose readiness to love lightly the wanton and alluring woman whom the poet loved so deeply, were the occasion of these mysterious and impressive poems.<sup>1</sup>

Of these hypotheses, the latter, which alone is worthy of serious consideration, was adopted by Mr. Armitage Brown, and very minutely worked out in his book entitled *Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems*. Mr. Brown thinks that Shakespeare used the sonnet form merely as a stanza, and that all his sonnets, exclusive of the last two, (which manifestly have no connection with any others,) were written as six consecutive poems. He thus divides them, and designates their subjects:—

First Poem. Sonnets 1 to 26. *To his friend, persuading him to marry.*

Second Poem. Sonnets 27 to 55. *To his friend, forgiving him for having robbed him of his mistress.*

Third Poem. Sonnets 56 to 77. *To his friend, complaining of his coldness, and warning him of life's decay.*

Fourth Poem. Sonnets 78 to 101. *To his friend, complaining that he prefers another poet's praises, and reproofing him for faults that may injure his character.*

Fifth Poem. Sonnets 102 to 126. *To his friend, excusing himself for having been some time silent, and disclaiming the charge of inconstancy.*

Sixth Poem. Sonnets 127 to 152. *To his mistress, on her infidelity.*

These divisions are merely arbitrary; and all the author's ingenuity has failed to convince me either that the limits

<sup>1</sup> A profound German, Herr Barnstorff, and an acute Frenchman, Monsieur Philarète Chasles, have conceived, and even printed, and men of Shakespeare's race have actually discussed, theories upon this subject which are alluded to only lest some reader might otherwise suppose that they had escaped notice. (w)

which he has drawn exist otherwise than in his imagination, or that the sonnets within those limits are consecutively interdependent. He himself admits that in the sixth poem or division the order of the stanzas or sonnets is confused in the edition of 1609—the only one of even quasi authority. That many of the sonnets which were printed together are upon the same subject, or have some connection with each other, is clear enough; but, excepting the first seventeen, (all of which urge a very young man to marry,) continuity of purpose is rarely traceable through more than half a dozen of them in the order in which they were first given to the world. In my opinion they were printed in the first edition much in the sequence in which they were gathered together, with little attention to systematic arrangement; and the consequence is a distracting, and, most probably, a remediless confusion after the twenty-second sonnet, even as to those which have manifestly some connection with each other.

The Mr. W. H., to whom these poems are dedicated as their only begetter, could not have been so designated because they were all addressed to him, or because he alone was in any sense their subject or their object. For some of them are addressed to a woman, others to a lad, others to a man; in three Shakespeare speaks unmistakably for himself, and upon subjects purely personal; and the last two are mere fanciful and independent productions. But though it is thus manifest that no one man could have been the only inspirer or occasion of all these sonnets, yet Mr. W. H. could easily have been their only procurer for the purposes of publication, and thus have performed an office which Thomas Thorpe might well have acknowledged by something more substantial than the barren wish which has proved such a riddle to after generations. It is true that two hundred and fifty years ago the word “beget” was restricted, as it is now, to the expression of the idea of procreation. But this dedication is not written in the common phraseology of its period; it is throughout a piece of affectation and elaborate quaintness, in which the then antiquated prefix “be” might be

expected to occur ; "beget" being used for "get," as Wiclf uses "betook" for "took" in Mark xv. 1 — "And ledden him and betoken him to Pilat."

Mr. Dyce was the first, I believe, to advance the opinion that most of these sonnets were composed "in an assumed character on different subjects, and at different times."<sup>1</sup> This supposition is in accordance with the custom of Shakespeare's day for poets to write songs and sonnets for the use of those who could not write verse themselves. Sometimes this was done for friendship's sake, sometimes for money, and often for the mere pleasure of both parties. That Shakespeare, who had such facility with his pen, and who seems to have been so obliging and so sociable, and whom we know to have been so thrifty, should not have had occasion to conform to this literary custom of his time, would have been hardly credible, even without that singularly phrased testimony of Francis Meres, "his sugred sonnets *among his private friends.*" By these words Meres seems to point directly to such an origin for at least some sonnets which Shakespeare had written before 1598. But were the sonnets to which Meres refers those which have come down to us? For unless we can regard the sonnets which were published in 1609, and which are all of Shakespeare's that are known to exist, as mere fanciful exercises in poetry, we must ask, Would Shakespeare, or the man for whom he wrote, have shown about among his friends these evidences of so profound an emotion, these witnesses of an internal struggle that went near to shatter his whole being? I confess that I can neither believe that he would, nor quite accept, as I once did, the alternative. It is, however, to be observed, that Shakespeare, who so carefully published his *Venus and Adonis*, and his *Lucrece*, and who looked so sharply after his interests, did not publish his sonnets, although he must have known how eagerly they would have been sought by the public — a fact which favours the supposition that they, like

<sup>1</sup> In his Memoir of Shakespeare prefixed to Pickering's edition of the Poems. (w)

the plays, had been sold, and were not properly under his control. On the other hand, the fact that he for whom the sonnets speak is described as one who knows his "years be past the best," as "beaten and chopped with tanned antiquity," and as having "travelled on to age's sleepy night," which I was once inclined to regard as evidence that Shakespeare could not have written them in his own person, because in 1598 he was but thirty-four years old and in 1609 but forty-five, has no such significance. There is evidence enough that in those days a man was called old, and even aged, when he had passed the freshness of his first youth. Even in 1641-2 Sir Simonds D'Ewes, the great authority on precedents of the Long Parliament, and who was its manuscript chronicler, was styled "an ancient gentleman," and he was then but thirty-nine years old. In those days men seem to have shown the marks of age sooner than they do now. They lived harder lives, put less restraint upon their passions, gave emotion freer way, drank more alcohol, went through much wear and tear which the experience of the race has taught us to avoid; and even among the wealthy classes they enjoyed less of those daily household comforts which by affording present ease husband the vital energies.

Five of the sonnets — Nos. 80, 83, 85, 86, and 121 — were evidently written to be presented to some lady who had verses addressed to her by at least one other person than the supposed writer of these; for the praises of another poet are explicitly mentioned in them. No. 78 was addressed to one who was the theme of many pens, for it contains these lines:—

"So oft I have invoked thee for my muse,  
And found such fair assistance in my verse,  
As every alien pen hath got my use,  
And under thee their poetry disperse.  
  
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,  
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be."

These are of the number which Mr. Brown classes as part of the Fourth Poem, the chief subject of which is a complaint



by Shakespeare that his friend prefers another poet's praises. But making all allowance for a warmth in the expression of friendship, which, admissible then, would seem ridiculous in our day, I cannot but regard many of the sonnets in this supposed Fourth Poem, and the six above mentioned among them, as addressed to a woman.

A singular and striking feature of these sonnets is the poet's reiteration of the immortality which they secure for their subject. These boasts of giving deathless fame to the subjects of his verse seem inconsistent with the notion of Shakespeare's character which we derive from what we know of him, as well as from what little we are told of him by his contemporaries,—with his indifference to fame, with that modesty, and simplicity, and sweetness which made him beloved even by those who thought themselves his rivals. He might have written thus jestingly; but could he have made such an assertion repeatedly in sad and serious earnest, and in his own person?<sup>1</sup> And if his sonnets were merely complimentary, would he not rather have said that immortality was secured for his verses by their subject? These poems are peculiar in this respect; and the peculiarity adds to our perplexity in considering the question whether their author wrote them in his own person or in another's.

For whom these sonnets were written, if they were indeed vicarious, it is more difficult to discover, than to whom they were addressed. I have, I confess, no opinion upon the subject which is at all satisfactory to me, or perhaps even worthy of the reader's serious attention. But I have thought that the first seventeen may have been written at the request of a doting mother, who wished to persuade a handsome, wayward son into an early marriage. Why should one man beseech another to take a wife with such tender and impassioned importunity? Why should Shakespeare have entreated a youthful friend, whom he loved with a love passing that of woman, to marry "for love of me"? There seems to be no imaginable reason

<sup>1</sup> The reader must be cautioned against an over-ready acceptance of the views here set forth. (n)

for seventeen such poetical petitions. But that a mother should be thus solicitous is not strange, or that she should long to see the beautiful children of her own beautiful offspring. The desire for grandchildren, and the love of them, seem sometimes even stronger than parental yearning. But I hazard this conjecture with little confidence. An obscurity which seems impenetrable has fallen upon the origin of these impressive compositions. Mr. Thomas Thorpe appears in his dedication as the Sphinx of literature; and thus far he has not met his Oedipus.

[White's essay has been given entire, because it brings out clearly the inherent difficulties in dealing with the problems of these poems—problems no nearer solution to-day than before. Over thirty years ago Prof. Edward Dowden gave in his *Shakspere Primer* (1877) a conservative and natural explanation of the Sonnets as expressions of personal feeling. This he repeated with some elaboration in a special edition of the Sonnets (reissued with additional matter, 1903). In recent years there appeared almost contemporaneously (1898) Mr. Sidney Lee's *Life of William Shakespeare* and Mr. George Wyndham's *Poems of Shakespeare*. The former contained the most laborious argument yet advanced against a personal interpretation of these poems, treating them merely as exercises after the fashion of Elizabethan sonneteers written for the greater part in the author's early years. The latter subjected the poems to a fresh analysis and more detailed classification into united groups, giving metaphysical and ideal interpretations to much that is subjective in them, and possibly reading not a little of his own suggested conceptions into them. In Mr. Wyndham's words: "We need not choose: the middle way remains of accepting from the Sonnets only the matter which they embody and the form which they display."

These three views, all different yet all representative of three striking modes of interpretation, may be accepted as standing for the best English criticism and study of to-day and are here outlined.

Mr. Dowden lets the Sonnets tell their own story connect-



edly in their most natural significance (*Shakspeare Primer*, pp. 112-114) :

"The Sonnets consist of two series, the first from 1 to 126 (the Envoy, 126, consisting of twelve lines in couplets) addressed to a young man; the other, 127-154, addressed to or referring to a woman. But both series allude to events which connect the two persons with one another and with Shakespeare. The young friend, whom Shakespeare loved with a fond idolatry, was beautiful, clever, rich in the gifts of fortune, of high rank. The woman was of stained character, false to her husband, the reverse of beautiful, dark-eyed, pale-faced, a musician, possessed of a strange power of attraction. To her fascination Shakespeare yielded himself, and in his absence she laid her snares for Shakespeare's friend and won him. Hence a coldness, estrangement, and, for some time, a complete severance between Shakespeare and his friend, after a time followed by acknowledgment of faults on both sides, and a complete reconciliation.

"So the Sonnets must be interpreted if we accept the natural sense they seem to bear. . . .

"The Sonnets from 1 to 126 form, allowing for a few possible breaks, a continuous series. In the early Sonnets the poet urges his friend to marry, that, his beauty surviving in his children, he may conquer Time and Decay. But if he refuses this, then Verse — the poetry of Shakespeare — must make war upon Time, and confer immortality upon his friend's loveliness (15-19). Many of the poems are written in absence (26, 27, 28, &c.). All Shakespeare's griefs and losses are made good to him by joy in his friend (29-31). The wrong done by 'Will' to Shakespeare is then spoken of (33), for which some 'salve' is offered (34); the salve is worthless, but Shakespeare will try to forgive. We trace the gradual growth of distrust on each side (58), until a melancholy settles down upon the heart of Shakespeare (66). Still he loves his friend, and tries to think him pure and true. Then a new trouble arises: his friend is favoring a rival poet of great learning and skill (76-86). . . . Shakespeare bids his friend

'Farewell' (87); let him hate Shakespeare if he will. He ceases to address poems to him; but after an interval of silence begins once more to sing (100, 101, 102, &c.). He sees his friend again and finds him still beautiful. There is a reconciliation (104, 105, 107). Explanations and confessions are made. Love is restored, stronger than ever (119), for now it has passed through trial and sorrow; it is founded not on interested motives (124), nor, as formerly, on the attraction of youth and beauty, but is inward of the heart (125). And thus, gravely and happily, the Sonnets to his friend conclude.

"The reader who chooses to investigate the second series of Sonnets—those to Shakespeare's dark mistress—will meet with little difficulty in understanding them. Perhaps 153, 154, which seem to be two experiments in verse on the same subject, ought to be placed apart from the rest."—Thus, Mr. Dowden.

Mr. George Wyndham (*Poems of Shakespeare*) analyzes the Sonnets still further, and interprets them in a metaphysical and almost allegorical spirit. He finds the First Series (i to cxxvi) susceptible of division into seven subordinate groups:

A. Sonnets i-xix. The poems in this group echo the argument in *Venus and Adonis*, 157, 174. Written ostensibly to urge a beautiful youth to marry, they form essentially "a continuous poem on Beauty and Decay," with two subsidiary themes: "one, philosophic, on immortality conferred by breed; the other, literary, on immortality conferred by verse."

There follow Sonnets xx-xxi, xxii, xxiii-xxiv, xxv, "written playfully or affectionately to the youth who is now dear to their author.

B. Sonnets xxvi-xxxii. "A continuous poem on Absence . . . turning each succeeding emotion to its full artistic account."

C. Sonnets xxiii-xlii. On a personal theme. The writer's friend has wronged him by stealing his mistress's love. The counterpart on the same theme in the Second Series are Sonnets cxxxiii-cxlv, addressed to the mistress or in comment



on her complicity in the wrong. Only three are really tragic : xxxiv, xxxvi, and xl ;— yet they end “we must not be foes.” There follow Sonnets xliii, xliv–xlv, xlvi–xlvii–xlviii, xlix, l–li, lii on Absence. liii–liv, lv are again on the theme of immortalizing. This last (lv) seems to be an Envoy, verifying a passage connected with Shakespeare in which Meres in his *Palladis Tamia* (1598) quoted Ovid and Horace.

D. Sonnets lvi–lxxiv. The Poet writes again after Silence. The absence of the friend inspires reflections much more metaphysical than the earlier handling of the same theme (B. xxvi–xxxii), and (together with cxxiii, cxxiv, and cxxv) are among the noblest of the Sonnets. There follow Sonnets lxxv, lxxvi, lxxvii.

E. Sonnets lxxviii–lxxxvi. Again personal. This group treats of the Rival Poets,— for Mr. Wyndham holds they are plural,— and particularly of one who has “bereft the writer of his friend’s admiration.” The mood is “playful, suggesting no tragedy.”

F. Sonnets lxxxvii–xcvi. Utter Estrangement. “A single speech of tragic intensity, . . . in elegiac verse more exquisite than Ovid’s own.”

Here is the greatest break in the First Series. Sonnets 97 and 98–99 tell of two absences, occurring in late summer and in spring, denoting possibly the lapse of time from early autumn to spring.

G. Sonnets c–cxxv. After Silence, a Renewal. A retrospect over a space of three years to the time when “love was new.” The old themes (chiefly in A and D) are retouched. Beauty and Decay, Love, Constancy, the Immortalizing of the beloved object. A personal series is interwoven: “an apology (cix–cxii, cxvii–cxx, cxxii) for a negligence on the Poet’s part of the rites of friendship . . . founded on episodes and moods necessarily incidental to the life which we know Shakespeare must have led.” The “feeling of undeserved degradation is a mood most incident to all who work, whether artists or men of action.”

“Thus does he lead up directly to the last three Sonnets

of the Series (cxxiii, cxxiv, cxxv), which close this Satire to Decay, and with it the whole series (i-cxxv)."

An Envoy to the whole series, composed of six couplets, follows.

Some regard Sonnets xxvi, xxxii, (?) xlii, lv, lxxv, xcvi, xcix, as well as cxxxi, as "envoys" to the special groups and subdivisions.

"The Second Series shows fewer traces of design. . . . The magnificent cxxix on 'lust in action' is wedged between two: one addressed to [the poet's] mistress and one descriptive of her charm; both playful in their fancy. cxlii, to his Soul, with its grave pathos and beauty, follows on a foolish verbal conceit, written in octosyllabic verse; while cliii and cliv are contrived in the worst manner of the French Renaissance on the theme of a Greek epigram. But the rest are, all of them, addressed to a Dark Lady whom Shakespeare loved in spite of her infidelity, or they comment on the wrong she does him. . . . They were written at the same time and on the same subject as the Sonnets in Group C, xxxiii-xliii. . . . They are alternately playful and pathetic; their diction is often as exquisite, their discourse often as eloquent. But sometimes they are sardonic and even fierce."

Passing from the Topics suggested by the mere story of the Sonnets, Mr. Wyndham discusses a number of abstruse themes of art and life he finds contained in them: the idea of beauty; the truth of beauty; how false art obscures the truth of beauty; imaginary standpoints in time; and the unreality of time.

The tendency to treat the Sonnets, not as biographical data, but as exercises of the poet's art, representing stages in the development of his poetic powers, has distinctly grown of late years. This is the basis of a careful study by Prof. Thos. R. Price on *The Technic of Shakespeare's Sonnets* in the "Studies in Honor of Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve" (1902): "So soon as the world ceases to seek in the sonnets for morbid details of the poet's biography, and for revelation of his adventures and intrigues, those poems assume their true value as works

of art. And, if the stages of a poet's artistic development be in truth the vital facts of a poet's life, then the sonnets become of monumental worth, stages in the attainment of his perfect art, the training-school of his transcendent genius for poetic form. They are the abiding record of his studies in poetry. In them the young dramatist, with his mind set upon all that was best in the sonnet-literature of his time, trained himself by strenuous practice and through the most ingenious and varied experiments in style and poetic diction, to his final purpose, the dramatic rendering of human character.

"In essence, therefore, the sonnets, as a long series of elaborate studies in the lyrical expression of thought and emotion, are as purely and intensely dramatic as the dramas themselves. . . ."

This attitude and point of view prepares us for a consideration of the strongest denial that has been made that most of the Sonnets were written on personal themes, and the stoutest maintenance of the thesis that they are for the most part but exercises in a current literary fashion. This will be found in Mr. Sidney Lee's *Life of William Shakespeare* (1898) and in his subsequent discussions of the subject. The argument is as follows.

The sonnet form came into vogue with the verses of Wyatt and Surrey under Henry VIII. But it was not until Sir Philip Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella* was published in 1591 — in which was portrayed Astrophel's hopeless love for Stella — that all the verse-writers of the day essayed the same form and suffered from the same complaint in a more or less closely connected series of verses. In the five years after the publication of the *Stella* poems there appeared a very large number of such collections: Samuel Daniel's *Delia*, 1592; Henry Constable's *Diana*, 1592; Giles Fletcher's *Licia*, 1593; B. Barnes' *Parthenophil*, 1593; Michael Drayton's *Idea*, 1594; Spenser's *Amoretti*, 1595; Thomas Lodge's *Phillis*, 1595; George Chapman's *Coronet for Mistress Philosophy*, 1595; R. Lynch's *Diella*, 1596; and Bartholomew Griffin's *Fidessa*, 1596. The culminating point thus seems to have been reached about 1594-95.

In Shakespeare's early plays (*Love's Labour's Lost*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *All's Well that Ends Well* (i. e. *Love's Labour's Won?*)) are abundant evidences of the poet's experimenting with the sonnet form in verse. After his success with *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece* he took up this form, and the bulk of the Sonnets were thus early efforts and composed in the conventional temper of the time as early as 1594. They were added to now and then in a sporadic fashion for the next ten years, between 1594 and the year of James I's accession (1603).

In literary value they are very unequal — from the supremely beautiful to the merely conventional. The form is not that of the Petrarchan or Italian sonnet, — an octave followed by a sestet, — but the form introduced by Wyatt and developed by Sidney, Daniel, Drayton, and, with a special linking of rhymes, Spenser — three quatrains with a concluding couplet. Many of the Sonnets pursue the same theme and stand in related groups. The Elizabethan sonnet for the most part shows a lack of genuine sentiment. Shakespeare in his plays speaks lightly of the practice: "Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting" (*Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. iii. 158); and there is a satiric touch in the recipe for sonnet love-making in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, III. ii. 68–70.

That in Shakespeare's Sonnets the autobiographic element is slight and the imitative strong, many things go to show. The claim for immortality is a well-known borrowed conceit, and no less so is the method of vituperation addressed to a woman. Only in the love adventure does there seem to be a genuine personal note. So far as any actual person or friend is intended, this seems to Mr. Lee to be plainly the Earl of Southampton, Shakespeare's only patron, now become his friend, to whom the *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece* had just been dedicated. The early date (1594) assigned by Mr. Lee to most of these exercises bears out this conclusion.

Mr. Lee further calls attention to a curious identity of initials and a singular coincidence of the year, 1594. In this year was published a poem with the title, *Willowie, his Avisa*,

or the True Picture of a Modest Maid and of a Chaste and Constant Wife. There are some prefatory lines in praise of Avisa, and Shakespeare apparently is mentioned here by name for the first time: "And Shake-speare paints poor Lucrece's rape." The poem tells how a young married woman, Avisa, resists the wooing of several admirers. At length Henry Willolie (H. W.) becomes an ardent adorer and seeks counsel of his friend "*W. S., who not long before had tried the courtesy of the like passion and was now nearly recovered of the like infection.*" This friend at first would "see whether it would sort to a happier end for this new actor than it did for the *old player*," but at last gives sound advice. There is hardly any doubt that "Henry Willolie" is an assumed name, and that the piece was satirical, if not, as it has been suggested, even libellous in character. Two years later, in 1596, it was "called in," together with Hall's *Satires* and another work. While no conclusions can be drawn, it is nevertheless curious that *W. S.* and *H. W.* should be the same as the initials of William Shakespeare and Henry Wriothesley, and that the story should indicate some such love adventure as seems told in the Sonnets.

So far as there are any autobiographic revelations in the Sonnets, there seem to be several references to the relations between the poet and the patron—emphasized as only one—of his verses (xxiii, xxvii, xxxii, xxxvii, xxxviii, lxix, lxxvii-lxxxvi, c, ci, ciii, cvi). The warmth of the dedication of *Lucrece* is reproduced in even more gorgeous language in xxvi. In this connection Mr. Lee identifies the rival poet as Barnabe Barnes, a poetic panegyrist of Southampton and a prolific sonneteer. The extravagances of literary compliment in Elizabeth's day went beyond all restraint. The early date of 1594 preserves the fitness of the designation of Southampton as still a youth, and the description of the Sonnets corresponds to an actual portrait of Southampton we possess. According to this theory, two of these sonnets addressed to him refer specifically to later events. In lxx the hero of the poet has "passed by the ambush of young days,"

## Introduction

179

and cvii is interpreted as referring to Elizabeth's death ("the mortal moon hath her eclipse endured"), the accession of James I ("peace proclaims olives of endless age"), and the release from prison of Southampton ("Now with the drops of this most balmy time, My love looks fresh"), who had been convicted in 1601 of complicity in the plot of Essex's rebellion ("as forfeit to a confined doom"). [In accepting these references Mr. Lee adopts so far Mr. Gerald Massey's view in *The Secret Drama of Shakespeare's Sonnets*.] All the poets of the day felicitated the nation that the sceptre had passed peacefully from Elizabeth to James, and "Samuel Daniel and John Davies specifically celebrated Southampton's release." Mr. Lee thinks, "It is improbable that Shakespeare remained silent."

After a fashion of the day the Sonnets were circulated in manuscript without being published. One line (xciv. 14), "Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds," was quoted in *Edward III*, a play probably written before 1595. In 1598 Francis Meres spoke, as we have seen, in his *Palladis Tamia* of Shakespeare's "sugred sonnets among his private friends." In 1599 William Jaggard inserted two of the most mature ones (cxxviii and cxliv) in his collection, *The Passionate Pilgrim*. At length, in 1609, the series, as we have them, was sent surreptitiously to the press.

Such is the strongly put, though not in every particular convincing, argument of Mr. Sidney Lee.<sup>1</sup> Certain it is that through his investigations the relations of Shakespeare's Sonnets to the productions of the contemporary sonneteers of England and the Continent have been brought into clearer light; and an earlier date than had been generally assumed (Mr. Dowden placed them at various points of time in the ten

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Lee's views cannot be thoroughly appreciated without a careful study, not only of his revised *Life*, but of the two volumes of *Elizabethan Sonnets*, which he edited with an elaborate and most valuable introduction for the new edition of Arber's *English Garner*, and of his introduction in the Oxford Facsimile, 1905. The student should also be referred to the introduction to Canon Beeching's edition of the Sonnets in the *Athenaeum Press Series*. (n)

years between 1595 and 1605) has been assigned to the larger number of them. Following out this thought, noteworthy similarities in speech and thought have been pointed out between the Sonnets and the early poems, *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, the early historical plays, particularly *3 Henry VI*<sup>1</sup> and the early love-plays.<sup>2</sup>

The love-intrigue of *Love's Labour's Lost*, the dark beauty of the heroine so insisted upon, the sonnet-dialogue, and the dominating spirit of the play are allied with many of the Sonnets. An echo of the central thought of *Romeo and Juliet* may be heard in the lines (xvi. 11, 12):

"Love alters not with his (i. e. Time's) brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of doom."

Others of the Sonnets in the strength of their introspection give back rather the sadder and more melancholy note of *Hamlet* and *Measure for Measure*.

While Mr. Lee places most of the Sonnets as early as 1594, even he must admit that at least one other (cvii, discussed above) was written ten years later, after the change of government in 1603. A compromise between the several views may possibly be effected. We may conclude that while the more conventional ones, e. g. i-xix, &c. are early, others came from the Shakespeare of maturer powers and were written possibly more nearly at the turning-point of the century, which was at the same time the point of culmination of the poet's genius.

The identity both of the poet and of the person to whom the Sonnets were addressed has only a curious interest and is of quite secondary importance compared with the question of their meaning and interpretation and may be dismissed briefly. As we have seen, Mr. Lee, who argues for an early date, identifies the rival poet with Barnabe Barnes who wrote verses

<sup>1</sup> See G. Narrasin: *Shakespeare's Lehrjahre*, 1897. (n.)

<sup>2</sup> For a list of parallelisms between the Sonnets and *Love's Labour's Lost* and *Midsummer Night's Dream*, see C. F. McClumpha, *Modern Language Notes*, 1900. (n.)

in praise of Southampton. Mr. Wyndham believes there were several rivals referred to, and one particularly emphasized who was probably Michael Drayton. Prof. William Minto (*Characteristics of English Poets*) made the suggestion it was George Chapman, translator of Homer, dramatist, and completer of Marlowe's unfinished *Hero and Leander*. "The proud full sail of his great verse" is regarded as a fitting description before Keats's well-known worshipful lines, "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer." Chapman's first seven books of the *Iliad* appeared in 1598.

In regard to the person addressed the matter of the date plays no inconsiderable part. The poems seem to reveal a close relation between an older man and a youth. If the date about 1594 be accepted with Mr. Lee, then the argument in favor of Southampton has much weight. Those who hold to a later date as more probable, about 1600, identify the friend with William Herbert, born 1580, the son of Sidney's sister, Countess of Pembroke, and one of two brothers to whom the First Folio of 1623 was dedicated. The intrepid upholder of this view has been Mr. Thomas Tyler in his edition of *Shakespeare's Sonnets* (1890), in the Preface to the Quarto Facsimile Reprint of the Sonnets and elsewhere. Mr. Tyler also wishes to identify the "dark lady" with Mistress Mary Fitton, a lady in waiting at Elizabeth's court, who came from the upper part of Shakespeare's county, fell into disgrace, and was the avowed mistress of William Herbert. It was a scandal of the Court in 1600-1. This theory has lost ground in the face of Mr. Lee's fierce onset and for other reasons, yet it cannot be neglected.

The historical allusions in cvii and cxxiv, which have been variously interpreted, are regarded by the upholders of this theory as referring to the rebellion of Essex in 1601. Sonnets cxxxv, cxxxvi, cxliii are believed to show the poems were addressed to one "Will." Yet others see in "Will" possibly a quibble of the poet on his own name, and certainly a play on the two meanings of the word as "will" and "wish," common in Elizabethan usage. Finally, the "Mr. W. H." of the

dedication, who is spoken of as "the onlie begetter of these insuing sonnets," has William Herbert's initials.

This last brings us to the consideration of the words "onlie begetter." By those who interpret the words as "the inspirer" of the verses, the choice has been, as indicated, between William Herbert, "W. H.", and the Earl of Southampton, as the reversal of the initials of Henry Wriothesley. Others see in "begetter" the sense of "obtainer," "procurer," or other meanings to suit special theories, and William Hathaway, William Hervey (Southampton's stepfather), even "William Himself," have all been proposed.

Mr. Sidney Lee has found yet another name to foist the initials upon: William Hall, a stationer's assistant, "who was professionally engaged, like Thorpe (Thomas Thorpe, the surreptitious publisher of the Sonnets and the 'T. T.' of the dedication), in *procuring* copy. In 1606, Hall, who commonly conducted his operations under cover of the familiar initials 'W. H.,' won a conspicuous success of the predatory kind. . . . When Thorpe dubbed 'Mr. W. H.' with characteristic magniloquence, he used 'begetter' in the sense of 'getter,' 'obtainer,' or 'procurer,' which was not uncommon in Elizabethan English, and he merely indicated in his Pistol-like dialect that 'Mr. W. H.' was a friendly member of the pirate-publisher fraternity who by getting into his hands, or procuring a manuscript copy of, Shakespeare's Sonnets, supplied the 'onlie' opportunity for their surreptitious issue."

Doubtless others with the initials "W. H." will still be found.<sup>1</sup> It is equally clear that new arrangements of the Sonnets and new interpretations of them will continue to be made until, as is unlikely, concrete documentary evidence of the most positive and inclusive kind is discovered in connection with each of the main problems involved. As matters stand, Shakespeare's purposes in writing, the identity of "Mr.

<sup>1</sup> At this point Dr. Henneman's supplementary introduction came to an abrupt end. He annotated the Sonnets and completed his work on the remaining poems, intending later to return to the Sonnets, but his tragically sudden death intervened. (R)

## Introduction

183

W. H.," "the Dark Lady," and "the Rival Poet"; the dates of composition, the order of arrangement, and other problems are all so interwoven with one another and so entangled with extraneous matters projected into the discussion by eager students that decided pronouncement upon any point is out of the question. Upon a few points, however, we may in conclusion express tentative opinions.

It is not likely that the Sonnets will ever again be neglected as they were between 1640 and 1780, or that many persons will venture to express Steevens' opinion that they "reduced their author to a level with the meanest rhymers." Even Landor's less extreme dictum that they lack Shakespeare's imagination and that not a single one is very admirable, seems inexplicable, and Hallam's wish, based on moral grounds, that they had never been published will not be shared by many guileless souls.

It is equally unlikely that the attempts to treat the Sonnets in whole or in part as allegories, or to emphasize their idealistic elements will ever greatly appeal to the majority of readers and critics. Sealed writings they may be, but they are not hermeneutic, and the Dark Lady was not, as Heraud opined, the Church, "the black but comely bride of Solomon."<sup>1</sup>

It is likewise improbable that the division into two series, one addressed to a young man, the other to an erring woman, will ever cease to hold the allegiance of critics and readers as distinguished from scholars, who, through their absorbing concern in books, may be inclined to overestimate the value of contributions to the literary history of the Elizabethan Age, such as that of Mr. Sidney Lee with regard to the highly conventional and imitative character of much of the sonneteering of that epoch. Between the admission that a great artist used a conventional form and conventional themes, and the assumption that he did not use them to express genuine emotions based upon actual experiences, there is a great gulf fixed. The Sonnets of Lodge may be entirely conventional;

<sup>1</sup> See the introduction to William Sharp's edition of the Sonnets. (n)

those of Shakespeare may be as sincere as the beautiful and heartfelt sonnet of Milton to his second wife, which was based upon an Italian sonnet.

It is also likely that those writers who assert that there are great variations of excellence in the Sonnets will not be allowed to have their critical way without a contest. Whatever may be said of the substance of some of them, the more one studies them the more one is likely to be impressed by the comparatively high level of style to be found in almost all, a level of style which, if it exists, rather makes against a specially early date of writing.

It seems furthermore reasonable to hold that although there is certainly no complete story told by the Sonnets, there are such large fragments of a story that the temptation to try to put them together is almost irresistible. The fragmentary condition of the series, if we grant a story, suggests an actual rather than an imaginary basis, since the tendency in a sequence of poems based upon sheer imagination would have been in favor of a filling of the gaps in order to produce an effect of totality, and, if such an effect had been produced, it is probable that some manuscript copy of the ordered whole would have got into circulation and been preserved. It does not follow that sonnets have been lost, or that the present order needs rearranging; nor does our enjoyment of the poems depend on our knowing the story; but it may be strongly suspected that their force of appeal partly depends on their having had some other basis than Shakespeare's desire to show what he could do in following a prevailing literary fashion.

The secret of this force of appeal is probably to be found in large measure in the charm of Shakespeare's style, and the secret of this charm is not to be caught by analysis and expressed in words. If Shakespeare's charm is wonderful anywhere, it is thrice wonderful in these poems which in the past half-century have produced a profound impression upon all classes of readers. Often analysis of a line or of a series of lines reveals not a word that can be fairly pronounced to be extraordinary in its poetic *timbre*, or a device of syntax or

versification that seems specially noteworthy, and yet the effect of the line or lines may be little short of marvellous. Take such lines as

“Thou that art now the world’s fresh ornament  
And only herald to the gaudy spring”—

or,

“Thou art thy mother’s glass and she in thee  
Calls back the lovely April of her prime”—

or better still,

“For never-resting time leads summer on  
To hideous winter and confounds him there.”

These passages are true touchstones of poetic style,—to use Matthew Arnold’s phrase,—but what is it that makes them such? No one will ever frame a satisfactory answer, but sometimes an interesting suggestion is thrown out, as when Mr. Wyndham remarks how admirably the quantity and the word accent correspond in the Sonnets. There is no need to pursue the subject, but the enthusiast for these poems will find it hard to refrain from asking how it is possible to explain the intense individuality of the style and the force of emotional suggestion and stimulation to be found in such masterpieces of lyric utterance as Sonnets XVIII and XXV on the theory that the writer was making a more or less conscious experiment in a conventional form of art.]

To. THE. ONLIE. BEGETTER. OF.  
THESE. INSVING. SONNETS.  
**Mr. W. H. ALL. HAPPINESSE.**  
AND. THAT. ETERNITIE.  
PROMISED.  
BY.  
**OUR. EVER-LIVING. POET.**  
WISHETH.  
THE. WELL-WISHING.  
ADVENTVRE. IN.  
SETTING.  
FORTH.  
**T. T.**



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## Sonnets

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I

FROM fairest creatures we desire increase,  
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,  
But as the riper should by time decease,  
His tender heir might bear his memory :  
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes, 5  
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,  
Making a famine where abundance lies,  
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.  
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,  
And only herald to the gaudy spring, 10  
Within thine own bud buriest thy content,  
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.  
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,  
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

II

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,  
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,  
Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,  
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held :  
Then, being ask'd where all thy beauty lies, 5  
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,  
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,  
Were an all-eating shame, and thriftless praise.  
How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,  
If thou could'st answer — “ This fair child of mine 10

i. \* *self-substantial*, deriving substance from self. (R)

Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse,"—  
Proving his beauty by succession thine!  
This were to be new made when thou art old,  
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

## III

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest,  
Now is the time that face should form another ;  
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,  
Thou dost beguile the world, unlesse some mother.  
For where is she so fair, whose un-ear'd womb  
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry ?      5  
Or who is he so fond will be the tomb  
Of his self-love, to stop posterity ?  
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee  
Calls back the lovely April of her prime :      10  
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,  
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.  
But if thou live, remember'd not to be,  
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

## IV

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend  
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy ?  
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend ;  
And being frank, she lends to those are free.  
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse      5  
The bounteous largess given thee to give ?  
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use  
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live ?

ii. "nig." This is obscure.      iii. "un-ear'd, unploughed.  
Frankly" it means "complete."      iv. "free, liberal. (R)  
See Wyncham (R)

For, having traffic with thyself alone,  
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.  
Then how, when Nature calls thee to be gone,  
What acceptable audit canst thou leave ?  
Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,  
Which, used, lives th' executor to be.

10

## v

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame  
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,  
Will play the tyrants to the very same,  
And that unfair which fairly doth excel :  
For never-resting Time leads Summer on                5  
To hideous Winter, and confounds him there ;  
Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,  
Beauty o'er-snow'd and bareness every where :  
Then, were not Summer's distillation left,  
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,                10  
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,  
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was :  
But flowers distill'd, though they with Winter meet,  
Leese but their shew : their substance still lives sweet.

## vi

Then let not Winter's ragged hand deface  
In thee thy Summer, ere thou be distill'd :  
Make sweet some phial ; treasure thou some place  
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.  
That use is not forbidden usury,                5

iv. <sup>12</sup> *acceptable*. Accented on the first and third syllables. (R) v. <sup>14</sup> *Leese*, an old form of "lose." (W)

v. <sup>1</sup> *hours*. A dissyllable. (R) vi. <sup>1</sup> *ragged*, rugged. (R)

v. <sup>4</sup> *unfair*, deprive of beauty. (R)

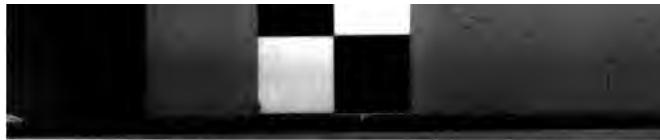
Which happiness those that pay the willing loan ;  
 That's for thyself to breed another thee,  
 Or ten times happier, be it ten for one :  
 Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,  
 If ten of thine ten times refug'd thee.                           10  
 Then what could death do if thou should'st depart,  
 Leaving the living in posterity ?  
 Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair  
 To be death's conquest and make worms thine heir.

## VII

Lo, in the orient when the gracious light  
 Lifts up his burning head, each under eye  
 Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,  
 Serving with looks his sacred majesty ;  
 And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,  
 Resembling strong youth in his middle age,  
 Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,  
 Attending on his golden pilgrimage :                           5  
 But when from highmost pitch with weary car  
 Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,  
 The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are  
 From his low tract, and look another way.  
 So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,  
 Unlook'd on di'st, unless thou get a son.                   10

## VIII

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly ?  
 Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.  
 Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly  
 Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy ?  
 If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,                           5



By unions married, do offend thine ear,  
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds  
In singleness the parts that thou should'st bear.  
Mark, how one string, sweet husband to another,  
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering ;      10  
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,  
Who all in one one pleasing note do sing :  
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,  
Sings this to thee, — “Thou single wilt prove none.”

## IX

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye  
That thou consum'st thyself in single life ?  
Ah ! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,  
The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife ;  
The world will be thy widow, and still weep      5  
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,  
When every private widow well may keep,  
By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind.  
Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend,  
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it ;      10  
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,  
And, kept unus'd, the user so destroys it.  
No love toward others in that bosom sits,  
That on himself such murtherous shame commits.

## X

For shame ! deny that thou bear'st love to any,  
Who for thyself art so unprovident.

viii. <sup>7</sup> *confounds*, destroys,      ix. <sup>4</sup> *a makeless wife*, i. e. a wastes. Cf. ix. 8. (n)

viii. <sup>14</sup> *Thou . . . none*. “One is mate. “Make” and “mate” were no number” was a popular saying. used interchangeably. (w) (n)

ix. <sup>10</sup> *his, its*. (n)

Grant, if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,  
 But that thou none lov'st is most evident ;  
 For thou art so possess'd with murtherous hate,      5  
 That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,  
 Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,  
 Which to repair should be thy chief desire.  
 O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind !  
 Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love ?      10  
 Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,  
 Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove :  
 Make thee another self, for love of me,  
 That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

## xi

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st  
 In one of thine, from that which thou departest ;  
 And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st,  
 Thou may'st call thine, when thou from youth con-      5  
 vertest.

Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase ;  
 Without this, folly, age, and cold decay :  
 If all were minded so, the times should cease,  
 And threescore year would make the world away.  
 Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,  
 Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish :      10  
 Look, whom she best endow'd she gave the more ;  
 Which bounteous gift thou should'st in bounty cherish.  
 She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby  
 Thou should'st print more, not let that copy die.

x. \* *stick'st*, hesitatest. (R)

x. \* *roof*, i. e. (house), family.

This fairly common explanation is pronounced by Beeching to be "impossible." He thinks that the

person of the friend is meant.

(R)

xi. \* *convertest*, changest. (R)

xi. \* *store*, increase. Cf. xiv. 12. (R)

## xii

When I do count the clock that tells the time,  
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night ;  
When I behold the violet past prime,  
And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white ;  
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,  
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,  
And Summer's green all girded up in sheaves,  
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard ;  
Then, of thy beauty do I question make,  
That thou among the wastes of time must go,      10  
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,  
And die as fast as they see others grow ;  
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make  
defence,  
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

## xiii

O that you were yourself ! but, love, you are  
No longer yours than you yourself here live :  
Against this coming end you should prepare,  
And your sweet semblance to some other give :  
So should that beauty which you hold in lease      5  
Find no determination : then you were  
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,  
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.  
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,  
Which husbandry in honour might uphold      10

xii. \* *all silver'd.* The first edition, or *silver'd*, which Malone corrected. (w)

xiii. \* *determination*, end (legal). (s)

Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,  
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?

O, none but unthrifts.—Dear my love, you know,  
You had a father: let your son say so.

## ✓ XIV

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck,  
And yet, methinks, I have astronomy,  
But not to tell of good, or evil luck,  
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality;  
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,  
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind;  
Or say with princes if it shall go well,  
By oft predict that I in heaven find:  
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,  
And, constant stars, in them I read such art,  
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,  
If from thyself to store thou would'st convert;  
Or else of thee this I prognosticate,  
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

5

10

## XV

When I consider every thing that grows  
Holds in perfection but a little moment;  
That this huge stage presenteth naught but shews,  
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;  
When I perceive that men as plants increase,  
Cheered and check'd even by the selfsame sky,  
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,

5

xiv. <sup>a</sup> have astronomy, i. e. know some astrology. All knowledge of the stars was commonly supposed to have divination for its object; and hence until a comparatively recent period there was not a distinction drawn between astronomy and astrology. (w)

xiv. <sup>b</sup> Pointing, appointing. (R)

xiv. <sup>c</sup> art, explained by knowledge in the preceding line. (R)

xv. <sup>d</sup> check'd, reproved. (B)



## Sonnets

195

And wear their brave state out of memory ;  
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay  
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,  
Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,  
To change your day of youth to sulli'd night ;  
And, all in war with Time, for love of you,  
As he takes from you, I engrift you new.

10

## ✓ XVI

But wherefore do not you a mightier way  
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time,  
And fortify yourself in your decay  
With means more blessed than my barren rhyme ?  
Now stand you on the top of happy hours,  
And many maiden gardens yet unset,  
With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers,  
Much liker than your painted counterfeit :  
So should the lines of life that life repair,  
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,  
Neither in inward worth nor outward fair  
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.  
To give away yourself, keeps yourself still,  
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

5

10

## ✗ XVII

Who will believe my verse in time to come,  
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts ?  
Though yet, Heaven knows, it is but as a tomb

xv. \* brave, fine. (B)

xv. \* conceit, conception, thought. Cf. cviii. 13, and *Lucrece*, ll. 701, 1298, &c. (B)

xvi. <sup>7</sup> your. So the original and most editors. Beeching reads *you* (Lintott and Gildon). (B)

xvi. <sup>8</sup> lines of life, living lines,

i. e. children. (B)

xvi. <sup>10</sup> Time's pencil, which is always altering and ultimately destroys the picture of man that at any moment he draws. (B)

xvi. <sup>11</sup> fair, beauty. Cf. xviii. 7, 10. (B)

Which hides your life, and shews not half your parts.  
 If I could write the beauty of your eyes, 5  
 And in fresh numbers number all your graces,  
 The age to come would say, "This poet lies ;  
 Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces."  
 So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,  
 Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue, 10  
 And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,  
 And stretched metre of an antique song ;  
 But were some child of yours alive that time,  
 You should live twice—in it, and in my rhyme.

## xviii

Shall I compare thee to a summer's-day ?  
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate :  
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date.  
 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines, 5  
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd,  
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
 By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd ;  
 But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest ; 10  
 Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
 When in eternal lines to time thou growest.  
 So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,  
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

## ✓ ✓ xix

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,  
 And make the earth devour her own sweet brood ;  
 Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,

xviii. <sup>to</sup> *fair*, beauty. *sweet*, ownest. (x)

And burn the long-liv'd phoenix in her blood :  
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets,      5  
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,  
To the wide world and all her fading sweets ;  
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime :  
O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,  
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen ;      10  
Him in thy course untainted do allow,  
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.  
Yet do thy worst, old Time : despite thy wrong,  
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

## xx

A woman's face, with Nature's own hand painted,  
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion ;  
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted  
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion :  
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,      5  
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth ;  
A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,  
Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls amazeth ;  
And for a woman wert thou first created ;  
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,      10

xix. ' *fleets*. The quarto, *fleet'st*, which, as the rhyme is lost, may be safely regarded as a misprint. See in Sonnet viii. for the rhyme "They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds." (w)

xx. ' *hue*, form. But see Beeching's note. He would like to read *A maiden hue*, i. e. complexion; but he does not enter into a satisfactory explanation of the use of

*his*. One would think *this* necessitated by the proposed change, unless *controlling* is a noun, when *his* might = "its." But the emendation as well as that of Mr. Mackail, *A native hue*, seems specious. Certainly the close of the sonnet supports the meaning "form." According to Tyrwhitt, Mr. W. H. was a Mr. William Hughes. (n)

And by addition me of thee defeated,  
 By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.  
 But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,  
 Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

## xxi

So is it not with me, as with that Muse  
 Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse,  
 Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,  
 And every fair with his fair doth rehearse,  
 Making a complement of proud compare,  
 With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,  
 With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare  
 That heaven's air in this huge rondure hem.  
 O, let me, true in love, but truly write ;  
 And then, believe me, my love is as fair  
 As any mother's child, though not so bright  
 As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air :  
 Let them say more that like of hearsay well ;  
 I will not praise that purpose not to sell.

5

10

## xxii

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,  
 So long as youth and thou are of one date ,  
 But when in thee time's furrows I behold,  
 Then look I death my days should expire ;  
 For all that beauty that doth cover thee  
 Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,

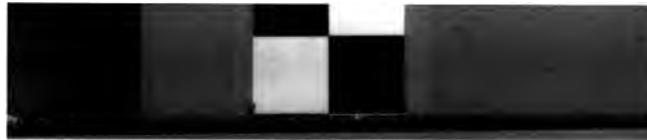
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xxi. <sup>1</sup> *Muse*, poet. (R)

xxi. <sup>2</sup> *rondure*, sphere. So in *King John*, II. i. 259, “Tis not the rondure of your old fac'd walls.” (w)

xxii. <sup>4</sup> *expire*. The first edition, *expiate*. See the note on

“the hour of death is *expire*,” *King Richard III.*, III. iii. 23. And see the last line of *Titus Andronicus*, “That like events may ne'er it ruinate,” and *King Henry VI.*, Part III., V. i. 83, “I will not ruinate my father's house.” (w)



Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me.  
How can I, then, be elder than thou art ?  
O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,  
As I, not for myself, but for thee will,      10  
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary  
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.  
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain ;  
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

## xxiii

As an unperfect actor on the stage,  
Who with his fear is put besides his part,  
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,  
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart,  
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say      5  
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,  
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,  
O'ercharg'd with burthen of mine own love's might.  
O, let my books be, then, the eloquence  
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,      10  
Who plead for love, and look for recompense,  
More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.  
O, learn to read what silent love hath writ :  
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

xxiii. <sup>a</sup> *besides*. See the note on "and besides myself," *The Comedy of Errors*, III. ii. 78. (w)

xxiii. <sup>b</sup> *for fear of trust*, "fearful of trusting myself." — Beeching. (R)

xxiii. <sup>c</sup> *books*. Beeching accepts Capell's suggestion *looks* as "an almost certain emendation." If *books* be taken in its most natural sense, it would seem to mean the writer's published tributes to his

friend. Query, Does Shakespeare mean the dedications to *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*? If he does, it is a strong argument for the Southampton adherents. Or is the sonnet merely conventional? The reference to the actor seems to indicate some personal quality of emotion, and to make against complete conventionality. (R)

## xxiv

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath stell'd  
 Thy beauty's form in table of my heart :  
 My body is the frame wherein 't is held,  
 And perspective it is best painter's art.  
 For through the painter must you see his skill,      5  
 To find where your true image pictur'd lies ;  
 Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,  
 That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.  
 Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done :  
 Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me      10  
 Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun  
 Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee ;  
 Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,  
 They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

## xxv

Let those who are in favour with their stars  
 Of public honour and proud titles boast,  
 Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,  
 Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.  
 Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread      5  
 But as the marigold at the sun's eye ;  
 And in themselves their pride lies buried,  
 For at a frown they in their glory die.

xxiv. <sup>1</sup> *stell'd*, fixed. So Dyce. White read *steal'd*, after the quarto. See the note on "When all distress is steld" in *Lucrece*, l. 1444. (R)

xxiv. <sup>4</sup> *perspective*, a glass cut so as to produce an optical deception. The painter (here, the eye) is the "perspective" or glass

through which the beauty of the image is seen. (R)

xxiv. <sup>11</sup> *cunning*, skill. (R)

xxv. <sup>4</sup> *Unlook'd for joy in*, not the object of public attention, take joy in. This is Wyndham's view; Beeching, however, takes *Unlook'd for* in an adverbial sense — "contrary to general usage." (R)



## Sonnets

201

The painful warrior, famoused for worth,  
After a thousand victories once foil'd,  
Is from the book of honour razed forth,  
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:  
Then happy I, that love and am beloved,  
Where I may not remove nor be removed.

10

### xxvi

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage  
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,  
To thee I send this written embassage,  
To witness duty, not to shew my wit:  
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine  
May make seem bare, in wanting words to shew it,  
But that I hope some good conceit of thine  
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it;  
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,  
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,      5  
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,  
To shew me worthy of thy sweet respect:  
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;  
Till then, not shew my head where thou may'st  
prove me.

10

### ✓✓ xxvii

Weary with toil I haste me to my bed,  
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;  
But then begins a journey in my head,

xxv. <sup>o</sup> *worth*, prowess, martial honour. Valiant knights were said to gain great worship (worth-ship) in battle. (w)

xxv. <sup>11</sup> *razed forth*. The old copies *razed quite*, which is clearly corrupt. . . . [Theobald] proposed, as a relief from the difficulty of the old text, the change of "worth" to "fight," at the end of

the second line above, which has been adopted universally, although in my judgment much the inferior reading. (w) [Late editors read

*fight: quite*, after Malone. (s)]

xxvi. <sup>12</sup> *thy*. The old copy, *their*. In that volume "they," "their," "thee," "them," and "thy" are very frequently misprinted for each other. (w)

To work my mind, when body's work 's expired :  
 For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,  
 Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,  
 And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,  
 Looking on darkness which the blind do see :  
 Save that my soul's imaginary sight  
 Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,  
 Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,  
 Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.  
 Lo, thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,  
 For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

5

10

## xxviii

How can I, then, return in happy plight,  
 That am debarr'd the benefit of rest ?  
 When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,  
 But day by night, and night by day, oppress'd ?  
 And each, though enemies to either's reign,  
 Do in consent shake hands to torture me ;  
 The one by toil, the other to complain  
 How far I toil, still farther off from thee.  
 I tell the day, to please him thou art bright,  
 And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven : 10  
 So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night,  
 When sparkling stars twire not thou gild'st the even :  
 But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,  
 And night doth nightly make grief's strength seem  
 stronger.

5

xxvii. \* *which*, such as. (R)

xxvii. \* *imaginary*, imaginative, (R)

xxvii. " *thy*. The quarto, *their*. (W) *shadow*, image. (R)

xxviii. " *twire*. The meaning of "twire" is not determined. It is used variously, in passages in which

it would seem to mean "to twitter," "to twinkle," and "to leer." Richardson gives "to swerve from a straight line," as its radical thought. (W)

xxviii. " *strength*. Collier and Capell MS. The quarto and some editors, *length*. (R)



## ✓✓XXIX

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,  
I all alone beweep my outcast state,  
And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,  
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,  
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope, 5  
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,  
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,  
With what I most enjoy contented least ;  
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,  
Haply I think on thee, and then my state, 10  
Like to the lark at break of day arising  
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate :  
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,  
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

## xxx }

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought  
I summon up remembrance of things past,  
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,  
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste ;  
Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow, 5  
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,  
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,  
And moan th' expense of many a vanish'd sight.  
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,  
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er 10  
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,  
Which I new pay, as if not paid before :  
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,  
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

## xxxI

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,  
 Which I by lacking have supposed dead,  
 And there reigns love, and all love's loving parts,  
 And all those friends which I thought buried.  
 How many a holy and obsequious tear  
 Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,  
 As interest of the dead, which now appear  
 But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie!  
 Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,  
 Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,  
 Who all their parts of me to thee did give;  
 That due of many now is thine alone:  
 Their images I lov'd I view in thee,  
 And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

5

10

## xxxII

If thou survive my well-contented day,  
 When that churl Death my bones with dust shall  
 cover,  
 And shalt by fortune once more re-survey  
 These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,  
 Compare them with the bettering of the time;  
 And though they be out-stripp'd by every pen,  
 Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,  
 Exceeded by the height of happier men.  
 O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought:  
 "I had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,

5

10

xxxI. <sup>a</sup> *obsequious tear*, i. e. tear at obsequies, like "obsequious sorrow" in *Hamlet*, I. ii. 92. (w)

xxxI. <sup>b</sup> *thee*. [Gildon.] The old copy has *there for thee*. (w)

xxxI. <sup>a-b</sup> For this common practice see *Much Ado*, V. iii. (B)

xxxII. <sup>a</sup> *Reserve*, preserve. (B)

A dearer birth than this his love had brought,  
 To march in ranks of better equipage :  
 But since he died, and poets better prove,  
 Theirs for their style I 'll read, his for his love."

## xxxiii

Full many a glorious morning have I seen  
 Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,  
 Kissing with golden face the meadows green,  
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy ;  
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride      5  
 With ugly rack on his celestial face,  
 And from the forlorn world his visage hide,  
 Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace.  
 Even so my sun one early morn did shine,  
 With all triumphant splendour on my brow ;      10  
 But out, alack ! he was but one hour mine,  
 The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.  
 Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth ;  
 Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth.

## xxxiv

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,  
 And make me travel forth without my cloak,  
 To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,  
 Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke ?

xxxii. <sup>14</sup> As the sonnet vogue was practically over by 1598, it might be fair to infer that this sonnet was written before that date. (B)

xxxiii. <sup>6</sup> *rack*, vapour. (B)

xxxiii. <sup>7</sup> *forlorn*. Accented on the penult. (B)

xxxiii. <sup>12</sup> *region*, pertaining to the upper air. (B)

xxxiii. <sup>14</sup> *stain*, suffer eclipse. Cf. xxxv. 3 (transitive use). (B)

xxxiv. <sup>4</sup> *rotten smoke*, foul vapour.



'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,      5  
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,  
For no man well of such a salve can speak,  
That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace :  
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief ;  
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss :      10  
Th' offender's sorrow lends but weak relief  
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.  
Ah, but those tears are pearl, which thy love sheds,  
And they are rich and ransom all ill deeds.

## xxxv

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast done :  
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud ;  
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,  
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.  
All men make faults, and even I in this,      5  
Authorizing thy trespass with compare ;  
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,  
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are :  
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense, —  
Thy adverse party is thy advocate, —      10  
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence.  
Such civil war is in my love and hate,  
That I an accessory needs must be  
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

xxxiv. <sup>12</sup> *cross*. The old copy *thy* is twice misprinted *their* in this line. (w)

xxxiv. <sup>12</sup> *sheds*. Quarto, *sheets*, rhyming with *deeds*. (n)

xxxv. <sup>1</sup> *Authorizing*. Accented on the second and fourth syllables. (n)

xxxv. <sup>2</sup> *thy*. In the quarto

<sup>1</sup> *sensual fault*, i. e. fault of sense, as opposed to a mental or moral error. We should now use "sensuous." See the same word similarly used in Sonnet cxli. l. 8. (w) *sense*, reason. (n)

## xxxvi

Let me confess that we two must be twain,  
Although our undivided loves are one :  
So shall those blots that do with me remain,  
Without thy help by me be borne alone.  
In our two loves there is but one respect,      5  
Though in our lives a separable spite,  
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,  
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.  
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,  
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame ;      10  
Nor thou with public kindnes honour me,  
Unless thou take that honour from thy name :  
But do not so ; I love thee in such sort,  
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

## xxxvii

As a decrepit father takes delight  
To see his active child do deeds of youth,  
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,  
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth ;  
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,      5  
Or any of these all, or all, or more,  
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,  
I make my love engrafted to this store :

xxxvi. <sup>8</sup> respect, regard. (B)

i. e. claiming the first place. See

xxxvi. <sup>9</sup> separable, separating.

the long note in which Wynd-

(B) ham undertakes to show that

Shakespeare was airing his knowl-

xxxvii. <sup>10</sup> dearest, direst, extrem-

edge of heraldry, and Beeching's

est. (B)

sceptical comments. (B)

xxxvii. <sup>11</sup> thy. The old copy,  
their. (W) entitled in thy parts,

So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,  
 Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,      10  
 That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,  
 And by a part of all thy glory live.  
 Look what is best, that best I wish in thee :  
 This wish I have ; then, ten times happy me !

## XXXVIII

How can my Muse want subject to invent,  
 While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse  
 Thine own sweet argument, too excellent  
 For every vulgar paper to rehearse ?  
 O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me      5  
 Worthy perusal stand against thy sight ;  
 For who 's so dumb that cannot write to thee,  
 When thou thyself dost give invention light ?  
 Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth  
 Than those old nine which rhymers invocate ;      10  
 And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth  
 Eternal numbers to outlive long date.  
 If my slight Muse do please these curious days,  
 The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

## XXXIX

O, how thy worth with manuers may I sing,  
 When thou art all the better part of me ?  
 What can mine own praise to mine own self bring ?  
 And what is 't but mine own, when I praise thee ?  
 Even for this let us divided live,      5  
 And our dear love lose name of single one,  
 That by this separation I may give

xxxviii. <sup>8</sup> *argument*, theme, sub-      xxxviii. <sup>12</sup> *curious*, critically  
 ject, as, l. 1, *subject*. (B)      minded. (B)



## Sonnets

209

That due to thee which thou deserv'st alone.  
O absence, what a torment would'st thou prove,  
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave  
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,  
Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,  
And that thou teachest how to make one twain,  
By praising him here, who doth hence remain !

10

## XL

Take all my loves, my love; yea, take them all:  
What hast thou then more than thou had'st before ?  
No love, my love, that thou may'st true love call :  
All mine was thine before thou had'st this more.  
Then, if for my love thou my love receivest,  
I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest ;  
But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest  
By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.  
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,  
Although thou steal thee all my poverty ;  
And yet love knows it is a greater grief  
To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.  
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shews,  
Kill me with spites ; yet we must not be foes.

5

10

## XLI

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,  
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,  
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,

xxxix. <sup>10</sup> Were it not. If these words be read rapidly as two syllables, *sour* must be made dissyllabic. (B)  
xxxix. <sup>12</sup> Which, i. e. love. (B) doth. The quarto, *dost*, and perhaps so the author wrote. (W)

xl. <sup>5</sup> for my love, for love of me. (B)  
xl. <sup>6</sup> for, because. (B)  
xl. <sup>7</sup> thyself deceivest. The quarto, *this selfe deceauest*. (W)  
xl. <sup>10</sup> thee, for thyself. (B)  
xli. <sup>1</sup> liberty, license. (B)

### Sonnets

still temptation follows where thou art.  
noble thou art, and therefore to be won,  
uteous thou art, therefore to be assailed;  
when a woman woos, what woman's son  
soe<sup>1</sup> save her till she have prevailed?  
thou might'st my seat forbear  
auty and thy straying youth,  
in their riot even there  
re thou art forc'd to break a two-fold truth;  
rs, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,  
ne, by thy beauty being false to me.

### XLII

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,  
And yet it may be said, I lov'd her dearly;  
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,  
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.  
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye: —  
Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love  
her;  
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,  
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.  
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,  
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;  
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,  
And both for my sake lay on me this cross:  
But here's the joy; my friend and I are one.  
Sweet flattery! — then, she loves but me alone.

xli. <sup>2</sup> she. [Malone.] The "For that I do suspect the lusty  
quarto, ho. (w) Moor  
xlii. <sup>3</sup> my seat. So in Othello, Hath leap'd into my seat." (w)  
II. i. 305: xliii. <sup>4</sup> abuse, maltreat. (a)



## Sonnets

211

## XLIII

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,  
For all the day they view things unrespected ;  
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,  
And, darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.  
Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,      5  
How would thy shadow's form, form happy shew  
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,  
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so ?  
How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made  
By looking on thee in the living day,      10  
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade  
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay ?  
All days are nights to see, till I see thee,  
And nights bright days, when dreams do shew thee me.

## XLIV

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,  
Injurious distance should not stop my way :  
For then, despite of space, I would be brought  
From limits far remote where thou dost stay.  
No matter then, although my foot did stand      5  
Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee ;  
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,  
As soon as think the place where he would be.  
But ah ! thought kills me, that I am not thought,  
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,      10

xliii. <sup>1</sup> *wink*, close my eyes. (B)

xliii. <sup>2</sup> *unrespected*, not noticed. (B)

xliii. <sup>3</sup> *shadow*, image. (B)

xliii. <sup>4</sup> *form happy*. Here *form*  
may be either a verb or a noun —  
probably a verb. (B)

xliii. <sup>11</sup> *thy*. [Malone, Capell MS.] The quarto, *their*. (w)

xliii. <sup>12</sup> *MS.* The quarto, *their*. (w)

xlii. <sup>13</sup> *thought kills*. Not neces-

sarily "care, melancholy," as Beeching paraphrases. (B)

But that, so much of earth and water wrought,  
I must attend time's leisure with my moan ;  
Receiving naught by elements so slow  
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

## XLV

The other two, slight air and purging fire,  
Are both with thee, wherever I abide ;  
The first my thought, the other my desire,  
These present-absent with swift motion slide :  
For when these quicker elements are gone      5  
In tender embassy of love to thee,  
My life, being made of four, with two alone  
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy,  
Until life's composition be recured  
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,      10  
Who even but now come back again, assured  
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me :  
This told, I joy ; but then, no longer glad,  
I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

## XLVI

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,  
How to divide the conquest of thy sight ;  
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,  
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.  
My heart doth plead, that thou in him dost lie,      5  
A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes,  
But the defendant doth that plea deny,

xliv. <sup>14</sup> *either's* — refers to earth and water, supposed elements of the body. Cf. the next Sonnet. (B)

MS.] The quarto, *theire*; and in

the third line of the next Sonnet [xlvi.], "their pictures"; in the eighth line, "their faire"; and in the thirteenth and fourteenth lines, "their" for "thine." (w)



Sonnets

213

And says in him thy fair appearance lies  
To 'cide this title is impannelled  
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart ;  
And by their verdict is determined  
The clear eye's moiety, and the dear heart's part :  
    As thus ; mine eye's due is thine outward part,  
    And my heart's right thine inward love of heart.

XLVIII

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,  
And each doth good turns now unto the other.  
When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,  
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,  
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,  
And to the painted banquet bids my heart:  
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,  
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:  
So, either by thy picture or my love,  
Thyself away art present still with me;  
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,  
And I am still with them, and they with thee;  
    Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight  
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

XLVIII

How careful was I, when I took my way,  
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,  
That to my use it might unused stay  
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust !  
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,

xvi. <sup>10</sup> *quest*, jury for an in-  
quest. (R) xlvii. <sup>11</sup> *not.* So the edition of  
xlviii. <sup>12</sup> *moriety*, part, or half. (R) 1640. The quarto, *nor.* (R)



Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,  
Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,  
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.  
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,  
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,  
Within the gentle closure of my breast,  
From whence at pleasure thou may'st come and part ;  
And even thence thou wilt be stol'n, I fear,  
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

✓XLIX

Against that time, if ever that time come,  
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,  
Whenas thy love hath cast his utmost sum,  
Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects ;  
  
Against that time, when thou shalt strangely pass,  
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye ;  
When love, converted from the thing it was,  
Shall reasons find of settled gravity ;  
Against that time do I ensconce me here,  
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,  
And this my hand against myself uprear,  
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part :  
  
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,  
Since why to love I can allege no cause.

L

How heavy do I journey on the way,  
When what I seek (my weary travel's end)  
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,

xlix. <sup>1</sup> *Against*, in anticipation  
of. (B) thought-upon considerations. Cf.  
xlix. <sup>2</sup> *Whence*, when. (B) xxxvi. 5, *respect* — regard. (B)  
xlix. <sup>3</sup> *advise'd respects*, well- xlix. <sup>4</sup> *of*, for. (B)  
xlix. <sup>5</sup> *desert*, deserving my fate. (B)

“Thus far the miles are measur’d from thy friend !”  
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,  
Plods dully on to bear that weight in me,  
As if by some instinct the wretch did know  
His rider lov’d not speed being made from thee.  
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on  
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,  
Which heavily he answers with a groan,  
More sharp to me than spurring to his side ;  
For that same groan doth put this in my mind,  
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

## LI

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence  
Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed :  
From where thou art why should I haste me thence ?  
Till I return, of posting is no need.  
O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,  
When swift extremity can seem but slow ?  
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind ;  
In winged speed no motion shall I know :  
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace ;  
Therefore desire, of perfect’st love being made,  
Shall neigh — no dull flesh — in his fiery race ;  
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade ;  
Since from thee going he went wilful-slow,  
Towards thee I’ll run, and give him leave to go.

I. \* *dully*. The quarto, *duly*  
— a misprint hardly worth notice.  
(w) *to bear*, because he bears.  
(n)

ii. <sup>1</sup> *slow offence*, offending slow-  
ness. (B)

li. <sup>11</sup> *Shall neigh — no dull flesh*  
— *race*). Malone supplied paren-  
theses. Quarto, *neigh noe dull*  
*flesh. race* — hardly, breed. (B)

li. <sup>14</sup> *go*, i. e. walk. (B)

## LII

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key  
 Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,  
 The which he will not every hour survey,  
 For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure,  
 Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,      5  
 Since, seldom coming, in the long year set  
 Like stones of worth, they thinly placed are,  
 Or captain jewels in the carcanet.  
 So is the time that keeps you as my chest,  
 Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,      10  
 To make some special instant special-blest,  
 By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.  
 Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,  
 Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

## LIII

What is your substance, whereof are you made,  
 That millions of strange shadows on you tend ?  
 Since every one hath, every one, one shade,  
 And you, but one, can every shadow lend.  
 Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit      5  
 Is poorly imitated after you ;  
 On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,  
 And you in Grecian tires are painted new :  
 Speak of the spring, and foison of the year,  
 The one doth shadow of your beauty shew,      10  
 The other as your bounty doth appear ;  
 And you in every blessed shape we know.  
 In all external grace you have some part,  
 But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

l.ii. <sup>1</sup> For, for fear of. (B)  
 l.ii. <sup>2</sup> captain, main. <sup>3</sup> carcanet, a  
 collar with jewels. (B)

l.iii. <sup>2</sup> strange, alien. (B)  
 l.iii. <sup>3</sup> tires, head-dresses. (B)  
 l.iii. <sup>4</sup> foison, abundance. (B)

## LIV

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,  
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give !  
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem  
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.  
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye      5  
As the perfumed tincture of the roses ;  
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly  
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses ;  
But, for their virtue only is their shew,  
They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade ;      10  
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so ;  
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made :  
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,  
When that shall fade, my verse distils your truth.

## LV

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments  
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme ;  
But you shall shine more bright in these contents  
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.  
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,      5  
And broils root out the work of masonry,  
Nor Mars his sword, nor war's quick fire shall burn  
The living record of your memory.

liv. <sup>5</sup> *canker-blooms*, wild roses. (B)

liv. <sup>6</sup> *for*, because. (W)

liv. <sup>1</sup> *monuments*. The quarto, *monument*. (B)

lv. <sup>1</sup> <sup>7</sup> Mr. Thomas Tyler has suggested that the reference (l. 1), "Not marble, nor the gilded monuments," and particularly (l. 7), "Nor Mars his sword, nor war's quick fire shall burn," were sug-

gested by what Meres (1598) said of Shakespeare in comparing Ovid, Horace, and other poets. If so, it would be a curious case of self-consciousness on Shakespeare's part. It should be remembered, however, that the idea of the eternalizing power of poetry is older than Horace, is a constant theme of the sonneteers, and implies no arrogance on Shakespeare's part. (B)

'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity  
 Shall you pace forth : your praise shall still find room 10  
 Even in the eyes of all posterity,  
 That wear this world out to the ending doom.  
 So, till the judgment that yourself arise,  
 You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

## LVI

Let love, renew thy force ; be it not said,  
 Edge should blunter be than appetite,  
 ch but to-day by feeding is allay'd,  
 morrow sharpen'd in his former might:  
 , love, be thou ; although to-day thou fill  
 my hungry eyes, even till they wink with fulness,  
**To-morrow see again, and do not kill**  
**The spirit of love with a perpetual dulness.**  
 Let this sad interim like the ocean be  
 Which parts the shore, where two contracted new 10  
 Come daily to the banks, that, when they see  
 Return of love, more blest may be the view ;  
 Or call it winter, which being full of care,  
 Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, more  
 rare.

## LVII

Being your slave, what should I do but tend  
 Upon the hours and times of your desire ?  
 I have no precious time at all to spend,  
 Nor services to do, till you require.

lv. " *that*. Beeching comments — "when"; not as Dowden and Wyndham, "till the decree of the judgment day that." Would not a "probably" have been in place here? (n)

lvi. " *his, its.* (n)

lvi. " *wink with*, close on account of. (n)

lvi. " *contracted new*, recently engaged to be married. (n)

lvi. " *Or*. Tyrwhitt's conjecture. The quarto, *As.* (n)

Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,  
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,  
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,  
When you have bid your servant once adieu :  
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought,  
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose ;  
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of naught,  
Save where you are, how happy you make those.  
So true a fool is love, that in your will,  
Though you do any thing, he thinks no ill.

5

10

## LVIII

That god forbid, that made me first your slave,  
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,  
Or at your hand th' account of hours to crave,  
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure !  
O, let me suffer, being at your beck,  
Th' imprison'd absence of your liberty ;  
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,  
Without accusing you of injury.  
Be where you list ; your charter is so strong,  
That you yourself may privilege your time  
To what you will ; to you it doth belong  
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.  
I am to wait, though waiting so be hell,  
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

5

10

## LIX

If there be nothing new, but that which is  
Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,  
Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss

lvii. <sup>11</sup> *will.* The quarto, *Will.* lviii. <sup>11</sup> *To.* Beeching accepts  
(a) lviii. <sup>7</sup> *tame to sufferance,* sub- Malone's *Do.* (a)  
dued to bear suffering. (a)

The second burthen of a former child?  
 O that record could, with a backward look,  
 Even of five hundred courses of the sun,  
 Shew me your image in some antique book,  
 Since mind at first in character was done;  
 That I might see what the old world could say  
 To this composed wonder of your frame;  
 Whether we are mended, or whe'r better they,  
 Or whether revolution be the same.  
 O, sure I am, the wits of former days  
 To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

5

10

## LX

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,  
 So do our minutes hasten to their end;  
 Each changing place with that which goes before,  
 In sequent toil all forwards do contend.  
 Nativity, once in the main of light,  
 Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,  
 Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,  
 And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.  
 Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,  
 And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;  
 Feeds on the rarities of Nature's truth,  
 And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow;  
 And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,  
 Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

5

10

lix. <sup>a</sup> *character*, writing. Still occasionally to be found used for "hand-writing." (R) lix. <sup>11</sup> *whe'r*, whether. (w) lix. <sup>12</sup> *revolution*, the course of things. (R) lix. <sup>b</sup> *main*, full flood. Beech-

ing takes *main of light* as the sky. (R) lix. <sup>c</sup> *confound*, destroy. Cf. viii. 7. (R) lix. <sup>d</sup> *flourish*, adornment. (R) lix. <sup>e</sup> *in hope*, future — probably. (R)



## LXI

Is it thy will thy image should keep open  
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?  
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,  
While shadows, like to thee, do mock my sight?  
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee      5  
So far from home, into my deeds to pry;  
To find out shames and idle hours in me,  
The scope and tenour of thy jealousy?  
O no, thy love, though much, is not so great:  
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;      10  
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,  
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:  
For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,  
From me far off, with others all too near.

## LXII

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,  
And all my soul, and all my every part;  
And for this sin there is no remedy,  
It is so grounded inward in my heart.  
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,      5  
No shape so true, no truth of such account;  
And for myself mine own worth do define,  
As I all other in all worths surmount.  
But when my glass shews me myself indeed,  
Beaten and chapp'd with tann'd antiquity,      10

xi. <sup>11</sup> *defeat*, destroy. (R)  
xii. <sup>12</sup> *gracious*, lovely, attractive. (R)

xiii. <sup>13</sup> *Beaten and chapp'd* [seamed]. The old copy, *Beated and chopt*, which has been fol-

lowed hitherto, although a manifest misprint. (W) [Herford thinks *beated* is an agricultural term (still used in Devonshire) for parting away the sods from moorland. (R)]

Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;  
Self so self-loving were iniquity.  
'T is thee myself that for myself I praise,  
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

Against my love shall be, as I am now  
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn;  
When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his brow  
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn  
Hath travell'd on to age's sleepy night;  
And all those beauties, whereof now he's king,  
Are vanishing, or vanish'd out of sight,  
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;  
For such a time do I now fortify

5

*Against confounding age's cruel knife,*  
*That he shall never cut from memory*  
*My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life:*  
*His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,*  
*And they shall live, and he in them still green.*

202

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced  
The rich proud cost of outworn buried age;  
When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed,  
And brass eternal, slave to mortal rage:  
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain  
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,  
And the firm soil win of the watery main,  
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store:  
When I have seen such interchange of state,

5

Ixiii. <sup>1</sup> *Against*, i. e. against the time when. (n) xiv. <sup>2</sup> *eternal*, slave. White's comma here is not usual, but it makes the sense clear. (n)

xiv. <sup>3</sup> *state*, condition. In the next line, pomp and power. (n)



## Sonnets

223

Or state itself confounded to decay,  
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate —  
That Time will come and take my love away.  
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose  
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

10

## LXV

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,  
But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,  
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,  
Whose action is no stronger than a flower ?  
O, how shall summer's honey-breath hold out  
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,  
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,  
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays ?  
O fearful meditation ! where, alack,  
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid ?  
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back ?  
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid ?  
O, none, unless this miracle have might,  
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

5

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## LXVI

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry ;—  
As, to behold desert a beggar born,  
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,  
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,  
And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,  
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,  
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,  
And strength by limping sway disabled,

5

lxv. <sup>10</sup> *chest*. Theobald suggested *quest*; but Wyndham aptly compares lli. 9. (a)

lxv. <sup>12</sup> *of*. [Malone.] The old copy, or. (w)

lxvi. <sup>1</sup> *disabled*. So the old

And art made tongue-ti'd by authority,  
 And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,  
 And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,  
 And captive good attending captain ill :  
 Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,  
 Save that to die, I leave my love alone.

10

## LXVII

Ah, wherefore with infection should he live,  
 And with his presence grace impiety,  
 That sin by him advantage should achieve,  
 And lace itself with his society ?  
 Why should false painting imitate his cheek,  
 And steal dead seeing of his living hue ?  
 Why should poor beauty indirectly seek  
 Roses of shadow, since his rose is true ?  
 Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is,  
 Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins ?  
 For she hath no exchequer now but his,  
 And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.  
 O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had  
 In days long since, before these last so bad.

5

10

## LXVIII

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,  
 When beauty liv'd and di'd as flowers do now,  
 Before these bastard signs of fair were born,  
 Or durst inhabit on a living brow ;

copy. White had *disabled*, and explained that rhythm and rhyme show that the word is to be pronounced in four syllables, in the uncontracted participial form. (B)

lvii. \* *seeing*, seeming appearance (?) (B)

lvii. <sup>1</sup> *poor*, insignificant.— Beeching. *indirectly*, in an under-hand manner. (B)

lviii. <sup>1</sup> *map*, picture. (B)



Before the golden tresses of the dead,  
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,  
To live a second life on second head ;  
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay.  
In him those holy antique hours are seen,  
Without all ornament, itself, and true,  
Making no summer of another's green,  
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new ;  
And him as for a map doth Nature store,  
To shew false Art what beauty was of yore.

5

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## LXIX

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view,  
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend ;  
All tongues, the voice of souls, give thee that due,  
Uttering bare truth, even so as foes command.  
Thine outward thus with outward praise is crown'd ;  
But those same tongues, that give thee so thine own,  
In other accents do this praise confound,  
By seeing farther than the eye hath shewn.  
They look into the beauty of thy mind,  
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds ;  
Then, churls, their thoughts, although their eyes were  
kind,  
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds ;  
But why thy odour matcheth not thy shew,  
The solve is this ; — that thou dost common grow.

5

10

lxix. <sup>3</sup> *that due.* The quarto, *that end*, corrected by Malone after Tyrwhitt's conjecture and Capell MS. (B)

lxix. <sup>4</sup> *Thine.* [Malone, 1790.]  
The quarto, *their.* (W)

lxix. <sup>14</sup> *solve.* The quarto has the easy misprint, *solve.* [Some

editors write *soil*. Cambridge reads *soil*, following the *soyle* of the quarto of 1640; and explaining that "the verb 'to soil' is not uncommon in old English, meaning to solve." *solve* is explained as "solution," a verbal form as noun.]

## LXX

That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,  
 For slander's mark was ever yet the fair ;  
 The ornament of beauty is suspect,  
 A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.  
 So thou be good, slander doth but approve  
 Thy worth the greater, being wo'd of time ;  
 For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,  
 And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.  
 Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,  
 Either not assail'd, or victor being charged ;  
 Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,  
 To tie up envy, evermore enlarged :  
     If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy shew,  
     Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts should'st owe.

5

10

## LXXI

No longer mourn for me, when I am dead,  
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell  
 Give warning to the world that I am fled  
 From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell :  
 Nay, if you read this line, remember not  
     The hand that writ it ; for I love you so,  
     That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,  
     If thinking on me then should make you woe.  
 O, if, I say, you look upon this verse,  
 When I perhaps compounded am with clay,

5

10

lxx. <sup>1</sup> art. So the edition of quarto, *their. of, by. time.* Beech-  
 1640. The quarto, *ars.* (n) ing thinks that this word here  
 lxx. <sup>2</sup> suspect, suspicion. (n) means "world." (n)  
 lxx. <sup>3</sup> approve, prove. (n) lxx. <sup>12</sup> To, as to. (n)  
 lxx. <sup>4</sup> Thy. Malone. The lxx. <sup>14</sup> owe, own. (n)



Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,  
But let your love even with my life decay ;  
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,  
And mock you with me after I am gone.

## LXXII

O, lest the world should task you to recite  
What merit liv'd in me, that you should love  
After my death, dear love, forget me quite,  
For you in me can nothing worthy prove ;  
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,  
To do more for me than mine own desert,  
And hang more praise upon deceased I,  
Than niggard truth would willingly impart.  
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,  
That you for love speak well of me untrue,  
My name be buried where my body is,  
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.  
For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,  
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

5

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## LXXIII

That time of year thou may'st in me behold, ~  
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang ~  
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold, — ~  
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang. ~  
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day ~  
As after sunset fadeth in the west, ~  
Which by and by black night doth take away,  
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest : ~  
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire, ~

5

lxii. \* prove, find, show to be. 1609, *m'wd quires*; that of 1640,  
(R) *ruin'd* — a variation hardly worth notice. (w)

lxxiii. \* *ruin'd*. The edition of

That on the ashes of his youth doth lie, 6  
 As the death-bed whereon it must expire, 10  
 Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by. f  
 This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong ,  
 To love that well which thou must leave ere long : /

## LXXIV

But be contented : when that fell arrest  
 Without all bail shall carry me away,  
 My life hath in this line some interest,  
 Which for memorial still with thee shall stay :  
 When thou reviewest this, thou dost review 5  
 The very part was consecrate to thee.  
 The earth can have but earth, which is his due ;  
 My spirit is thine, the better part of me :  
 So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,  
 The prey of worms, my body being dead ; 10  
 The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,  
 Too base of thee to be remembered.

The worth of that is that which it contains,  
 And that is this, and this with thee remains.

## LXXV

So are you to my thoughts, as food to life,  
 Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground ;  
 And for the peace of you I hold such strife  
 As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found :  
 Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon 5

bxxiii. <sup>10</sup> his, its. (R)

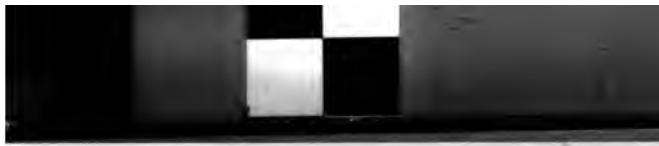
bxxiv. <sup>11</sup> all, any. (R)

bxxiv. <sup>11</sup> A specific attack on Shakespeare, or a possible reference to Marlowe's death. But cf. Beeching's note founded on Dowden's. (R)

bxxiv. <sup>14</sup> that is this, i. e. my spirit as my poetry. (R)

bxxv. <sup>12</sup> sweet-season'd, sweetly seasonable. (R)

bxxv. <sup>13</sup> of you, to be found in you. (R)



## Sonnets

229

Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure ;  
Now counting best to be with you alone,  
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure ;  
Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,  
And by and by clean starved for a look ;      10  
Possessing or pursuing no delight,  
Save what is had or must from you be took.  
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day ;  
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

✓ LXXVI ✓

Why is my verse so barren of new pride,  
So far from variation or quick change ?  
Why, with the time, do I not glance aside  
To new-found methods and to compounds strange ?  
Why write I still all one, ever the same,      5  
And keep invention in a noted weed,  
That every word doth almost tell my name,  
Shewing their birth, and where they did proceed ?  
O, know, sweet love, I always write of you,  
And you and love are still my argument :      10  
So, all my best is dressing old words new,  
Spending again what is already spent :  
For as the sun is daily new and old,  
So is my love, still telling what is told.

LXXVII

Thy glass will shew thee how thy beauties wear,  
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste ;  
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,

lxxvi. \* *noted weed*, well-known probably a misprint of "and  
form, or garb. (R) whence." (W)

lxxvi. ' *tell*. Malone. The lxxvii. "Probably this sonnet  
quarto, fol. (R) was designed to accompany a pres-  
lxxvi. \* *and where*. Not im- ent of a book consisting of blank  
paper." — Steevens. (R)

And of this book this learning may'st thou taste :  
 The wrinkles which thy glass will truly shew,  
 Of mouthed graves will give thee memory ;  
 Thou by thy dial's shady stealth may'st know  
 Time's thievish progress to eternity.  
 Look, what thy memory cannot contain,  
 Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find  
 Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,  
 To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.  
 These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,  
 Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

## LXXVIII

So oft have I invok'd thee for my Muse,  
 And found such fair assistance in my verse,  
 As every alien pen hath got my use,  
 And under thee their poesy disperse.  
 Thine eyes that taught the dumb on high to sing,  
 And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,  
 Have added feathers to the learned's wing,  
 And given grace a double majesty.  
 Yet be most proud of that which I compile,  
 Whose influence is thine, and born of thee :  
 In others' works thou dost but mend the style,  
 And arts with thy sweet graces graced be ;  
 But thou art all my art, and dost advance  
 As high as learning my rude ignorance.

lxxvii. <sup>10</sup> *blanks.* [Theobald.]  
 The old copy, *blacke.* (w)

lxxviii. <sup>1</sup> *As,* that. A frequent  
 use. (s)

lxxviii. <sup>4</sup> *under,* i. e. inspired by.

(s)

lxxviii. <sup>5-6</sup> The reference may  
 be to rivals, or to Shakespeare him-  
 self. (s)



## LXXIX

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,  
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace ;  
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,  
And my sick Muse doth give another place.  
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument  
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen ;  
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,  
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.  
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word  
From thy behaviour ; beauty doth he give,  
And found it in thy cheek ; he can afford  
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.  
Then, thank him not for that which he doth say,  
Since what he owes thee, thou thyself dost pay.

5

10

## LXXX

O, how I faint when I of you do write,  
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,  
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,  
To make me tongue-ti'd, speaking of your fame :  
But since your worth, wide as the ocean is,  
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,  
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,  
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.  
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,  
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride ;  
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,  
He of tall building, and of goodly pride :  
Then, if he thrive, and I be cast away,  
The worst was this — my love was my decay.

5

10

lxix. \* *thy lovely argument*, the theme of thy beauty. (n)

## LXXXI

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,  
 Or you survive when I in earth am rotten :  
 From hence your memory death cannot take,  
 Although in me each part will be forgotten.  
 Your name from hence immortal life shall have,      5  
 Though I, once gone, to all the world must die :  
 The earth can yield me but a common grave,  
 When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.  
 Your monument shall be my gentle verse,  
 Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read ;      10  
 And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,  
 When all the breathers of this world are dead ;  
 You still shall live — such virtue hath my pen —  
 Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of  
 men.

## LXXXII

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse,  
 And, therefore, may'st without attaint o'erlook  
 The dedicated words which writers use  
 Of their fair subject, blessing every book.  
 Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,      5  
 Finding thy worth a limit past my praise ;  
 And, therefore, art enforc'd to seek anew  
 Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.  
 And do so, love ; yet when they have devis'd  
 What strained touches rhetoric can lend,      10

lxxxi. \* *From hence.* Beeching course, being practically the same ?  
 explains as "from my verses." (B)  
 Might it not stand for "from lxxii. \* *attaint,* disgrace. (B)  
 henceforward," the meaning of



Thou, truly fair, wert truly sympathiz'd  
In true plain words, by thy true-telling friend ;  
And their gross painting might be better us'd  
Where cheeks need blood : in thee it is abus'd.

## LXXXIII

I never saw that you did painting need,  
And, therefore, to your fair no painting set ;  
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed  
The barren tender of a poet's debt :  
And, therefore, have I slept in your report,  
That you yourself, being extant, well might shew  
How far a modern quill doth come too short,  
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.  
This silence for my sin you did impute,  
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb ;  
For I impair not beauty being mute,  
When others would give life, and bring a tomb.  
There lives more life in one of your fair eyes,  
Than both your poets can in praise devise.

5

10

## LXXXIV

Who is it that says most ? which can say more,  
Than this rich praise, that you alone are you ?  
In whose confine immured is the store,  
Which should example where your equal grew.  
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,  
That to his subject lends not some small glory ;  
But he that writes of you, if he can tell

5

lxxii. <sup>11</sup> *sympathiz'd*, matched. lxxiii. <sup>4</sup> *in your report*, in praising you. (B) lxxiii. <sup>2</sup> *fair*, beauty. (B) lxxiii. <sup>7</sup> *modern*, ordinary. (B) lxxiv. <sup>4</sup> *example*, show. (B)

That you are you, so dignifies his story;  
 Let him but copy what in you is writ,  
 Not making worse what nature made so clear,      10  
 And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,  
 Making his style admired every where.  
     You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,  
     Being fond on praise, which makes your praises  
     worse.

## LXXXV

My tongue-ti'd Muse in manners holds her still,  
 While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,  
 Reserve their character with golden quill,  
 And precious phrase by all the Muses fil'd.  
 I think good thoughts, whilst other write good words,      5  
 And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry "Amen"  
 To every hymn that able spirit affords,  
 In polish'd form of well-refined pen.  
 Hearing you prais'd, I say, "Tis so, 't is true,"  
 And to the most of praise add something more;      10  
 But that is in my thought, whose love to you,  
 Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before:  
     Then, others for the breath of words respect,  
     Me, for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

## LXXXVI

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,  
 Bound for the prize of all too precious you,  
 That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,

lxxxiv. <sup>11</sup> *counterpart*, copy. (n)  
 lxxxiv. <sup>14</sup> *fond on*, foolishly de-  
 voted to. (n)

lxxxv. <sup>2</sup> *Reserve their*. Some  
 think we should read *Rehearse thy*.

Others take *Reserve* = preserve.  
 The phrasing is obscure. (n)  
 lxxxv. <sup>7</sup> *spirit*. Another of the  
 many instances of the use of this  
 word as a monosyllable.

Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew ?  
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write      5  
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead ?  
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night  
Giving him aid, my verse astonished :  
He, nor that affable familiar ghost,  
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,  
As victors of my silence cannot boast.      10  
I was not sick of any fear from thence ;  
But when your countenance fil'd up his line,  
Then lack'd I matter ; that enfeebled mine.

## LXXXVII .

Farewell : thou art too dear for my possessing,  
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate :  
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing ;  
My bonds in thee are all determinate.  
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting ?      5  
And for that riches where is my deserving ?  
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,  
And so my patent back again is swerving.  
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing  
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking ;      10  
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,  
Comes home again, on better judgment making.  
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,  
In sleep a king, but waking, no such matter.

lxxvi. <sup>12</sup> *fil'd up his line.* So Ben Jonson, in his verses on Shakespeare, "In his well torned and true filed lines." And in the preceding Sonnet, "And precious phrase by all the Muses fil'd." (w) [The

quarto, *fill'd*. Late editors, *fill'd*, suggested by *lack'd*.]

lxxvii. <sup>13</sup> *patent*, privilege. (B)

lxxvii. <sup>11</sup> *upon misprision grow-ing*, "arising from an oversight." — Beeching. (B)

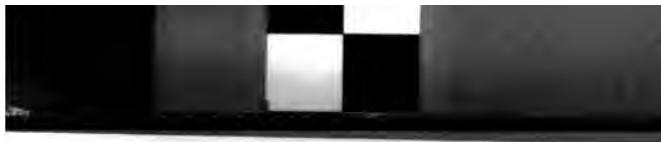
## ✓LXXXVIII

When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,  
 And place my merit in the eye of scorn,  
 Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,  
 And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn ;  
 With mine own weakness being best acquainted, 5  
 Upon thy part I can set down a story  
 Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted,  
 That thou, in losing me, shalt win much glory :  
 And I by this will be a gainer too ;  
 t bending all my loving thoughts on thee, 10  
 e injuries that to myself I do,  
 Doing thee vantage, double vantage me.  
 Such is my love, to thee I so belong,  
**That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.**

## LXXXIX

Say that thou did'st forsake me for some fault,  
 And I will comment upon that offence :  
 Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,  
 Against thy reasons making no defence.  
 Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill, 5  
 To set a form upon desired change,  
 As I'll myself disgrace : knowing thy will,  
 I will acquaintance strangle, and look strange ;  
 Be absent from thy walks ; and in my tongue  
 Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell, 10  
 Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong,  
 And haply of our old acquaintance tell.  
 For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,  
 For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

bxxxviii. <sup>1</sup> *set me light*, esteem  
 me lightly. (B) bxxxix. <sup>2</sup> *set a form upon*, make  
 a specious excuse for. (B)



## xc

Then hate me when thou wilt ; if ever, now :  
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,  
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,  
And do not drop in for an after loss.  
Ah, do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorrow,      5  
Come in the rearward of a conquered woe ;  
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,  
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.  
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,  
When other petty griefs have done their spite,      10  
But in the onset come : so shall I taste  
At first the very worst of fortune's might ;  
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,  
Compar'd with loss of thee, will not seem so.

## ✓ xci ✓

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,  
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force ;  
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill ;  
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse ;  
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,      5  
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest ;  
But these particulars are not my measure :  
All these I better in one general best.  
Thy love is better than high birth to me,  
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,      10  
Of more delight than hawks or horses be ;  
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast :  
Wretched in this alone, that thou may'st take  
All this away, and me most wretched make.

## xcii

But do thy worst to steal thyself away ;  
 For term of life thou art assured mine ;  
 And life no longer than thy love will stay,  
 For it depends upon that love of thine :  
 Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,  
 When in the least of them my life hath end.  
 I see a better state to me belongs  
 Than that which on thy humour doth depend.  
 Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,  
 Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.  
 O, what a happy title do I find,  
 Happy to have thy love, happy to die !  
 But what's so blessed fair that fears no blot ?  
 Thou may'st be false, and yet I know it not.

5

10

## xciii

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,  
 Like a deceived husband ; so love's face  
 May still seem love to me, though alter'd new ;  
 Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place :  
 For there can live no hatred in thine eye ;  
 Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.  
 In many's looks the false heart's history  
 Is writ in moods, and frowns, and wrinkles strange ;  
 But Heaven in thy creation did decree,  
 That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell ;  
 Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,  
 Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.  
 How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,  
 If thy sweet virtue answer not thy shew !

5

10

xcii. <sup>10</sup> *lie*, depend. (B)  
 xciii. <sup>14</sup> *shew*, external appearance. (B)



## xciv

They that have power to hurt, and will do none,  
That do not do the thing they most do shew,  
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,  
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow ;  
They rightly do inherit Heaven's graces,  
And husband Nature's riches from expense ;  
They are the lords and owners of their faces,  
Others but stewards of their excellence.  
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,  
Though to itself it only live and die ;  
But if that flower with base infection meet,  
The basest weed outbraves his dignity ;  
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds :  
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

## xcv

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame,  
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,  
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name !  
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose !  
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,  
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,  
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise ;  
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.  
O, what a mansion have those vices got,

5

xciv. <sup>a</sup> *shew*, appear to do. Cf. xcii. 14. (B)

xciv. <sup>b</sup> *stewards*. Relying on 1. 6, Beeching argues that this word — spenders, but the point is not clear. (B)

xciv. <sup>12</sup> *his, its*, i. e. the flower's. (B)

xciv. <sup>14</sup> Virtually the same line is found in the anonymous "Edward III." (which some think is Shakespeare's in part, see "Temple Dramatists") III. ii. 3, "Lilies that fester seem far worse than weeds." (B)

Which for their habitation chose out thee,  
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,  
And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!  
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;  
The hardest knife ill us'd doth lose his edge.

XCVI

Some say, thy fault is youth, some wantonness ;  
Some say, thy grace is youth, and gentle sport ;  
Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and less :  
Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.

As on the finger of a throned queen  
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,  
So are those errors that in thee are seen  
To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.  
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,  
If like a lamb he could his looks translate !  
**How many gazers** might'st thou lead away,  
If thou would'st use the strength of all thy state

But do not so ; I love thee in such sort,  
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

✓ ~~1-2001~~

How like a winter hath my absence been  
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year !  
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen,  
What old December's barenness every where !  
And yet this time remov'd was summer's time ;  
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,  
Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,  
Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease :  
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me

xcv. <sup>12</sup> turn. The quarto, turnes. xcvi. <sup>3</sup> of, by. (B)  
(B) xcvii. <sup>1</sup> prime, spring. (B)



## Sonnets

241

But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit ;  
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,  
And, thou away, the very birds are mute ;  
Or, if they sing, 't is with so dull a cheer,  
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

10

## xcviii

From you have I been absent in the spring,  
When proud-pi'd April, dress'd in all his trim,  
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,  
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him :  
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell  
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,  
Could make me any summer's story tell,  
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew :  
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,  
Nor praise the deep vermillion in the rose ;  
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,  
Drawn after you ; you pattern of all those.  
5  
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,  
As with your shadow I with these did play :

5

10

## xcix

The forward violet thus did I chide : —  
Sweet thief, whence did'st thou steal thy sweet that  
smells,  
If not from my love's breath ? the purple pride  
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,

xcvii. <sup>10</sup> *hope of*, expectation of  
the birth of. (B)

xcviii. <sup>1</sup> *proud-pi'd*, gorgeously  
variegated. (B)

xcviii. <sup>2</sup> *That*, so that. <sup>3</sup> *heavy*,  
sullen. (B)

xcix. A fifteen-lined stanza, the  
first line standing outside of the  
regular sonnet form which follows.  
(B)

xcix. <sup>1</sup> *forward*, early. (B)

In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dy'd.  
The lily I condemned for thy hand,  
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair :  
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,  
One blushing shame, another white despair ;  
A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both,  
And to this robbery had annex'd thy breath ;  
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth  
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.

More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,  
But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee.

1

10

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forgettest so  
long

To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?  
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,  
Darkening thy power to lend base subjects light?  
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem  
In gentle numbers time so idly spent:  
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem,  
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.  
Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey,  
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;  
If any, be a satire to decay,  
And make Time's spoils despised every where.

三

10

xcix. <sup>9</sup> <i>One.</i> In the quarto, our. (w)	c. <sup>9</sup> <i>resty,</i> sluggish from rest. (R)
xcix. <sup>10</sup> <i>canker,</i> caterpillar. (R)	c. <sup>10</sup> <i>be,</i> let thy writings be. (S)
c. <sup>8</sup> <i>argument,</i> theme. (S)	c. <sup>11</sup> <i>presented,</i> forestalled. (R)



O truant Muse! What shall be thy amends,  
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd?  
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;  
So dost thou too, and therein dignifi'd.  
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say,      5  
"Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd;  
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;  
But best is best, if never intermix'd?"  
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?  
Excuse not silence so; for 't lies in thee      10  
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,  
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.  
Then do thy office, Muse: I teach thee how  
To make him seem long hence as he shews now.

## v v cii v

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming;  
I love not less, though less the shew appear:  
That love is merchandis'd, whose rich esteeming  
The owner's tongue doth publish every where.  
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,      5  
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;  
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,  
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days:  
Not that the summer is less pleasant now,  
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,      10

ci. <sup>1</sup> *lay*, spread as on canvas.      cii. <sup>2</sup> *her*. The quarto, *his*,  
(B)      which White followed. Housman  
cii. <sup>1</sup> *Philomel*. See *Lucrece*, l.      made the needed change. (B)  
1079; *Passionate Pilgrim*, xxi. (B)

But that wild music burthens every bough,  
 And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.  
 Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue;  
 Because I would not dull you with my song.

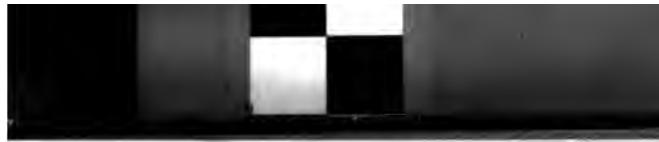
## CIII

Alack, what poverty my Muse brings forth,  
 That having such a scope to shew her pride,  
 The argument, all bare, is of more worth  
 Than when it hath my added praise beside.  
 O, blame me not, if I no more can write :      5  
 Look in your glass, and there appears a face,  
 That over-goes my blunt invention quite,  
 Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.  
 Were it not sinful, then, striving to mend,  
 To mar the subject that before was well ?      10  
 For to no other pass my verses tend,  
 Than of your graces and your gifts to tell ;  
 And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,  
 Your own glass shews you, when you look in it.

## CIV

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,  
 For as you were, when first your eye I ey'd,  
 Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold  
 Have from the forests shook three summers' pride ;  
 Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd,  
 In process of the seasons have I seen ;      5  
 Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,  
 Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.

cii. <sup>14</sup> *dull, weary.* (a)      three years has led many to suppose the writing of the sonnet sequence is to be literally narrowed within this time. (a)  
 ciii. <sup>15</sup> *argument,* theme. Cf. cv. 9. (a)  
 cv. <sup>16</sup> *Three.* This iteration of



## Sonnets

245

Ah, yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,  
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived ;  
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,  
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived :  
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred, —  
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

10

cv

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,  
Nor my beloved as an idol shew,  
Since all alike my songs and praises be,  
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.  
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,  
Still constant in a wondrous excellence ;  
Therefore my verse to constancy confin'd,  
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.  
Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,  
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words ;  
And in this change is my invention spent,  
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.  
Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone,  
Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.

5

10

cvi

When in the chronicle of wasted time  
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,  
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme  
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,  
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,  
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,  
I see their antique pen would have express'd  
Even such a beauty as you master now.

5

civ. <sup>to</sup> his, its. (B)

cvi. <sup>a</sup> blazon, proclamation (heraldic). (B)

So all their praises are but prophecies  
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring ;  
 And for they look'd but with divining eyes,  
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing :  
 For we, which now behold these present days,  
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

10

## CVII

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul  
 Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,  
 Can yet the lease of my true love control,  
 Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.  
 The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,  
 And the sad augurs mock their own presage ;  
 Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,  
 And peace proclaims olives of endless age.  
 Now, with the drops of this most balmy time  
 My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,  
 Since, spite of him, I 'll live in this poor rhyme,  
 While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes :  
 And thou in this shalt find thy monument,  
 When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are  
 spent.

5

10

cvi. <sup>11</sup> *for*, because. (R)  
 cvi. <sup>12</sup> *skill*. The quarto, *still*.  
 (W) [Tyrwhitt's conjecture. Wyndham retains *still*, but his exegesis is unconvincing.]

cvi. <sup>13</sup> *confin'd*, fixed beforehand. Accented on the first syllable. (R)

cvi. <sup>14</sup> This passage is interpreted by many as an allusion to the death of Elizabeth, 1603; by others as referring to the plot of

Essex against Elizabeth, in 1601. Still others see in the "peace" (l. 8) a concrete reference to the peace of Vervins (1598) or the peace between Spain and the United Provinces in 1609. Of these conjectures the first is the most probable. (R)

cvi. <sup>15</sup> *subscribes*, submits. (R)  
 cvii. <sup>16</sup> *insults o'er*, triumphs over. (R)



## CVIII

What's in the brain that ink may character,  
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit ?  
What's new to speak, what new to register,  
That may express my love, or thy dear merit ?  
Nothing, sweet boy ; but yet, like prayers divine,      5  
I must each day say o'er the very same,  
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,  
Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.  
So that eternal love, in love's fresh case,  
Weighs not the dust and injury of age ;      10  
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,  
But makes antiquity for aye his page ;  
    Finding the first conceit of love there bred,  
    Where time and outward form would show it dead.

## CIX

O, never say that I was false of heart,  
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify :  
As easy might I from myself depart,  
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie.  
That is my home of love : if I have ranged,      5  
Like him that travels, I return again,  
Just to the time, not with the time exchanged ;  
So that myself bring water for my stain.  
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd  
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,      10

cviii. <sup>8</sup> new to. The quarto,  
now to. Malone made the mani-  
festly proper change. (w)

cviii. <sup>9</sup> divine, to the gods. (B)

cviii. <sup>10</sup> conceit, thought. (B)  
cix. <sup>7</sup> Just, punctual. exchanged,  
altered. (B)

That it could so preposterously be stain'd,  
 To leave for nothing all thy sum of good ;  
 For nothing this wide universe I call,  
 Save thou, my rose ; in it thou art my all.

## cx

Alas, 't is true I have gone here and there,  
 And made myself a motley to the view ;  
 Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,  
 Made old offences of affections new :  
 Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth      5  
 Askance and strangely ; but, by all above,  
 These blenches gave my heart another youth,  
 And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.  
 Now all is done, save what shall have no end :  
 Mine appetite I never more will grind      10  
 On newer proof, to try an older friend,  
 A god in love, to whom I am confin'd.  
 Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best  
 Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

## cxi

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,  
 The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,  
 That did not better for my life provide  
 Than public means, which public manners breeds :  
 Thence comes it that my name receives a brand ;      5  
 And almost thence my nature is subdu'd

(B) cx. <sup>2</sup> *motley*, a jester. (B)

(B) cx. <sup>7</sup> *blenches*, sudden changes.

(B)

(B) cx. <sup>8</sup> *worse essays*, experience with inferior loves. (B)

cx. <sup>9</sup> *save*. The quarto, *have*,

which Tyrwhitt corrected. (W)

cxi. <sup>1</sup> *with*. [Gildon.] The old

copy, *wish*. (W)



To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.  
Pity me, then, and wish I were renew'd,  
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink  
Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection ;  
No bitterness that I will bitter think,  
Nor double penance, to correct correction.  
Pity me, then, dear friend, and I assure ye,  
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

10

## CXII

Your love and pity doth th' impression fill  
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow ;  
For what care I who calls me well or ill,  
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow ?  
You are my all-the-world, and I must strive  
To know my shames and praises from your tongue ;  
None else to me, nor I to none alive,  
That my steel'd sense or changes, right or wrong.  
In so profound abyss I throw all care  
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense

5

10

cxi. "eisel." Vinegar was called eisel [and was supposed to be a remedy against "infection"].

cxii. "sense." Here, and in the next line but one, a plural. (w) or changes, right or wrong. Some editors omit the comma, and explain: "accepts criticism from just or unjust." Beeching's note on ll. 7-8 is as follows: "So far as I am concerned, there is no one but you alive in all the world by whom my resolute mind can be changed to right or wrong. Perhaps we should read charges; in that case the paraphrase would

be, There is none but you from whom my mind receives charges of right or wrong. In either case my steel'd sense is the object of the verb, and no one the subject." This is apparently the sense of the passage, but perhaps we should understand after alive some such words as "is so important." Then That . . . changes would — as to change, and the line might be punctuated That my steel'd sense or changes right, or wrong, where right, or wrong — rightly or wrongly. (a)

To critic and to flatterer stopped are,  
 Mark how with my neglect I do dispense :—  
 You are so strongly in my purpose bred,  
 That all the world besides methinks they're dead.

## CXIII

Since I left you mine eye is in my mind ;  
 And that which governs me to go about  
 Doth part his function, and is partly blind,  
 Seems seeing, but effectually is out ;  
 For it no form delivers to the heart      5  
 Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch :  
 Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,  
 Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch ;  
 For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,  
 The most sweet favour, or deformed'st creature,      10  
 The mountain or the sea, the day or night,  
 The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature :  
 Incapable of more, replete with you,  
 My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

## CXIV

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,  
 Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery ?  
 Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith true,  
 And that your love taught it this alchemy,

- cxii. <sup>12</sup> *dispense*, excuse.— Beeching. (R)      the note on "Where hearing should not latch them," *Macbeth*, IV. iii.  
 cxii. <sup>13</sup> *strongly in my purpose bred*, completely the object of my desires. (R)      185. [The quarto, *lack*.]  
 cxii. <sup>10</sup> *favour*, face. (R)  
 cxiii. <sup>14</sup> *maketh mine untrue*, i. e. maketh the semblance, the fictitious (and so the false or untrue) object which is constantly before me; "untrue" used substantively. (W)
- cxii. <sup>14</sup> *they're*. Dyce. The quarto, *y're*. White read *they are*. (R)  
 cxiii. <sup>3</sup> *part*, divide. (R)  
 cxiii. <sup>6</sup> *latch*, i. e. catch. See

To make of monsters and things indigest,  
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,  
Creating every bad a perfect best,  
As fast as objects to his beams assemble?  
O, 't is the first: 't is flattery in my seeing,  
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:  
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'greeing,  
And to his palate doth prepare the cup:  
If it be poison'd, 't is the lesser sin  
That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

## cxv

Those lines that I before have writ do lie,  
Even those that said I could not love you dearer;  
Yet then my judgment knew no reason why  
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.  
But reckoning Time, whose million'd accidents  
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,  
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,  
Divert strong minds to th' course of altering things:  
Alas! why, fearing of time's tyranny,  
Might I not then say, "Now I love you best,"  
When I was certain o'er incertainty,  
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?  
Love is a babe; then might I not say so,  
To give full growth to that which still doth grow.

cxiv. <sup>8</sup> *indigest*, formless, chaotic. (B)

cxiv. <sup>11</sup> *gust*, taste. (B)

cxv. <sup>7</sup> *Tan*, mar. (B)

cxv. <sup>14</sup> *grow*. A period has been substituted for the usual question mark, Wyndham, as Beeching notes, having successfully defended

the period of the original. The former writes: "The Poet asks, 'Might I not *then*' — in those early days, 'fearing time's tyranny,' say, 'Now I love you best'? And he answers in the negative: 'Love is a Babe: then might I *not say so*.'" (B)

## CXVI

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
 Admit impediments: love is not love  
 Which alters when it alteration finds,  
 Or bends with the remover to remove:  
 O no; it is an ever-fixed mark, 5  
 That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;  
 It is the star to every wandering bark,  
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.  
 Love's not Time's Fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
 Within his bending sickle's compass come; 10  
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.  
 If this be error, and upon me proved,  
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

## CXVII

Accuse me thus: that I have scanted all  
 Wherein I should your great deserts repay;  
 Forgot upon your dearest love to call,  
 Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;  
 That I have frequent been with unknown minds, 5  
 And given to time your own dear-purchas'd right;  
 That I have hoisted sail to all the winds  
 Which should transport me farthest from your sight:  
 Book both my wilfulness and errors down,

cxvi. \* Cf. Sonnet xxv. 13-14.  
 — Wyndham. (B)

cxvi. \* *worth's*. Explained as  
 the occult virtue and influence of  
 the star, obtained only by observa-  
 tion and calculation. *his*, its. (B)

cxvi. <sup>11</sup> *his*, Time's. (B)

cxvii. \* *unknown*, insignificant.  
 — Beeching. (B)  
 cxvii. \* *time*. Beeching refers to  
 Sonnet lxx. 6, and thinks that *time*  
 means in both places "world."  
 But may it not mean here that  
 which is merely temporary, of  
 slight value? (B)



## Sonnets

253

And on just proof surmise accumulate ;  
Bring me within the level of your frown,  
But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate,  
Since my appeal says, I did strive to prove  
The constancy and virtue of your love.

10

## CXVIII

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,  
With eager compounds we our palate urge ;  
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,  
We sicken to shun sickness when we purge ;  
Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,  
To bitter sources did I frame my feeding ;  
And, sick of welfare, found <sup>11</sup> and of meetness  
To be diseas'd, ere that there was true needing.  
Thus policy in love, t' anticipate  
The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,  
And brought to medicine a healthful state,  
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cured ;  
But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,  
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

5

10

## CXIX

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,  
Distill'd from limbecks foul as Hell within,  
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,  
Still losing when I saw myself to win !

cxvii. <sup>11</sup> *level*, range. (s)

cxviii. <sup>12</sup> *eager*, sharp, biting. (s)

(s)

cxviii. <sup>4</sup> *to shun*, in order to shun. (s)

cxviii. <sup>13</sup> *rank of*, needing to be purged. (s)

cxix. <sup>14</sup> *limbecks*, alembics, stills. (s)

(s)

cxix. <sup>4</sup> *to win*, about to win. (s)

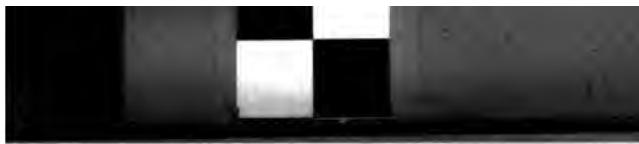
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,  
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never !  
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,  
In the distraction of this madding fever !  
O benefit of ill ! now I find true,  
That better is by evil still made better ;  
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,  
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.  
So I return rebuk'd to my content,  
And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

## cxx

That you were once unkind <sup>to</sup> friends me now,  
And for that sorrow which I then did feel,  
Needs must I under my transgression bow,  
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.  
For if you were by my unkindness shaken,  
As I by yours, you've pass'd a hell of time ;  
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken  
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.  
O that our night of woe might have remember'd  
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits ;  
And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd  
The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits !  
But that your trespass now becomes a fee ;  
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

cix. <sup>7</sup> *been fitted*, i. e. started as  
in a fit. But see Wyndham. (R)  
cxix. <sup>11</sup> *ill*. The quarto, *ills*. (R)  
cxx. <sup>8</sup> *you've*. The quarto, *y'*  
*have*. (R)  
cxx. <sup>9</sup> *our*. Beeching takes this  
to be an impossible reading, "as it  
spoils the antithesis of 'you' and

'me,' which runs all through the  
Sonnet." See his note, which  
seems to exaggerate the difficulty.  
Is not the pronoun used in a bold  
identification of the nights of woe  
passed by the two? *remember'd*,  
*reminded*. (R)  
cxx. <sup>10</sup> *fee*, pledge. (R)



## cxxi

T is better to be vile than vile esteemed,  
When not to be receives reproach of being ;  
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deemed,  
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing :  
For why should others' false adulterate eyes      5  
Give salutation to my sportive blood ?  
Or on my frailties why are fraailer spies,  
Which in their wills count bad what I think good ?  
No, I am that I am ; and they that level  
At my ab<sup>s</sup>ises, reckon up their own :      10  
I may be straigh<sup>t</sup>, though they themselves be bevel.  
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shewn ;  
Unless this general evil they maintain,—  
All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

## cxxii

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain  
Full character'd with lasting memory,  
Which shall above that idle rank remain,  
Beyond all date, even to eternity ;  
Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart      5  
Have faculty by nature to subsist ;  
Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part  
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.  
That poor retention could not so much hold,  
Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score ;      10

cxxi. \* *level*, aim. (B)

cxxi. <sup>11</sup> *bevel*, crooked. (B)

cxxii. <sup>1</sup> *tables*, writing tablets. (B)

(B) cxxii. <sup>10</sup> *tallies*, sticks notched

cxxii. <sup>11</sup> *character'd*, written. (B)

cxxii. <sup>12</sup> *idle rank*, mere state of  
being tablets — probably. (B)

cxxii. \* *poor retention*, i. e. the

tablet poor for recording as com-

pared with the brain. (B)

cxxii. <sup>10</sup> *tallies*, sticks notched

for the keeping of accounts. (B)

Therefore to give them from me was I bold,  
To trust those tables that receive thee more:  
    To keep an adjunct to remember thee,  
W<sup>e</sup>re to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXIII

No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change  
Thy pyramids, built up with newer might,  
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange ;  
They are but dressings of a former sight.  
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire  
What thou dost foist upon us that is old,  
And rather make them born to our desire,  
Than think that we before have heard them told.  
Thy registers and thee I both defy,  
Not wondering at the present nor the past ;  
For thy records and what we see doth lie,  
Made more or less by thy continual haste.

CXXIV

If my dear love were but the child of state,  
It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,  
As subject to Time's love, or to Time's hate,  
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.

cxxiii. <sup>3</sup> pyramids, what time  
piles up from day to day. (R)  
—<sup>3</sup> Aadmire wonder at. (—)

cxxiii. <sup>6</sup> admire, wonder at. (R)  
cxxiii. <sup>7</sup> them, i. e. "what thou  
dost faint." (R)

cxxiii. ' them, i. e. "what thou  
dost foist." (B)

cxxii. " *doth*. So the original.  
White accepted Malone's *do.* (B)

<sup>1</sup> state, passing circum-



Sonnets

257

No, it was builded far from accident ;  
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls  
Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,  
Whereto th' inviting time our fashion calls :  
It fears not policy, that heretic,  
Which works on leases of short number'd hours, 10  
But all alone stands hugely politic,  
That it nor grows with heat, nor drowns with  
showers.  
To this I witness call the fools of time,  
Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for crime.

COV

Were 't aught to me I bore the canopy,  
With my extern the outward honouring,  
Or laid great bases for eternity,  
Which prove more short than waste or ruining?  
Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour  
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent;  
For compound sweet foregoing simple savour,

四

xxiv. <sup>11</sup> *all alone stands hugely politic*, explained as grounded in itself (*all alone*), it endures and its *policy* (l. 9) is constant. (R)

cxxiv. <sup>12</sup> That, so that. grows.  
An error has been suspected here.  
(R)

(B) cxxiv. 13-14 *the fools of time, &c.* Tyler (*Sonnets of Shakespeare*) thinks this is a specific reference to Essex. Dowden explains as "I call to witness the transitory unworthy loves whose death was a virtue since their life was a crime."

xxv. <sup>1</sup> Were 't. Beeching's observation that this means "would it be," is important, because it shows that any attempt to make the line mean that Shakespeare took part in some great ceremony — or that Bacon did and therefore wrote the Sonnet, as has been contended — may very well be beside the point. Beeching says that the commentators "have not seen that the poet is repudiating charges laid against him by the 'informer' of l. 16." bore the canopy, explained in l. 2, "the outward honouring." (B)

Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?  
 No; let me be obsequious in thy heart,  
 And take thou my oblation, poor but free,  
 Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art,  
 But mutual render, only me for thee.

10

Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul,  
 When most impeach'd, stands least in thy control.

## cxxxvi

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power  
 Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour;  
 Who hast by waning grown, and therein shew'st  
 Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st;  
 If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,  
 As thou goest onwards still will pluck thee back,  
 She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill  
 May time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill.  
 Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure!  
 She may detain, but not still keep her treasure:

10

Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,  
 And her quietus is to render thee.

cxxv. <sup>11</sup> *seconds*. The second quality of flour was, and, I believe, still is, called seconds. (w)

cxxv. <sup>12</sup> *thou suborn'd informer*. Cf. cxi. 7, "frauler spies." Also cf. *Venus and Adonis*, l. 655, where "this sour informer" is Jealousy. (e)

cxxvi. Not in sonnet form, but six rhymed couplets, even though an omission of two lines is indicated in the quarto. It is the conclusion of a series of sonnets and serves as

Envoy. With this, it is usually held, was concluded the first series addressed to a youth. Most of the remaining seem addressed to a woman, and express the bitter reflections consequent upon this relation. (e)

cxxvi. <sup>13</sup> *Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour*—a most remarkable instance of inversion for "Time's fickle hour-glass, his sickle." (w)

cxxvi. <sup>14</sup> *still, ever*. (e)

cxxxvii *2d series*

In the old age black was not counted fair,  
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name ;  
But now is black beauty's successive heir,  
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame ;  
For since each hand hath put on Nature's power,      5  
Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face,  
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,  
But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace.  
Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,  
Her eyes so suited ; and they mourners seem      10  
At such, who, not born fair, no beauty lack,  
Slandering creation with a false esteem :  
Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,  
That every tongue says, beauty should look so.

## cxxxviii

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,  
Upon that blessed wood, whose motion sounds  
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st  
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,  
Do I envy those jacks, that nimble leap      5  
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,  
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,  
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand.

cxxvii. <sup>1</sup> This is an allusion to the remarkable fact that during the chivalric ages brunettes were not acknowledged as beauties anywhere in Christendom. In all the old *contes*, *fabliaux*, and romances . . . the heroines are blondes. And more, the possession of dark eyes and hair, and the complexion that accompanies them, is referred

to by the troubadours as a misfortune. But the brunettes have changed the fashion since that day. (w)

cxxvii. <sup>2</sup> eyes. Beeching accepts Staunton's *brows*. (B)

cxxvii. <sup>11</sup> no beauty lack, i. e. resort to artificial adornments. (R)

cxxxviii. <sup>3</sup> jacks, i. e. keys. (w)

To be so tickled, they would change their state  
 And situation with those dancing chips,  
 O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,  
 Making dead wood more blest than living lips.  
 Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,  
 Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

10

## CXXIX

Th' expense of spirit in a waste of shame  
 Is lust in action ; and till action, lust  
 Is perjur'd, murtherous, bloody, full of blame,  
 Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust ;  
 Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight ;  
 Past reason hunted, and no sooner had,  
 Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,  
 On purpose laid to make the taker mad ;  
 Mad in pursuit, and in possession so ;  
 Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme ;  
 A bliss in proof, — and prov'd, a very woe ;  
 Before, a joy propos'd ; behind, a dream.

5

All this the world well knows, yet none knows well  
 To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

10

## CXXX

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun ;  
 Coral is far more red than her lips' red :  
 If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun ;  
 If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.  
 I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,  
 But no such roses see I in her cheeks ;

5

cxxviii. <sup>11</sup> thy, [Malone.] The quarto, *their*, and so again in the last line of this Sonnet. (w) cxxix. <sup>11</sup> in proof, when being experienced. (R) and prov'd, a very woe. Malone's correction of the quarto reading, *and proud and very woe.* (w)

(B) cxxix. <sup>1</sup> expense, expenditure.



And in some perfumes is there more delight  
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.  
I love to hear her speak ; yet well I know  
That music hath a far more pleasing sound :      10  
I grant I never saw a goddess go ;  
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground.  
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare  
As any she beli'd with false compare.

## cxxxI

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,  
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel ;  
For well thou know'st, to my dear doting heart  
Thou art the rest and most precious jewel.  
Yet, in good faith, some say, that thee behold,      5  
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan :  
To say they err I dare not be so bold,  
Although I swear it to myself alone.  
And, to be sure that is not false I swear,  
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,      10  
One on another's neck, do witness bear,  
Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.  
In nothing art thou black, save in thy deeds,  
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

## cxxxII

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,  
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,  
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,  
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.  
And, truly, not the morning sun of heaven      5  
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the East,  
Nor that full star that ushers in the even

cxxxii. <sup>2</sup> *torments*. [The edition of 1640.] The quarto, *torment*. (w)

Doth half that glory to the sober West,  
 As those two mourning eyes become thy face.  
 O, let it, then, as well beseem thy heart      10  
 To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,  
 And suit thy pity like in every part :  
 Then will I swear, beauty herself is black,  
 And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

## CXXXIII

Beshrew that heart, that makes my heart to groan  
 For that deep wound it gives my friend and me !  
 Is 't not enough to torture me alone,  
 But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be ?  
 Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,      5  
 And my next self thou harder hast engrossed :  
 Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken ;  
 A torment thrice threefold thus to be crossed.  
 Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,  
 But, then, my friend's heart let my poor heart bail ;      10  
 Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard ;  
 Thou canst not then use rigour in my jail :  
 And yet thou wilt ; for I being pent in thee,  
 Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

## CXXXIV

So, now I have confess'd that he is thine,  
 And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will ;  
 Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine  
 Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still :  
 But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,      5  
 For thou art covetous, and he is kind ;

cxxxii. <sup>12</sup> *suit.* Beeching, not plains as, probably, "adapt," "fit." very plausibly, objects to Dowden's (B) explanation, "clothe," and ex-



## Sonnets

263

He learn'd but, surety-like, to write for me,  
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.  
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,  
Thou usurer, that putt'st forth all to use,  
And sue a friend came debtor for my sake ;  
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.  
Him have I lost ; thou hast both him and me :  
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

10

## cxxxv

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy *Will*,  
And *Will* to boot, and *Will* in over-plus ;  
More than enough am I, that vex thee still,  
To thy sweet will making addition thus.  
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,  
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine ?  
Shall will in others seem right gracious,  
And in my will no fair acceptance shine ?  
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,  
And in abundance addeth to his store ;  
So thou, being rich in *Will*, add to thy *Will*  
One will of mine, to make thy large *Will* more.  
Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill ;  
Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

5

10

## cxxxvi

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,  
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy *Will*,  
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there ;

cxxxiv. \* *statute*, obligation. (B) den conjectures: "No unkind,

cxxxiv. " *came*, who became. "No." Rossetti conjectured:

(B) "skill" (= avail) for "kill." (B)

cxxxv. " *no unkind, no*. Dow- cxxxvi. <sup>1</sup> *check, chide.* (B)

Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.  
*Will* will fulfil the treasure of thy love,  
 Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.  
 In things of great receipt with ease we prove,  
 Among a number one is reckon'd none :  
 Then in the number let me pass untold,  
 Though in thy stores' account I one must be ;  
 For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold  
 That nothing me, a something sweet to thee :  
 Make but my name thy love, and love that still,  
 And then thou lovest me, — for my name is *Will*.

5

10

st b

CXXXVII

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,  
 That they behold, and see not what they see ?  
 They know what beauty is, see where it lies,  
 Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.  
 If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,  
 Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,  
 Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,  
 Whereto the judgment of my heart is ti'd ?  
 Why should my heart think that a several plot,  
 Which my heart knows the wide world's common  
 place

10

Or mine eyes, seeing this, say, this is not,  
 To put fair truth upon so foul a face ?

In things right true my heart and eyes have erred  
 And to this false plague are they now transferred.

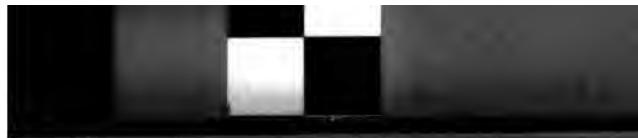
cxxxvi. \* *one is reckon'd none.*

Cf. Marlowe's *Horo and Leander*, i., "one is no number." (B)

cxxxvii. \* *what the best is to be construed with to be.* (B)

cxxxvii. \* 10 *several* (i. e. private)

*plot . . . common place*, used in antithesis. (B)



## cxxxviii

When my love swears that she is made of truth,  
I do believe her, though I know she lies,  
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,  
Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.

Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,  
Although she knows my days are past the best,  
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue:  
On both sides thus is simple truth supprest.  
But wherefore says she not, she is unjust?  
And wherefore say not I, that I am old? 5  
O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,  
And age in love loves not to have years told:  
Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,  
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

5

10

## cxxxix

O, call not me to justify the wrong,  
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;  
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue,  
Use power with power, and slay me not by art.  
Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere; but in my sight, 5  
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside:

What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy might  
Is more than my o'er-press'd defence can bide?  
Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well knows  
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies,  
And therefore from my face she turns my foes, 10  
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries.

Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,  
Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.

cxxxviii. This Sonnet was the first number in *The Passionate Pilgrim*. (B)

## CXL

Be wise as thou art cruel ; do not press  
 My tongue-ti'd patience with too much disdain ;  
 Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express  
 The manner of my pity-wanting pain.  
 If I might teach thee wit, better it were,      5  
 Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so ;  
 As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,  
 No news but health from their physicians know :  
 For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,  
 And in my madness might speak ill of thee ;      10  
 Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad  
 Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.  
 That I may not be so, nor thou beli'd,  
 Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go  
 wide.

## CXLI

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,  
 For they in thee a thousand errors note ;  
 But 't is my heart that loves what they despise,  
 Who in despite of view is pleas'd to dote.  
 Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted ;      5  
 Nor tender feeling to base touches prone,  
 Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited  
 To any sensual feast with thee alone :  
 But my five wits, nor my five senses can

cxl. <sup>11</sup> *ill-wresting*, giving an evil meaning to. (B) the note above on Sonnet xxxv.  
 (w)

cxi. \* The quarto and Beeching are followed here in the omission of the usual comma after *feeling*. (B) cxli. \* *five wits* — proverbial. They were: common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, memory. (B)

cxi. <sup>12</sup> *sensual*, sensuous. See

Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,  
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,  
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be  
    Only my plague thus far I count my gain,  
    That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

10

## CXLII

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,  
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving.  
O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,  
And thou shalt find it merits not reproving ;  
Or, if it do, no<sup>t</sup>, from those lips of thine,  
    That have prov'd their scarlet ornaments,  
    And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine,  
    Robb'd others' beds revenues of their rents.  
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those  
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee :  
Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows,  
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.  
    If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,  
    By self-example may'st thou be deni'd !

5

10

## CXLIII

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch  
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,  
Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch  
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay ;  
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,  
    Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent

5

cxli. " *Who*, i. e. the heart. See put on their scarlet ornaments."  
Wyndham. (B) (a)  
cxlii. \* Another reminder of *Edward III.*, II. i., "His cheeks cxlii. " *hide*, hide from. (B)  
ward III., II. i., "His cheeks cxliii. " *pursuit*. Accented on  
the penult. (B)

To follow that which flies before her face,  
 Not prizing her poor infant's discontent :  
 So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,  
 Whilst I, thy babe, chase thee afar behind ;  
 But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,  
 And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind :  
 So will I pray that thou may'st have thy *Will*,  
 If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

10

## CXLIV

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,  
 Which like two spirits do suggest me still :  
 The better angel is a man, right fair,  
 The worser spirit a woman, colour'd ill.  
 To win me soon to hell, my female evil  
 Tempteth my better angel from my side,  
 And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,  
 Wooing his purity with her foul pride.  
 And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,  
 Suspect I may, yet not directly tell ;  
 But being both from me, both to each friend,  
 I guess one angel in another's hell :

10

Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,  
 Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

## CXLV

Those lips that Love's own hand did make,  
 Breath'd forth the sound that said, "I hate,"

cxliii. \* *prizing*, considering. (R)  
 cxliii. " *thy Will*, Shakespeare's friend, "Will," not himself. (R)  
 cxliv. This was number two in *The Passionate Pilgrim*. (R)  
 cxliv. \* *suggest me still*, incite me ever — probably. (R)

cxliv. \* *side*. The quarto, *sight*, with obvious error. (W)  
 cxliv. \* *fiend*. The quarto, *fiende*; *The Passionate Pilgrim*, *feend*. (R)  
 cxliv. " *both to each friend*, each a friend to the other. (R)  
 cxlv. The only Sonnet of Shakespeare's in octosyllabic verse. (R)



## Sonnets

269

To me that languish'd for her sake ;  
But when she saw my woeful state,  
Straight in her heart did mercy come,  
Chiding that tongue, that ever sweet  
Was us'd in giving gentle doom,  
And taught it thus anew to greet.  
“ I hate,” she alter'd with an end,  
That follow'd it as gentle day  
Doth follow night, who, like a fiend,  
From Heaven to Hell is flown away :  
“ I hate ” from hate away she threw,  
And sav'd my life, saying — “ Not you.”

5

10

## CXLVI

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,  
Fool'd by these rebel pow'rs that thee array,  
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,  
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay ?  
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,  
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend ?  
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,  
Eat up thy charge ? is this thy body's end ?  
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,  
And let that pine to aggravate thy store ;  
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross ;  
Within be fed, without be rich no more :  
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,  
And, Death once dead, there 's no more dying then.

8

10

cxvi. <sup>8</sup> Foo'd by these rebel  
pow'rs. In the old copy the last  
words of the preceding line are  
accidentally repeated at the be-  
ginning of this: *My sinful earth*  
*these rebel powres that thee*  
*array.* Some change being nec-  
essary, that made by Malone may

be well accepted. (w) [Steevens,  
*Starv'd by;* Dowden, *Press'd by;*  
Herford suggests, *Lord of.] array,*  
harass.

cxvi. <sup>9</sup> aggravate, increase. (B)

cxvi. <sup>11</sup> terms divine, i. e. di-  
vine leases, eternity.

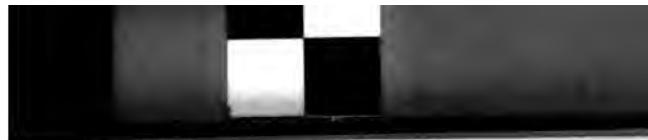
## CXLVII

My love is as a fever, longing still  
 For that which longer nurseth the disease ;  
 Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,  
 Th' uncertain sickly appetite to please.  
 My reason, the physician to my love,  
 Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,  
 Hath left me, and I desperate now approve  
 Desire is death, which physic did except.  
 Past cure I am, now reason is past care,  
 And frantic mad with evermore unrest :  
 My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,  
 At random from the truth vainly express'd ;  
 For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee  
 bright,  
 Who art as black as Hell, as dark as night.

## CXLVIII

O me, what eyes hath Love put in my head,  
 Which have no correspondence with true sight !  
 Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,  
 That censures falsely what they see aright ?  
 If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,  
 What means the world to say it is not so ?  
 If it be not, then love doth well denote  
 Love's eye is not so true as all men's : no,  
 How can it ? O, how can Love's eye be true,  
 That is so vex'd with watching and with tears ?

cxlviij. <sup>1</sup> still, ever. (R)cxlviij. <sup>2</sup> approve, learn by ex-  
perience. (R)cxlviij. <sup>3</sup> except, refuse. (R)cxlviij. <sup>4</sup> censures, judges. (R)cxlviij. <sup>5</sup> Love's eye (ay) . . .  
no. A play on words. (R)



No marvel, then, though I mistake my view,  
The sun itself sees not, till heaven clears.  
O cunning Love, with tears thou keep'st me blind,  
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

## CXLIX

Canst thou, O cruel ! say, I love thee not,  
When I, against myself, with thee partake ?  
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot  
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake ?  
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend ?  
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon ?  
Nay, if thou low'r'st on me, do I not spend  
Revenge upon myself with present moan ?  
What merit do I in myself respect,  
That is so proud thy service to despise,  
When all my best doth worship thy defect,  
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes ?  
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind :  
Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

## CL

O, from what power hast thou this powerful might,  
With insufficiency my heart to sway ?  
To make me give the lie to my true sight,  
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day ?  
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,  
That in the very refuse of thy deeds  
There is such strength and warrantise of skill,  
That in my mind thy worst all best exceeds ?  
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more

cxlii. <sup>3</sup> partake, take part. (B) cl. <sup>3</sup> With, i. e. despite thy. (B)  
cxliii. <sup>10</sup> to, as to. (B) cl. <sup>7</sup> warrantise, warrant. (B)

The more I hear and see just cause of hate ?  
 O, though I love what others do abhor,  
 With others thou should'st not abhor my state ;  
 If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,  
 More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

10

## CLI

Love is too young to know what conscience is ;  
 Yet who knows not conscience is born of love ?  
 Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,  
 Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove :  
 For, thou betraying me, I do betray  
 My nobler part to my gross body's treason ;  
 My soul doth tell my body that he may  
 Triumph in love ; flesh stays no farther reason,  
 But rising at thy name, doth point out thee  
 As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,  
 He is contented thy poor drudge to be,  
 To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.  
 No want of conscience hold it, that I call  
 Her "love," for whose dear love I rise and fall.

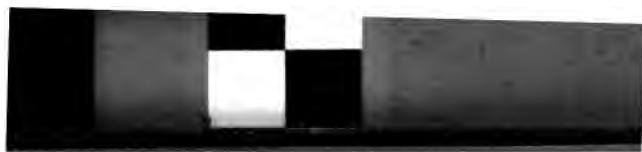
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10

## CLII

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsborn,  
 But thou art twice forsborn, to me love swearing ;  
 In act thy bed-vow'broke, and new faith torn,  
 In vowing new hate after new love bearing.  
 But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,  
 When I break twenty ? I am perjur'd most ;  
 For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,  
 And all my honest faith in thee is lost :  
 For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,

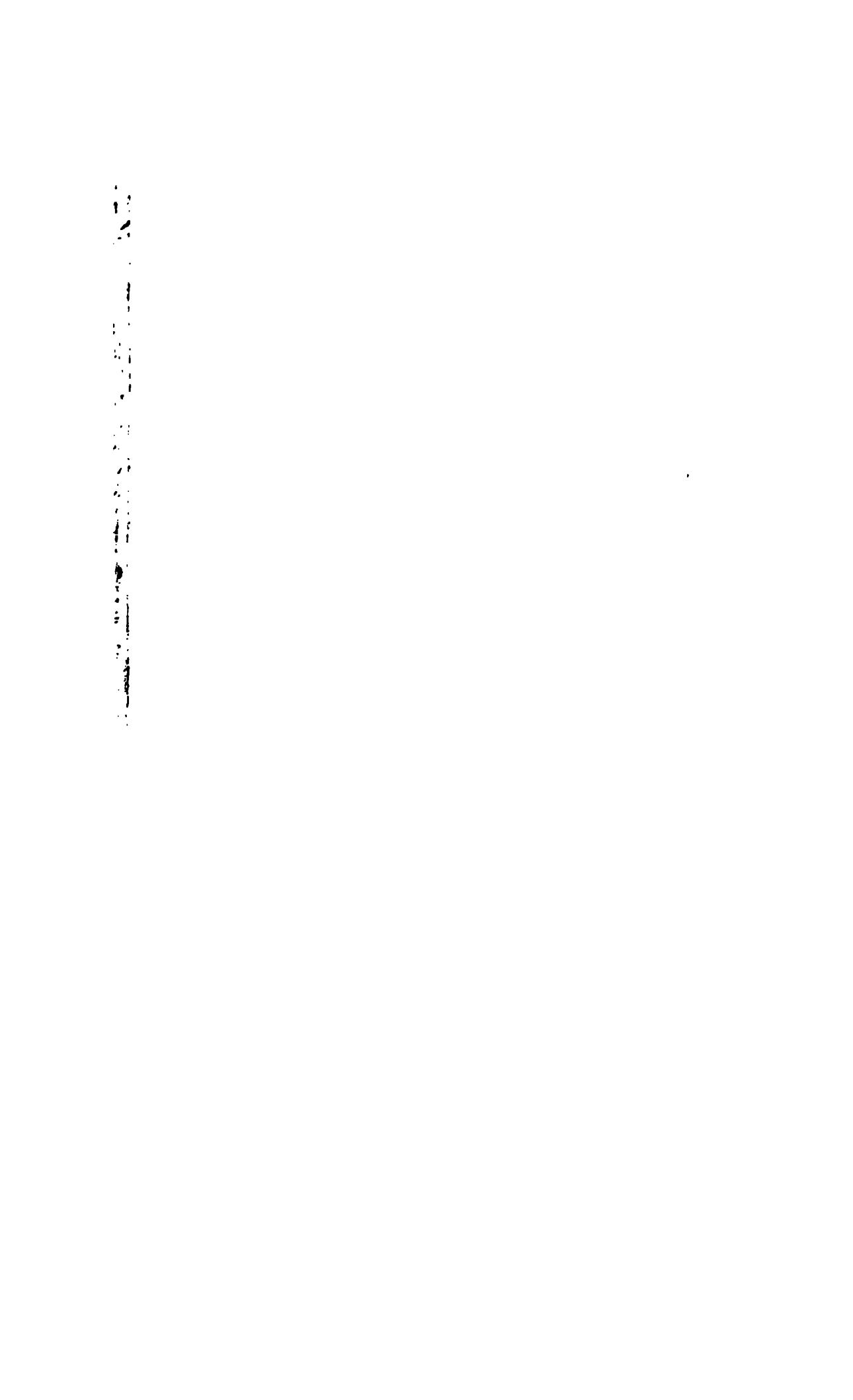
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## THE DISARMING OF CUPID

From an engraving by P. Lightfoot, after the painting  
by W. E. Frost

POEMS. SONNET CLIV





G. DORÉ

—from "Ossian's Dream" by Walter Scott, 1866





## Sonnets

273

Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy ;  
And to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,  
Or made them swear against the thing they see ;  
For I have sworn thee fair : more perjur'd I,  
To swear against the truth so foul a lie !

10

(CLIII.)

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep :  
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,  
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep  
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground ;  
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of Love  
A dateless lively heat, still to endure,  
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove,  
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.  
But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fired,  
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast ;  
I sick withal, the help of bath desired,  
And thither hied a sad distemper'd guest,  
But found no cure : the bath for my help lies  
Where Cupid got new fire, my mistress' eyes.

5

10

(CLIV.)

The little Love-god lying once asleep,  
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,  
Whilst many nymphs, that vow'd chaste life to keep

ciii., cliv. These Sonnets have no direct connection with those preceding. As Herzberg (*Shakespeare Jahrbuch*, 1878) pointed out, they were suggested by a Greek Epigram in the ninth book of the Anthology Marianus, probably of the fifth century, A. D. Shakespeare may have known a Latin

version. Such a Latin rendering is in *Selecta Epigrammata*, Basel, 1529. (R)

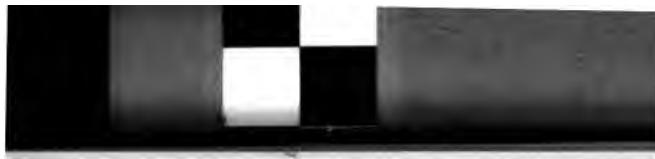
clii. <sup>12</sup> more perjur'd I. The quarto, *more perjur'd eye* — a mere phonographic error. (W)

ciii. <sup>13</sup> dateless, eternal. still, ever. (R)

Came tripping by ; but in her maiden hand  
The fairest votary took up that fire  
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd :  
And so the General of hot desire  
Was, sleeping, by a virgin hand disarm'd.  
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,  
Which from love's fire took heat perpetual,  
Growing a bath, and healthful remedy  
For men diseas'd ; but I, my mistress' thrall,  
Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,  
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

cliv. <sup>7</sup> *General*, lord. (R)

cliv. <sup>18</sup> *this* — refers to the next line. (R)



## **A LOVER'S COMPLAINT**



*A Lover's Complaint* was first printed in 1609, at the end of the first edition of Shakespeare's Sonnets [and its attribution to Shakespeare rests chiefly upon this evidence]. Its style furnishes us our only means of conjecturing the date of its composition; which hence appears to have been later than that of any other of his poems, except, perhaps, a few of his sonnets. ["Its theme, like theirs (*the Venus, Lucrece*, and the Sonnets), is derived from phases of relation between men and women which in the dramas he habitually avoided, or which he touched only incidentally, as in *Bertram* and *Viola*. The 'lover' is a less innocent Lucrece; her ravisher no Tarquin but a Don Juan, whose weapons are fascination and persuasion." — Herford.]

## A Lover's Complaint

FROM off a hill whose concave womb re-worded  
A plaintful story from a sist'ring vale,  
My spirits t' attend this double voice accorded,  
And down I lay to list the sad-tun'd tale :  
Ere long espi'd a fickle maid full pale,  
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,  
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head, a platted hive of straw,  
Which fortified her visage from the sun,  
Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw      10  
The carcass of a beauty spent and done.  
Time had not scythed all that youth begun,  
Nor youth all quit ; but, spite of Heaven's fell rage,  
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd age.

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,  
Which on it had conceited characters,  
Laund'ring the silken figures in the brine  
That seasoned woe had pelleted in tears,  
And often reading what contents it bears ;  
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,      20  
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage ride,  
As they did batt'ry to the spheres intend ;  
Sometime diverted their poor balls are ti'd

<sup>1</sup> re-worded, re-echoed. (B)      <sup>10</sup> conceited, fanciful. Cf. "con-

<sup>2</sup> hive, i. e. hat (hive-shaped).      <sup>11</sup> ceit," *Lucrece*, l. 701, &c. (R)

(B)      <sup>12</sup> pelleted, rounded. (R)

<sup>13</sup> napkin, handkerchief. (B)      <sup>14</sup> levell'd, aimed. carriage, i. e.

as of a cannon. (B)

To th' orbed Earth : sometimes they do extend  
 Their view right on ; anon their gazes lend  
 To every place at once, and nowhere fix'd,  
 The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose, nor ti'd in formal plat,  
 Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride :  
 For some, untuck'd, descended her sheav'd hat,  
 Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside ;  
 Some in her threaden fillet still did bide,  
 And, true to bondage, would not break from thence,  
 Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund she drew  
 Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet,  
 Which one by one she in a river threw,  
 Upon whose weeping margent she was set ;  
 Like usury, applying wet to wet,  
 On monarch's hands, that lets not bounty fall  
 Where want cries "some," but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,  
 Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood ;  
 Crack'd many a ring of posid gold and bone,  
 Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud ;  
 Found yet more letters sadly penn'd in blood,  
 With sleided silk feat and affectedly  
 Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

<sup>"</sup> *her sheav'd hat*, i. e. her straw hat. (w)      <sup>"</sup> *schedules*, memoranda. (x)  
<sup>"</sup> *maund*, basket. (w)      <sup>"</sup> *With sleided silk feat*, i. e.  
<sup>"</sup> *of beaded jet*. The quarto, &c. (w)      with floss [untwisted] silk neatly.  
<sup>"</sup> *of bedded jet*. (w)      <sup>"</sup> *curious*, careful. (x)



## A Lover's Complaint

379

These often bath'd she in her fluxive eyes,  
And often kiss'd, and often 'gan to tear ;  
Cried, " O false blood ! thou register of lies,  
What unapproved witness dost thou bear !  
Ink would have seem'd more black and damned here ! "  
This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,  
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh,  
Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew  
Of court, of city, and had let go by  
The swiftest hours, observed as they flew ;  
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew ;  
And, privileg'd by age, desires to know  
In brief, the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,  
And comely-distant sits he by her side ;  
When he again desires her, being sat,  
Her grievance with his hearing to divide :  
If that from him there may be aught applid  
Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,  
Tis promis'd in the charity of age.

70

"Father," she says, "though in me you behold  
The injury of many a blasting hour,  
Let it not tell your judgment I am old;

<sup>51</sup> 'gan to tear. The old copy,  
gave to teare — a manifest mis-  
print. (w)

<sup>52</sup> ruffle, turmoil. (R)

<sup>53</sup> fancy, love, or loved one.

(w)      <sup>54</sup> bat, staff. (R)

Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power ;  
 I might as yet have been a spreading flower,  
 Fresh to myself, if I had self-appli'd  
 Love to myself, and to no love beside.

“ But woe is me ! too early I attended  
 A youthful suit (it was to gain my grace)  
 Of one by nature's outwards so commended,  
 That maiden's eyes stuck over all his face :  
 Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place ;  
 And when in his fair parts she did abide,  
 She was new lodg'd, and newly deifi'd.

“ His browny locks did hang in crooked curls ;  
 And every light occasion of the wind  
 Upon his lips their silken parcels hurla.  
 What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find :  
 Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind ;  
 For on his visage was, in little, drawn  
 What largeness thinks in Paradise was sown.

“ Small shew of man was yet upon his chin ;  
 His phoenix down began but to appear,  
 Like unshorn velvet, on that termless skin,  
 Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to wear ;  
 Yet shew'd his visage by that cost most dear ;  
 And nice affections wavering stood in doubt  
 If best were as it was, or best without.

<sup>so</sup> *Of one.* The quarto, *O one.*      <sup>so</sup> *shew'd*, appeared. *cost*, dis-  
 The correction is Dyce's. (w)      play. (R)  
<sup>o1</sup> *sawn*, seen — probably. (B)      " *nice*, discriminating. (B)  
<sup>o2</sup> *termless*, indescribable.  
 Wyndham explains as “youth-  
 ful.” (B)



### A Lover's Complaint

281

“ His qualities were beauteous as his form,  
For maiden-tongu’d he was, and thereof free ;  
Yet, if men mov’d him, was he such a storm  
As oft ‘twixt May and April is to see,  
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.  
His rudeness so with his authoriz’d youth,  
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

100

“ Well could he ride, and often men would say  
‘ That horse his mettle from his rider takes :  
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,  
What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop  
he makes ! ’  
And controversy hence a question takes,                           110  
Whether the horse by him became his deed,  
Or he his manage by th’ well-doing steed.

“ But quickly on this side the verdict went ;  
His real habitude gave life and grace  
To appertainings and to ornament,  
Accomplish’d in himself, not in his case :  
All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,  
Came for additions; yet their purpos’d trim  
Piec’d not his grace, but were all grac’d by him.

“ So on the tip of his subduing tongue  
All kind of arguments and question deep,  
All replication prompt, and reason strong,

120

<sup>104</sup> *authoriz’d*. Accented on the penult. (B)  
<sup>110</sup> *case*, dress, or, as Wyndham explains, accessories. (B)

<sup>112</sup> *Came*. The quarto, *can*. (w) [Wyndham reads *can* = are effective for, count for. *Cambridge* and Neilson read *Came*.]

For his advantage still did wake and sleep :  
 To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,  
 He had the dialect and different skill,  
 Catching all passions in his craft of will ;

“ That he did in the general [redacted] reign  
 Of young, of old; and sexes both enchanted,  
 To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain  
 In personal duty, following where he haunted :      130  
 Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted ;  
 And dialogu'd for him what he would say,  
 Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

“ Many there were that did his picture get,  
 To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind ;  
**Like fools that in th' imagination set**  
 The goodly objects which abroad they find  
 Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd ;  
 And labouring in more pleasures to bestow them,  
 Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them :      140

“ So many have, that never touch'd his hand,  
 Sweetly suppos'd them mistress of his heart.  
 My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,  
 And was my own fee-simple, (not in part,)  
 What with his art in youth, and youth in art,  
 Threw my affections in his charmed power,  
 Reserv'd the stalk, and gave him all my flower.

<sup>123</sup> *still*, ever. (B)

the punctuation of this stanza.

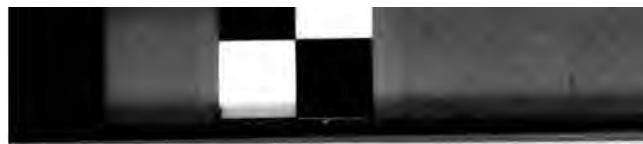
<sup>124</sup> *craft of will*, “faculty of influencing others.” — Wyndham. (B)

(B)

<sup>125</sup> Wyndham has a long note on

<sup>126</sup> *owe*, possess, own — as frequently. (B)

<sup>127</sup> *part*, part-ownership. (B)



## A Lover's Complaint

283

“ Yet did I not, as some my equals did,  
Demand of him, nor being desired, yielded ;  
Finding myself in honour so forbid,  
With safest distance I mine honour shielded :  
Experience for me many bulwarks builded  
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain’d the foil  
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

“ But ah, who ever shunn’d by precedent  
The destin’d ill she must herself assay !  
Or forc’d examples, ’gainst her own content,  
To put the by-pass’d perils in her way !  
Counsel may stop a while what will not stay ;  
For when we rage, advice is often seen  
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

“ Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,  
That we must curb it upon others’ proof,  
To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,  
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.  
O appetite, from judgment stand aloof !  
The one a palate hath that needs will taste,  
Though Reason weep, and cry, ‘ It is thy last.’

“ For further I could say, ‘ This man’s untrue,’  
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling ;  
Heard where his plants in others’ orchards grew,  
Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling ;  
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling ;  
Thought, characters, and words, merely but art,  
And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

<sup>167</sup> *fore’d*, demanded, insisted old form of the past participle of upon. (R) “*forbid*.” (B)

<sup>168</sup> *proof*, experience — prob-  
ably. (R) <sup>173</sup> *brokers*, panders. (R)

<sup>169</sup> *forbid*. Quarto, *forbod*, the <sup>174</sup> *characters*, writing. (R)

<sup>175</sup> *adulterate*, adulterous. (B)

“ And long upon these terms I held my city,  
 Till thus he 'gan besiege me : ‘ Gentle maid,  
 Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,  
 And be not of my holy vows afraid :  
 That 's to ye sworn, to none was ever said ;  
 For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,  
 Till now did ne'er invite, nor never woo.

180

“ “ All my offences that abroad you see,  
 Are errors of the blood, none of the mind ;  
 Love made them not ; with acture they may be,  
 Where neither party is nor true nor kind :  
 They sought their shame that so their shame did find ;  
 And so much less of shame in me remains,  
 By how much of me their reproach contains.

“ “ Among the many that mine eyes have seen,                    190  
 Not one whose flame my heart so much as warmed,  
 Or my affection put to th' smallest teen,  
 Or any of my leisures ever charmed :  
 Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harmed ;  
 Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,  
 And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

“ “ Look here what tributes wounded fancies sent me,  
 Of paled pearls, and rubies red as blood ;  
 Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me

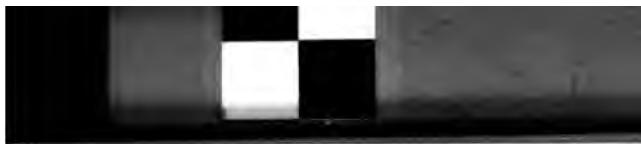
<sup>180</sup> *to none*, i. e. which to none.      <sup>182</sup> *teen*, pain. (B)

(B)      <sup>183</sup> *paled*. Malone. The original, *palyd*. The edition of 1640 and Wyndham, *pallid*; Sewell, *pallid*.

<sup>184</sup> *woo*. Dyce. White and the quarto, *vow*. (B)

<sup>185</sup> *acture*, action. (B)

(B)



### A Lover's Complaint

285

Of grief and blushes, aptly understood  
In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood ;  
Effects of terror and dear modesty,  
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

200

“ ‘ And lo, behold these talents of their hair,  
With twisted metal amorously impleach'd,  
I have receiv'd from many a several fair,  
Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,  
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,  
And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify  
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

210

“ ‘ The diamond ? — why, 't was beautiful and hard,  
Whereto his invis'd properties did tend ;  
The deep-green em'rald, in whose fresh regard  
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend ;  
The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend  
With objects manifold ; each several stone,  
With wit well blazon'd, smil'd or made some moan.

“ ‘ Lo, all these trophies of affections hot,  
Of pensiv'd and subdu'd desires the tender,  
Nature hath charg'd me that I hoard them not,  
But yield them up where I myself must render,  
That is, to you, my origin and ender :  
For these, of force, must your oblations be,  
Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

220

“ ‘ O then advance of yours that phraseless hand,  
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise ;  
Take all these similes to your own command,

<sup>204</sup> talents of their hair, lockets [?]      <sup>212</sup> invis'd, i. e. invisible. (w)  
or hair set in gold. (w)      <sup>222</sup> phraseless, beyond expres-  
<sup>205</sup> impleach'd, interwoven. (w)      sion or description. (x)

Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise;  
 What me your minister, for you obeys,  
 Works under you; and to your audit comes  
 Their distract parcels in combined sums.

230

“‘ Lo, this device was sent me from a nun,  
 Or sister sanctifi’d, of holiest note ;  
 Which late her noble suit in court did shun,  
 Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote ;  
 For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,  
 But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,  
 To spend her living in eternal love.

“‘ But O, my sweet, what labour is’t to leave  
 The thing we have not, mast’ring what not strives, — 240  
 Paling the place which did no form receive,  
 Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves !  
 She that her fame so to herself contrives,  
 The scars of battle ‘scapeth by the flight,  
 And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

“‘ O, pardon me, in that my boast is true ;  
 The accident which brought me to her eye,

<sup>222</sup> *Hallow’d*. So Sewell. Wyndham reads with the quarto, *Hollowed*. Gildon had read *Hollow’d*. (R)

<sup>223</sup> *Or sister*. Dyce suggests, with much reason, that we should read, “A sister.” (W) *note*, reputation. (R)

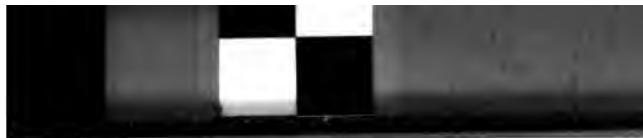
<sup>224</sup> *suit in court*, the courtship she received in court or the following she had in court. (R)

<sup>225</sup> *havings*, accomplishments. *blossoms*, i. e. of the nobility. (R)

<sup>226</sup> *spirits of richest coat*. A

plain allusion . . . to Elizabeth’s gorgeously arrayed band of gentlemen pensioners. See the note on “nay, which is more, pensioners,” *Merry Wives of Windsor*, II. ii. 79. Here *spirit* is a monosyllable. (W) [coat may merely mean coat of arms, lineage.]

<sup>227</sup> *Paling the place*. [Malone.] The old copy, *Playing*, &c. (W) [See Cambridge for other conjectures. The passage is very obscure.]



### A Lover's Complaint

287

Upon the moment did her force subdue,  
And now she would the caged cloister fly :  
Religious love put out Religion's eye :  
Not to be tempted, would she be immur'd,  
And now, to tempt all, liberty procur'd.

250

“ ‘ How mighty then you are, O, hear me tell !  
The broken bosoms that to me belong  
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,  
And mine I pour your ocean all among :  
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,  
Must for your victory us all congest,  
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

“ ‘ My parts had power to charm a sacred nun,  
Who disciplin'd and dieted in grace,  
Believ'd her eyes when they t' assail begun,  
All vows and consecrations giving place.  
O most potential love ! vow, bond, nor space,  
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,  
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

260

“ ‘ When thou impressest, what are precepts worth  
Of stale example ? When thou wilt inflame,  
How coldly those impediments stand forth  
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame ?

270

<sup>251</sup> would she be immur'd. The quarto, *enur'd.* (w)  
<sup>260</sup> a sacred nun. The quarto, *a sacred sunne* — a slight and obvious misprint. (w)  
<sup>261</sup> and dieted. The old copies,

and I died, which Malone corrected on the suggestion of an anonymous correspondent. (w) [Cambridge, Wyndham, &c. read ay, dieted.]

## A Lover's Complaint

Love's arms are proof, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense, 'gainst  
 shame,  
 And sweetens, in the suff'ring pangs it bears,  
 The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

“ Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,  
 Feeling it break, with groans they pine,  
 And supplicant their sighs you extend,  
 To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,  
 Lending soft audience to my sweet design,  
 And credent soul to that stro -bonded oath,  
 That shall prefer and under my troth.’

280

“ This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,  
 Whose sights till then were levell'd on my face ;  
 Each cheek a river running from a fount  
 With brinish current downward flow'd space :  
 O, how the channel to the stream gave grace !  
 Who glaz'd with crystal gate the glowing roses  
 That flame through water which their hue incloses.

“ O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies  
 In the small orb of one particular tear !  
 But with the inundation of the eyes

290

<sup>281</sup> Love's arms are proof, 'gainst rule. The quarto, *Love's armes are peace, gainst rule*, which is clearly corrupt. The reading of the text is Malone's. Dyce suggests "Love arms our peace," &c. (w) [sense, reason.]

<sup>282</sup> leave, leave off. (B)

<sup>283</sup> prefer, recommend. undertake, guarantee. (B) <sup>284</sup> dismount. An allusion to the rest from which small firearms used to be levelled. (w) [Cf. ll. 22 and 309.]

<sup>285</sup> But with = with but — probably. Wyndham. (B)



### A Lover's Complaint

289

What rocky heart to water will not wear!  
What breast so cold that is not warmed here!  
O cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,  
Both fire from hence and chill extincure hath.

“For, lo, his passion, but an art of craft,  
Even there resolv'd my reason into tears;  
There my white stole of chastity I daff'd,  
Shook off my sober guards, and civil fears;  
Appear to him, as he to me appears,  
All melting; though our drops this difference bore,      300  
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

“In him a plenitude of subtle matter,  
Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives,  
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,  
Or swooning paleness; and he takes and leaves,  
In either's aptness, as it best deceives,  
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,  
Or to turn white and swoon at tragic shews;

“That not a heart which in his level came,  
Could 'scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,      310  
Shewing fair nature is both kind and tame;  
And veil'd in them, did win whom he would maim:  
Against the thing he sought he would exclaim;  
When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,  
He preach'd pure maid, and prais'd cold chastity.

<sup>22</sup> O cleft effect. The quarto, original, *sounding*. Cambridge  
<sup>22</sup> Or cleft effect. (w) and Wyndham, *swoounding*. (B)  
<sup>23</sup> cautels, deceits. (w)      <sup>24</sup> luxury, lasciviousness — the  
<sup>24</sup> swooning, Sewell. The usual meaning in Shakespeare. (B)

"Thus merely with the garment of a Grace  
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd,  
That th' unexperienc'd gave the tempter place,  
Which, like a cherubin, above them hover'd.  
Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd ?  
Ay me ! I fell ; and yet do question make  
What I should do again for such a sake.

320

"O, that infected moisture of his eye,  
O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,  
O, that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly,  
O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd,  
O, all that borrowed motion, seeming ow'd,  
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,  
And new pervert a reconciled maid !"

<sup>216</sup> *merely*, entirely. (B)

sion seemingly owned, i. e. genuine

<sup>227</sup> *motion*, *seeming ow'd*, pas-

— probably. (B)



**THE PHœNIX AND TURTLE**



-



## THE PHœNIX AND TURTLE

FROM THE ADDITIONAL POEMS TO CHESTER'S  
"LOVE'S MARTYR," 1601.

### INTRODUCTION

HERE is no other external evidence that these verses are Shakespeare's than their appearance with his signature in a collection of poems [made by Robert Chester and entitled, "Love's Martyr, or Rosalin's Complaint. Allegorically shadowing the truth of Love, in the constant Fate of the Phœnix and Turtle," etc.] published in London [in 1601] while he [Shakespeare] was living there in the height of his reputation. The style, however, is at least a happy imitation of his, especially in the bold and original use of epithet.

[There has been some discussion as to the meaning of the poem. The poet seems to describe the obsequies of the Phœnix and the Turtle-dove, united in life by a spiritual love. There are thirteen four-lined stanzas, with trochaic movement, of seven syllables and the rhyme like the rhyme of Tennyson's *In Memoriam* (*abba*). These are followed by the "Threnos," five three-lined stanzas, also trochaic, each stanza bearing a single rhyme.

A good deal of meaning has been read into the verses. Dr. A. B. Grosart (*New Shakespeare Society Publications*, 1878) believed they concern the love affair between Elizabeth and Essex — a view frankly opposed by Dr. Furnivall (*New Shakespeare Society Publications*, 1877-79, pp. 450 ff.). Mr. Sidney Lee (*Life*) called attention to a resemblance between the symbolism of this poem and "the parts figuratively played in Sidney's obsequies by turtle-dove, swan, phœnix and eagle." He concludes: "The poem may be a mere play

of fancy without recondite intention, or it may be of allegorical import; but whether it bear relation to pending ecclesiastical, political, or metaphysical controversy, or whether it interpret popular grief for the death of some leaders of contemporary society, is not easily determined. Happily Shakespeare wrote nothing else of like character."



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## The Phœnix and Turtle

---

LET the bird of loudest lay,  
On the sole Arabian tree,  
Herald sad and trumpet be,  
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,  
Foul precursor of the fiend,  
Augur of the fever's end,  
To this troop come thou not near.

From this session interdict  
Every fowl of tyrant wing,  
Save the eagle, feather'd king :  
Keep the obsequy so strict.

10

Let the priest in surplice white,  
That defunctive music can,  
Be the death-divining swan,  
Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou, treble-dated crow,  
That thy sable gender mak'st  
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,  
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

20

<sup>8</sup> trumpet, trumpeter — as often. (R)      <sup>11</sup> treble-dated, thrice as long lived. (R)  
<sup>14</sup> That defunctive music can,      <sup>12</sup> gender, genus, race. (R)  
i. e. that is capable of, that understands funereal music. (W)

### The Phoenix and Turtle

Here the anthem doth commence :  
 Love and constancy is dead ;  
 Phœnix and the turtle fled  
 In a mutual flame from hence.

So they lov'd, as love in twain  
 Had the essence but in one ;  
 Two distincts, division none :  
 Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder ;  
 Distance, and no space was seen  
 'Twixt the turtle and his queen :  
 But in them it were a wonder.

30

So between them love did shine,  
 That the turtle saw his right  
 Flaming in the phoenix' sight :  
 Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,  
 That the self was not the same ;  
 Single nature's double name  
 Neither two nor one was call'd.

40

Reason, in itself confounded,  
 Saw division grow together ;  
 To themselves yet either neither,  
 Simple were so well compounded :

That it cried, How true a twain  
 Seemeth this concordant one !  
 Love hath reason, reason none,  
 If what parts can so remain.

<sup>#</sup> *Property*, identity. (B)



## The Phœnix and Turtle

297

Whereupon it made this threne  
To the phœnix and the dove,  
Co-supremes and stars of love ;  
As chorus to their tragic scene.

50

### THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,  
Grace in all simplicity,  
Here enclos'd in cinders lie.

Death is now the phœnix' nest ;  
And the turtle's loyal breast  
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity : —  
'T was not their infirmity,  
It was married chastity.

60

Truth may seem, but cannot be ;  
Beauty brag, but 't is not she ;  
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair,  
That are either true or fair ;  
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

\* *threne*, funeral ode. (w)



## SUPPLEMENTARY NOTES

### CHANGES IN WHITE'S TEXT

#### VENUS AND ADONIS.

- |                               |                              |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 177. 'tired changed to tired. | 500. eye's changed to eyes'. |
| 187. Ah to Ay.                | 546. glued to glu'd.         |
| 284. holla to "Holla."        | 624. cruel to crooked.       |
| 317. is to was.               | 748. th' to the.             |
| 498. died to di'd.            | 838. Ah to Ay.               |

Changes in spelling. In l. 362 *jail* has been changed to *gaol*; l. 683, *musets* to *musits*; l. 743 *impostumes* to *imposthumes*.

Hyphens have been deleted as follows. l. 109 *overrl'd*; l. 119, *eyeballs*; l. 135, *O'erwoorn*; l. 183, *o'erwhelming*; l. 245, *Foreknowing*; l. 617, *never sheath'd*; l. 681, *outruns*; l. 830, *neighbor caves*; l. 866, *o'erworn*; l. 956, *eyelids*; l. 1148, *o'erstraw'd*.

Hyphens have been inserted as follows. In l. 271, *up-prick'd*; l. 366, *a-billing*; l. 448, *double-lock*; l. 702, *passing-bell*; l. 766, *butcher-sire*; l. 825, *night-wanderers*; l. 838, *foolish-witty*.

Commas have been deleted in l. 533 after *light*; l. 868 after *hearkens* and *hounds*.

Commas have been inserted in l. 87 after *Who* and *on*, and in l. 1191 after *mistress* and *mounted*.

Quotation marks have been inserted in l. 537 before and after *Adieu*.

An exclamation point after *excuse*, in l. 791, has been transferred to the end of the next line, and a comma has been inserted after *excuse*.

Dashes have been substituted for parentheses in l. 38 before *O* and after *love!* also in l. 635, before *wondrous* and after *dread*.

Parentheses have been deleted before *truth* and after *confess* in l. 1001.

The following words have been capitalized. In l. 280, *Lo!*; l. 448, *Suspicion*; l. 449, *Jealousy*; l. 610, *Love*, also in ll. 649, 653, and 793; l. 650, *Affection's*; 656, *Love's*; l. 657, *Jealousy*; l. 695, *Echo*; l. 800, *Lust's*; ll. 803 and 804, *Lust*; l. 945, *Destinies*; l. 948, *Death's*.

#### THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

- |                                    |                              |
|------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 36. Lucrece's changed to Lucrece'. | 657. hears'd to hearsed.     |
| 121. sprite to spright.            | 658. dispers'd to dispersed. |
| 277. beseeom to beseeoms.          | 747. scapes to 'scapes.      |

- 579.** 'points't to point'st.      1444. steld to stell'd.  
**1001.** death's-man to deathsman. 1475. Thine to Thy.  
**1167.** Ah to Ay.      1658. accessory to accessory.  
**1251.** lay'd to laid.      1750. putrefy'd to putrify'd.  
**1306.** 'cipher'd to cipher'd.  
**Hypens** have been deleted as follows. In l. 174, *too too*; l. 281, *o'erown*; l. 337, *chamber door*; l. 368, *eyeballs*; l. 580, *woodman*; l. 728, *forestall*; l. 1668, *Outruns*; l. 1759, *new born*; l. 1761, *oworn*.  
**Hypens** have been inserted in *still-gazing*, l. 84, and *subtle-shining*, l. 101.  
**The following words** have been capitalized. In ll. 117 and 1024, *Night*; ll. 617 and 705, *Lust*; ll. 703 and 710, *Desire*; l. 707, *Self-will*; l. 874, *Opportunity*; l. 882, *Sin*; l. 1505, *Patience*.  
**Commas** have been deleted in l. 1583, after *messenger* and *back*; commas have been inserted in ll. 549–50 after *get* and *biding*, in l. 732 after *evil* and *cure*, and in l. 1430 after *field*; a semicolon has been deleted in l. 1507 after *sheu*.  
**Commas** have been substituted for parentheses in l. 785 after *Night* and *child*, and dashes have been substituted for parentheses in ll. 1275–6 after *went* and *groan*, and elsewhere.  
**In ll. 463–5**, parentheses have been deleted before *Rude* and after *wall* and after *heart* and *citizen*, and a dash has been inserted after *breast*, an exclamation point after *wall*, and a comma after *heart*.

## THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM

- VII. 7. join'd changed to joined.      XIX. 4. fancy's partial might to  
 VII. 9. coin'd to coined.      fancy, partial wight.  
 XI. 9. seiz'd to seized.      XIX. 12. her to thy.  
 XI. 10. But to And.      XIX. 45. Here to There.  
 XIII. 11. once for ever's to once,      XIX. 45. heaven: be to heaven, by.  
 for ever.      XIX. 46. thee to them.  
 XV. 8. dismal-dreaming to dream-      XXI. 14. Teru to Tereu.  
 ing.      XXI. 46. him at commandement  
 XVIII. 48. love to Love.      to at commandment.  
 Changes in punctuation. XXI. 5, a comma has been deleted after *leap*;  
 XXI. 19, parentheses have been deleted before *thought* and after *I*, and a comma has been inserted after *I*.  
 White omitted I.-III., V., XVII., and XX.

## SONNETS

- IV. 14. us'd changed to used.      XXIV. 1. steel'd to stell'd.  
 XI. 1. growest to grow'st.      XXV. 13. belov'd to beloved.  
 XI. 3. bestowest to bestow'st.      XXV. 14. remov'd to removed.



## Supplementary Notes

301

- LXVI. 9. *tongue-tied* to *tongue*. CXX. 6. *you have to you've*.  
ti'd. Also in LXXX. 4, CXXII. 7. *rat'd* to *rat'd*.  
LXXXV. 1, and CXL. 2. CXXIII. 11. *do to doth*.  
LXVI. 8. *disabled* to *disabled*. CXXVI. 6. *go'st to goest*.  
LXXXIII. 5. *seed* to *se'st*. CXXVIII. 1. *played* to *play'st*.  
LXXXII. 13. *used to w'd*. CXXVIII. 3. *swayed* to *sway'd*.  
LXXXII. 14. *abused* to *abus'd*. CXXVIII. 12. *bless'd* to *blest*.  
LXXXVII. 10. *gav'st* to *thou*. CXXX. 14. *belied* to *bel'd*.  
*gav'st*. CXXXV. 1 &c. *will to Will* (ital-  
icized).  
XCVIII. 2. *pied* to *pi'd*. CXXXVI. 14. *lov'st to lovest*.  
CI. 2. *dyed* to *dy'd*. CXXXVII. 8. *ties to ti'd*.  
CII. 8. *his to her*. CXXXIX. 8. *'bide to bide*.  
CXI. 10. *eyel* to *isel*. CXL. 13. *belied* to *bel'd*.  
CXII. 14. *they are to they're*. CXLI. 11. *leave to leaves*.  
CXIV. 4. *alchymy* to *alchemy*.  
CXV. 8. *t the to to th'*.  
Hyphens deleted. VII. 9, *highmost*; XXI. 13, *hearsay*; XXX. 7, *since  
cancel'd*; LXXXII. 2, *o'erlook*; CI. 11, *outline*; CXXXIX. 14,  
*outright*; CXLVII. 10, *evermore*.  
Commas deleted. V. 4, after *un/fair*; VI. 14, after *conquest*; IX. 1, after  
*eye*; XXI. 14, after *praise*; CXLI. 6, after *feeling*; CXLVII. 7,  
after *approve*.  
Quotation marks inserted. VIII. 14, before *Thou* and after *nons*; CLI.  
14, before and after *love*.  
Other changes in punctuation. XXI. 4, a semicolon after *rehears* has  
been changed to a comma; LXVI. 14, a comma has been inserted  
after *die*; LXXXI. 13, parentheses before *such* and after *pen* have  
been changed to dashes; LXXXIX. 11, parentheses before *too* and  
after *profane* have been changed to commas, also in XCV. 6, before  
*Making* and after *sport*.  
The following words have been capitalized. XV. 11, *Time*; XXXVIII.  
9, *Muse*; LXVII. 9, *Nature*; XCIV. 6, *Nature's*; CVII. 10, *Death*;  
CXV. 5, *Time*; CXXIV. 2, *Fortune's*; l. 3, *Time's*; CXXVII. 5,  
*Nature's*; CXLVII. 13, 14, *Death*; CXLVIII. 9, *Love's*.  
In the following words the capital has been changed to a small letter.  
XVIII. 4, *summer's*; XXII. 3, *time's*; XCVII. 6, *autumn*; l. 11,  
*summer*; CII. 7, *summer's*; l. 9, *summer*.

### A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

5. *espy'd* changed to *espi'd*. 310. *scape* changed to *'scope*.  
41. *let to lets*. 324. *glowed* to *glow'd*.  
84. *deified* to *deifi'd*. 326. *bestowed* to *bestow'd*.  
98. *'twere to were*. 327. *owed* to *ow'd*.  
182. *vow to woo*.

In l. 233 a comma has been inserted after *sanctifi'd*.

## THE PHENIX AND TURTLE

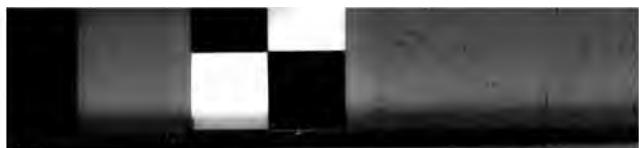
43. *either neither.* White hyphened.

White prefixed the title "Attributed Verses" to *The Phenix and Turtle* and appended the following:

## ON THE KING.

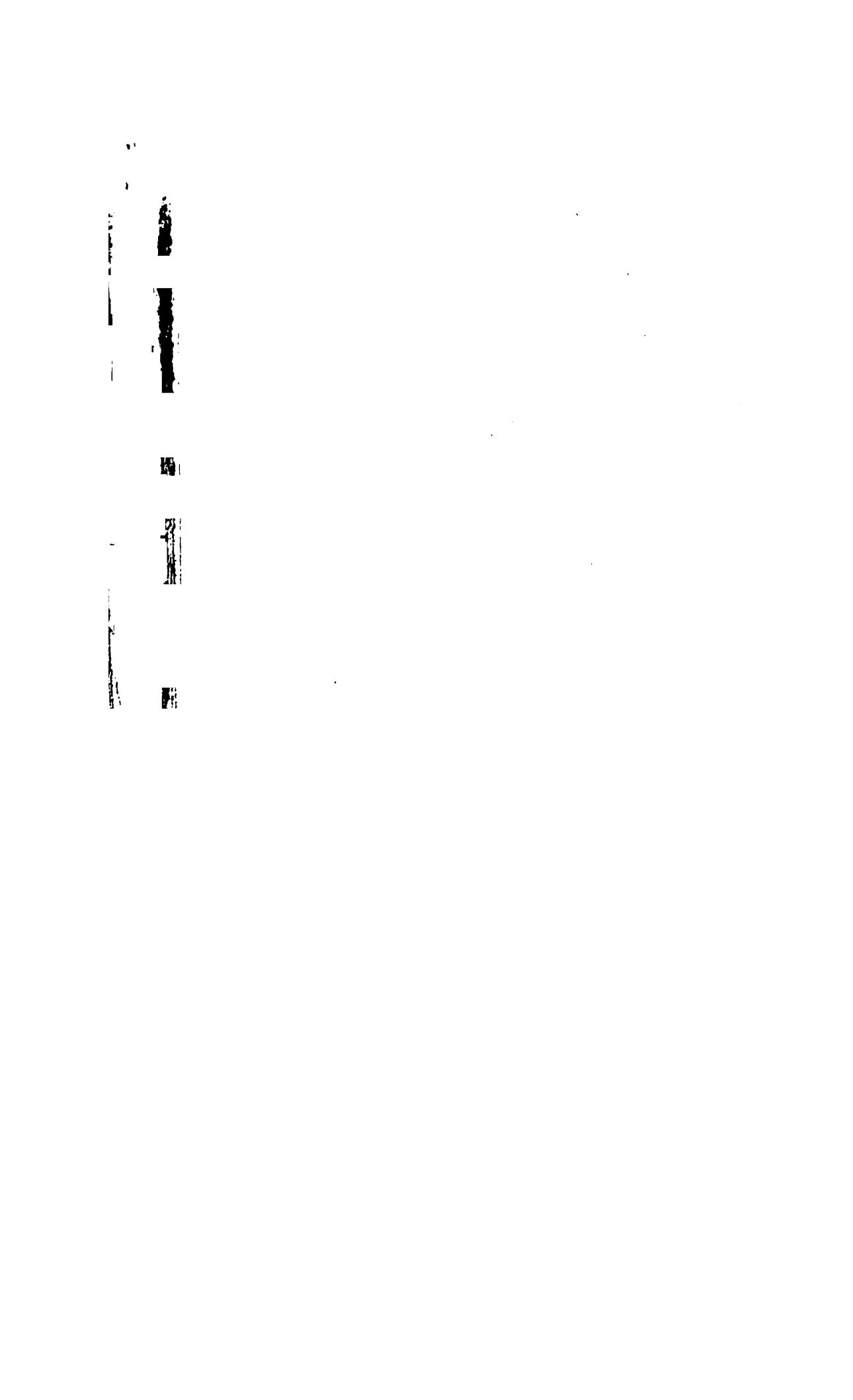
Crowns have their compass, length of days their date,  
Triumphs their tomb, Felicity her fate:  
Of naught but earth can Earth make us partaker,  
But knowledge makes a king most like his Maker.

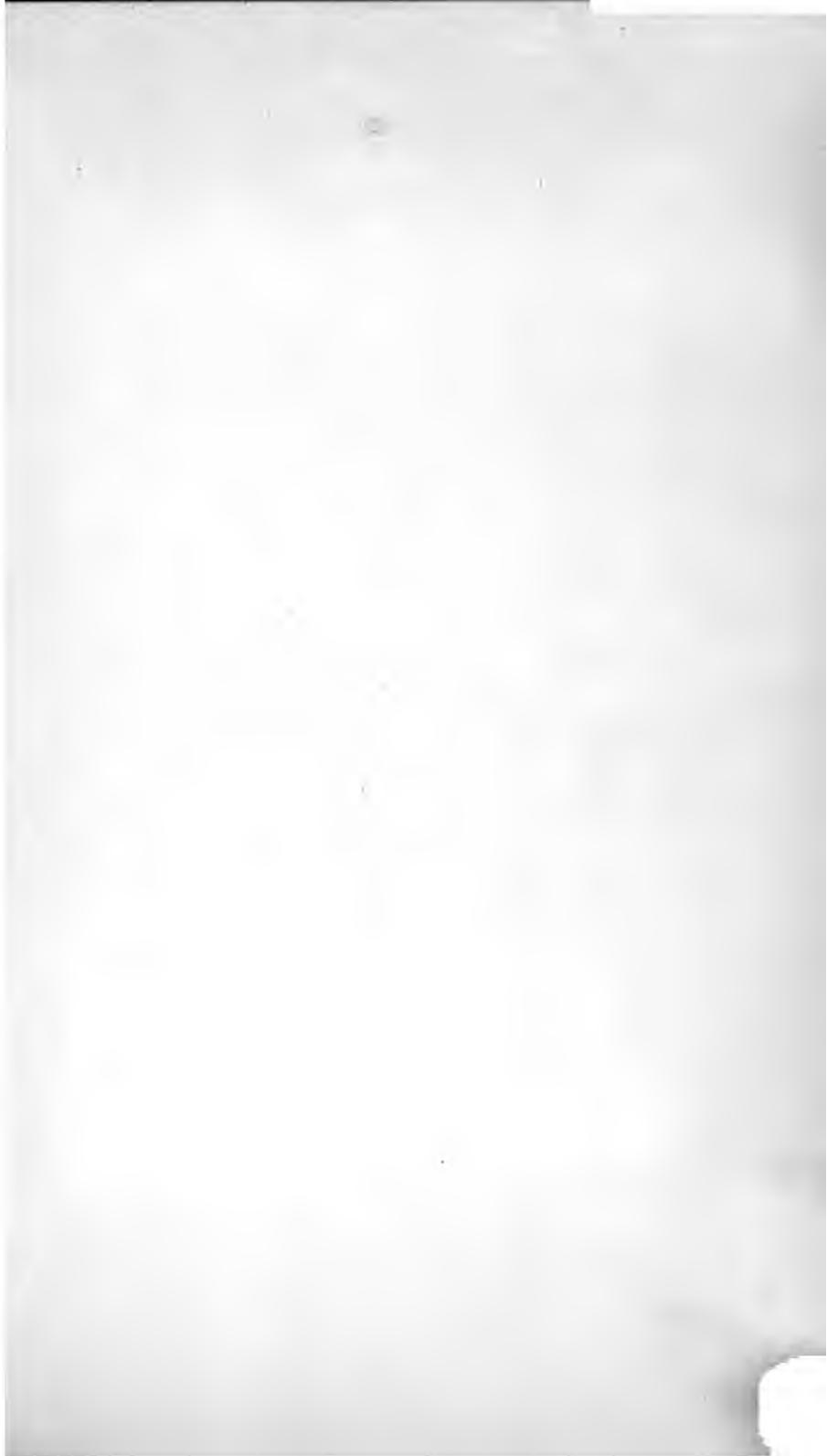
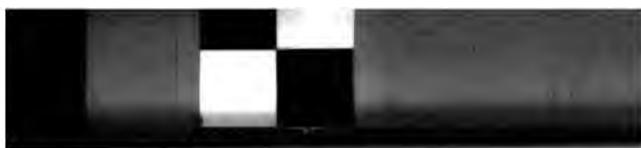
"This epigrammatic quatrain," said White in his note, "was first made public in Mr. Collier's Life of Shakespeare (p. cciii. Ed. 1844). He printed it 'from a coeval manuscript,' which, he says, 'seems to have belonged to a curious accumulator of matters of the kind, and which also contains an unknown production by Dekker, as well as various other pieces by dramatists and poets of the time.' Its thought is not unworthy of Shakespeare; and in its compactness of expression, and its felicitous alliteration, it presents strong resemblances to the work of his hands." There is, however, no reason beyond mere conjecture to suppose these lines are Shakespeare's, and they are usually omitted in editions of his works.



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